

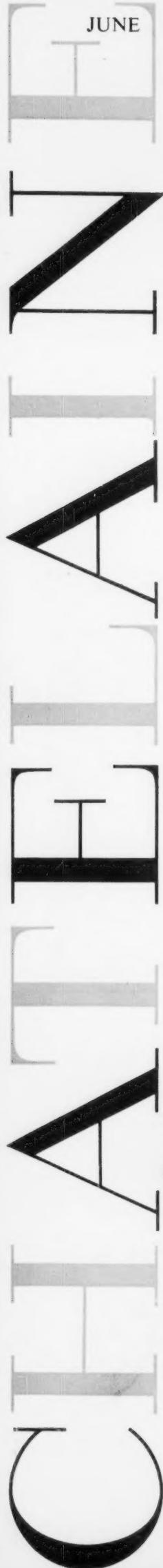
JUNE

1960

15¢

The Canadian Home Journal

Canadian women are too fat
Secrets of married happiness—Dr. Hilliard
Beauty tips from Hollywood stars
Shame of our hospitals for retarded children





SHE HAS A WORLD OF SPACE AT HER FINGER-TIPS— *with the new, roomy G-E swing-out shelves*

That shopping list is just half the story because the new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer really packs them in without taking up extra floor space. Wait till you see the wonderful Swing-Out Shelves! They swing out for easy selection and easy cleaning, and they really shout "strength" — the sturdiest shelves you can get.

Right up top is the G-E Freezer. It's a genuine Zero-Zone and that means it freezes at the temperature specified as ideal by leading Canadian food authorities. You can store 67 pounds of frozen food safely up to one year. Imagine, fresh strawberries in winter!

There's more, too, when you own a G-E Refrigerator-Freezer—the Magnetic Door that closes silently and securely;

special compartments for vegetable, butter and cheese, and there are models that no longer require defrosting — refrigerator and freezer sections that never ice up.

You'd better go down to your G-E Dealer and see it for yourself. You'll be thrilled with the smart good looks and glamourous colour selection; not only of the new refrigerator — but of the new ranges and automatic washers too.



**GENERAL ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATOR
FREEZER**

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED
MORE CANADIANS CHOOSE GENERAL ELECTRIC APPLIANCES THAN ANY OTHER MAKE

EDITORIAL

Refugee Year isn't over for us

ON JUNE 30, World Refugee Year officially ends. With relief we can forget about the stateless people of this earth, many of them children, who have never known any other home than the cheerless, barrackslike atmosphere of a refugee camp.

Refugees are the victims of war and circumstance. They can't return to the land where they were born because they will be persecuted. They are people without a country and — lacking help from us — without hope. The world dedicated this past year to finding homes for one hundred and thirty-five thousand refugees living in Europe and to helping the refugees in other parts of the world with money for training and medical programs. The Canadian government took in one hundred refugees with tuberculosis, and their families — about four hundred people in all. Some more families are to be brought in later. Ten Canadian communities pledged themselves to raise \$1,500,000 to clear eleven refugee camps in Europe, build a vocational training school for young Arab refugees, and help other refugees in Hong Kong, Tunisia and Morocco.

But is this effort of ours really good enough for rich, spacious Canada with her past record of pulling more than her weight among the nations of the world? Against the four hundred refugees we took in, Norway has accepted fourteen hundred. Australia brought in six thousand. Belgium, one of the most densely populated countries of Europe, opened its doors to three thousand. Compared with the records of these nations, Canada's effort has been something less than generous.

Will the world call us "callous"?

Perhaps our one excuse is that the problem of refugees is a faraway problem. The drab misery of these semiprisons is in Europe — not on the outskirts of Vancouver or Toronto or Halifax. But if we can't be touched by the wretchedness of fellow human beings, we should at least recognize how callous and selfish we may appear in the eyes of the rest of the world.

On this continent we have seven percent of the world's population, and we enjoy one half of the world's riches. In the eyes of the rest of the world our strongest drive seems to be directed at becoming even wealthier. Our record on Refugee Year doesn't do anything to dispel this impression.

As World Refugee Year draws to a close we seem to be rousing ourselves. The Ontario government has offered to sponsor refugees, if the federal government pays the transportation. Individual groups have persisted in wading through red tape to sponsor individual families and settle them in their own communities. Since we are slow starters, let's be known as strong finishers. World Refugee Year can't end for us on June 30. We haven't done enough to close the book. For us it must continue until every camp is cleared and every homeless baby has a chance at a new future.

Doris McCubbin Anderson
EDITOR



CHATELAINE

THE CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL, JUNE 1960

Vol. 33, No. 6

DORIS McCUBBIN ANDERSON, Editor
KEITH KNOWLTON, Managing Editor
JOAN CHALMERS, Art Director, KENNETH JOBE, Assistant Art Director
DOROTHY DEW, JEAN YACK, Associate Editors
ELAINE COLLETT, Director Chatelaine Institute
VIVIAN WILCOX, Fashion Editor, EVELEEN DOLLERY, Beauty Editor
BARBARA REYNOLDS, Home Planning Editor
JESSIE LONDON, CHRISTINA McCALL NEWMAN, Assistant Editors
JOAN JACKSON, Chatelaine Institute, JEAN BYERS, Seal of Approval
WANDA NELLES, Crafts Editor
JOAN BATES, JEAN MACCUNN DITTMAR, EVE EISENBAUM,
HELEN FAIRBAIRN, OLGA ANN FERDA, VERA JORY,
DONNA LU WIGMORE, Editorial Assistants
ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD, Child Health

LLOYD M. HODGKINSON, Publisher
A. B. GARDNER, Advertising Sales Manager
GORDON RUMGAY, Circulation Manager
ROY F. MACKENZIE, Advertising Production Manager
C. J. LAURIN, Director, Maclean-Hunter Magazine Division

News / Views

EDITORIAL	1
WHAT'S NEW	2
HERE'S HEALTH <i>Lawrence Galton</i>	14
IT'S YOUR WORLD <i>Norman DePoe</i>	18
TEEN TEMPO <i>Susan Cooper</i>	106
THE LAST WORD IS YOURS	136

Features

SECRETS OF HAPPY FAMILY LIFE <i>Dr. Marion Hilliard</i>	20
CANADIAN WOMEN ARE TOO FAT <i>Dr. E. W. McHenry</i>	25
THE SHAME OF OUR HOSPITALS FOR RETARDED CHILDREN <i>Ruth McConnell</i>	28
BEAUTY SECRETS FROM A HOLLYWOOD EXPERT'S FILES <i>Bob Willett</i>	32
WE WERE MARRIED IN WARTIME CHINA <i>Dorothy R. Pape</i>	34
THE PROBLEM OF THE TERRIBLE-TEMPERED HUSBAND <i>Violet Munns as told to June Callwood</i>	42
ON A LOST CHILD <i>Ruth Doepler</i>	119

Fiction

THE INN OF NO YESTERDAYS CHATELAINE BONUS NOVEL <i>First of Two Parts N. Brysson Morrison</i>	26
THE SHOWDOWN <i>Sheila MacKay Russell</i>	30

Food / Homes

SALADS MEN LIKE <i>Elaine Collett</i>	36
HOMEMAKER'S DIARY <i>Joan Jackson</i>	52
SHOPPING WITH CHATELAINE <i>Jean Byers</i>	72
MEALS OF THE MONTH	94
A FOOLPROOF WAY TO GROUP YOUR PICTURES <i>Barbara Reynolds</i>	120

Fashions / Beauty

SUMMER FASHION STORY WITH A SICILIAN ACCENT <i>Vivian Wilcox</i>	38
FASHIONS KEYED TO THE WEDDING MARCH (Pattern)	54
30-DAY PROGRAM—FOR A SWIMSUIT FIGURE <i>Eveleen Dollery</i>	112

Chatelaine Crafts

COOL COTTONS <i>Wanda Nelles</i>	96
--	----

Gardening

THERE'S BIG NEWS IN THE GARDEN <i>HeLEN O'Reilly</i>	129
--	-----

Your Child

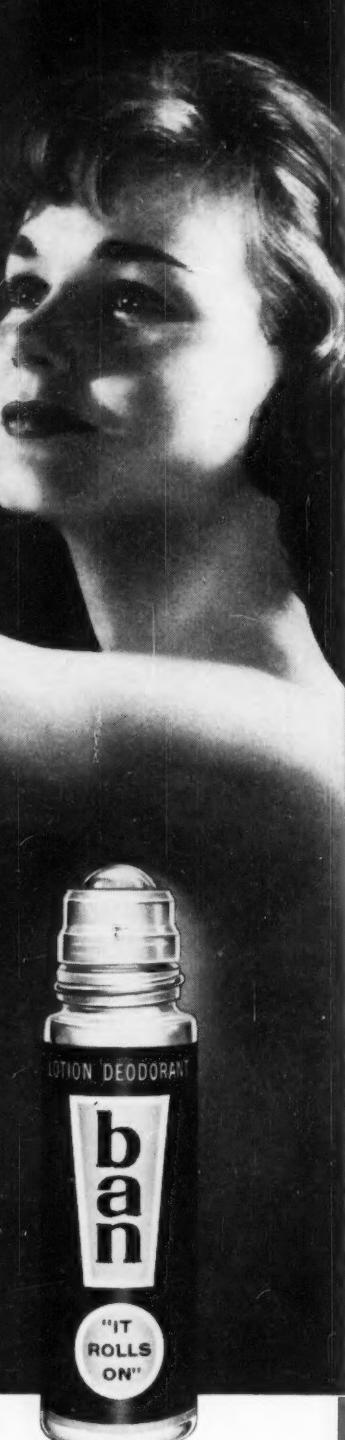
ACCIDENTS NEEDN'T HAPPEN <i>Elizabeth Chant Robertson, MD</i>	133
---	-----

POSITIVE PROTECTION..

Stops odor all day

roll on
ban

Handy Ban dries quickly isn't sticky



- Ban contains the most effective ingredients known for deodorant and anti-perspirant protection.
- Ban is handy—rolls on instantly, dries quickly.
- Ban isn't sticky like creams, doesn't drip like sprays or crumble like sticks.
- Ban will not harm even delicate fabrics, and is gentle to the skin.
- Ban is unique. It always works, never clogs.

Preferred by most women, and many men too!

Another Aid to Happier Living from Bristol-Myers

What's New at Chatelaine

Symphony conductor Walter Susskind and Chatelaine's Elaine Collett discuss our salad photo (page 37).

Welcome to our kitchen, men

We certainly learned a lot about salads when we invited six men to drop into **Chatelaine Institute** one Saturday last March and tell us about **Salads Men Like** (see page 36). But we picked up some other fascinating information, too. **Frank McGee**, MP, had just delivered a carload of little girls (his own daughter among them) to a ballet class. He no sooner got inside the door than he started sketching one of his favorite projects — a low-cost, six-sided house, now on view in Ottawa. **Walter Susskind**, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, made a beeline for our spice shelves to see if we had any herbs he hadn't heard about. (We did.) From Olympic skating champion **Bob Paul** we learned that athletes can't drink milk at high altitudes — it forms phlegm. TV star **Fred Davis** said one of the biggest problems of TV performers is erratic hours, which results in erratic eating and overweight. Playwright **Arthur Hailey** thought our probing questions on salads — and the answers — quite psychologically significant. Photographer **Gerald Campbell** really surprised us, though, when he announced his pet aversion — being photographed.

What happened after China?

Like children we all want to know what happened after the line "and they lived happily ever after." To show you, we took some pictures of **Dorothy Pape** (who wrote *We Were*



The Papes: Janet, Bill, Dorothy, Jill

For change of address write Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ont. Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa



Married In Wartime China, page 34) just before she and her husband **Bill**, and their two daughters, **Janet** and **Jill**, left for Japan. In a recent letter, she writes, "We are happily settled in a Western-style apartment. The only difference is that you take off your shoes in the halls and are given some heelless slippers — and our honorable bathtub is Japanese style. You wash outside first and then soak in scalding water up to the neck — delicious." Besides taking care of her family, she teaches six hours a week in the **Japan Christian College**, writes for two church magazines, teaches a Bible class and is writing the history of the mission.

Reunion in Sicily



Chatelaine's fashion team in Sicily

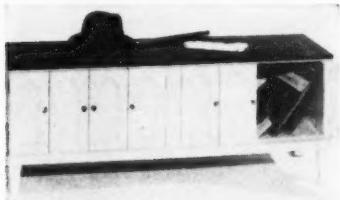
The nonchalance of the CHATELAINE group above is really sheer relief at finding themselves together at last. The three on the left — model **Ann Milling**, photographer **John Sebert** and Chatelaine's art director, **Joan Chalmers** — arrived in Sicily to take fashion pictures right on schedule. But fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**, who was following on a later flight with all the clothes, ran head on into the biggest snowstorm of the winter. She finally reached **Copenhagen** to find she had missed her SAS Caravelle jet to **Rome**. Unperturbed, she went to see **My Fair Lady** in Danish. At Rome she missed her flight to **Sicily**, instead enjoyed a magnificent Italian dinner. For the results when they got together, see page 38.

What's New in the shops



Furniture fashions

One of the new personality-touch accent pieces, reports home planning editor **Barbara Reynolds**, is the



Italian Provincial - inspired commode shown here. Its "collector's item" look is particularly effective in a hall or fronting a low window. In walnut at about \$200 or the fashionable antique white, about \$220.

For the kitchen

Travertine vinyl is a **new floor covering** that looks so much like actual Travertine (a marblelike stone) you can hardly tell the difference. In a creamy beige, with darker markings, it is available in 9-, 12-, 18- and 36-inch squares. (Other shapes cut to order.) Price about \$1.25 per square foot.

To mark the hundredth anniversary of making ranges for Canadian housewives ("We're older than Canada," the firm states proudly), Findlay has produced the Centennial, a line of **built-in ovens** with surface cooking units. A new feature is that for an extra five dollars you can have a **removable, colored porcelain oven door**, which can be changed whenever you alter the kitchen color scheme.

Holiday beauty

Beauty editor **Eveleen Dollery** tells about three new items of interest.

Below, Max Factor's **World of Color** beauty kit with twelve shades



of lipstick, six of eye shadow, two each of liquid liner and rouge. Use them separately or mix them — which is the new trend in make-up, says Eveleen. The price is \$12.50.

Then there's **Tecnicolor Tone** by Shulton of Canada — a color treatment to accentuate the natural shade of your hair. It is not a rinse, bleach or tint. In twelve shades from spun gold to black raven, the kit is \$2.

Lastly, **Saving Face** — a make-up-protecting spray you put onto a tissue and pat on the face. By Diedré, the price is \$4.25.

In the milk bar

Look for Sterile Milk now being market-tested in some stores. Whole milk treated to a **new rapid-sterilization process**, Sterile milk is supposed to keep fresh for months. It comes in the new Tetra Pak, a pyramid-shaped carton also being used for individual restaurant servings of cream.

A new summertime drink is **Gini**, a sharp lemon beverage with a tangy flavor that comes from using every part of the fruit. By Pure Spring (Canada) Ltd., at present only in Ontario and Quebec, the seven-ounce bottle is ten cents.

The shoe story



Back in the fashion picture by fall, reports fashion editor **Vivian Wilcox**, is the shoe with the **stacked wooden heel**. In a choice of heights — and shapes — and all broader than the illusion heel of the past few years. The stacked heels look their smartest on **spectator pumps** (another revival) and on city-country shoes, suit shoes. The ones above are by Golden Pheasant.

What's New continued on page 4



Traffic signs you don't see ...but should always remember

The "traffic signs" shown here, though fictitious, are as important to your safety as the familiar ones posted along our streets and highways. Let's consider these "signs" and how they could help you avoid accidents.

Drive extra cautiously when you're upset. When you're worried or upset you may not give the alert attention to driving that today's highway conditions require. This is the cause of many accidents. Emotional stability is as important as any single factor in maintaining traffic safety.

Be sure your eyes are all right. Have your eyes examined regularly. If you notice changes between examinations, see your doctor for another eye test. To reduce eye strain, wear properly fitted sunglasses, but take them off after dark.

Never drive after drinking. No driver can take much alcohol without becoming a potential menace to himself and to others. Always remember that alcohol and gasoline are a dangerous combination!

Stop when you feel tired. Driver fatigue plays a part in many accidents, especially those that occur at night. With increasing fatigue, driver efficiency falls, until finally, nodding at the wheel results. Accidents that occur when the driver is dozing are generally very serious ones.

Don't drive after taking certain medicines. Sedatives may dull your reflexes; tranquilizers can cloud your judgment. Ask your doctor about the side effects of drugs, including antihistamines and cold tablets.

On long drives, take turns at the wheel. Share the driving with others — or stop now and then for a rest or refreshment. Prolonged driving — and its attendant eye, muscular and nervous strain — can impair your efficiency without your being aware of it. It's wise for drivers to rest every two hours on long trips.

Drive only when you're physically and mentally fit, and keep both hands on the wheel — for your own safety and that of your fellow motorists.

COUPON MAY BE PASTED ON POSTAL CARD

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
Canadian Head Office (Dept. H.W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada

Please send me the free booklet,
"Guide to Good Driving," 60L.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____



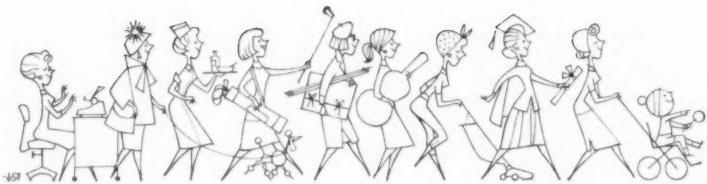
in the new color-at-a-glance package

No more searching . . . no more wasted time . . . each new TINTEX package is now tinted the color of its contents! If you want blue, look for a blue package. It's as simple as that, right through the whole spectrum of 34 fresh TINTEX colors.

Give your home a color-lift with TINTEX . . . it's easy, it's fun! And it's economical too! Clothing and smaller articles can be dyed in a basin, while larger things like curtains, slip covers and scatter rugs can go right into your washing machine.

Look for TINTEX in the easy to find new color-at-a-glance package at your neighbourhood drug, department or variety store today.

Available in 34 shades
at .25 cents for 2-oz. package.



What's New with you

By JESSIE LONDON

One of the most composure-shattering experiences we've all endured upon entering a room is the feeling that our **stocking seams** are spiraling around our legs. Many women have settled the problem by simply eliminating seams, and now, for the first time in hosiery history, Canadian women are going out and buying **more seamless than seamed** stockings.

Stocking manufacturers say women who stick to seams believe they make for a slimmer look. But counter-wise sales people from Vancouver to Halifax have another theory: they say many customers resort to seamed stockings only because they cannot buy service-weight seamless — or because seamless aren't made in large enough sizes.

Dr. Irene Parlby, one of five western Canadian women responsible for a 1929 appeal to the Privy Council which gained women the right to sit in the Senate, had forty guests for tea recently. The occasion: her ninety-second birthday. The only one of the five pioneers still living, Dr. Parlby is an alert observer of political affairs, and keeps copious scrapbooks in the family home, **Dartmoor Ranch**, at Alix, Alta.



*Irene Parlby:
one of five*

An art-filled model house at **Burlington, Ont.**, has been attracting money and members for the women's committee of the **Hamilton Art Gallery** for the past month. A local store put in the basic furnishings. Then committee members, under project chairman **Mrs. C. E. Hoyt**, added paintings by such big-name Canadian artists as **Jack Bush**, **Albert Franck** and **Tom Hodgson**;

and sculpture by notables **Alvin Hiltz**, **Leo Mol** and **Robert Ulmann**. Twenty-five cents buys you a guided tour by a committee member, with arty chitchat included on request.

We've had a happy thought, and each month Chatelaine will send roses to the woman who tops our list of people to cheer for. In June:

24 red roses to

With all the talk about the racial problems of the U. S. south, we tend to forget another minority —



Morning Star and Councilor Lightning

our own **Canadian Indians**. But they have found a worthy champion in **Mrs. John C. Gorman**, Calgary lawyer. As legal advisor to the Alberta Indian Association, Ruth Gorman helped the Hobbema Indians in their fight to remain on their reservation despite some evidence that their ancestors had relinquished this right in 1886. When the courts overruled an expulsion order against them in 1957, her grateful clients named Mrs. Gorman "**Wampaneta, Morning Star, Mother of the Hobbemas**."

Now a joint committee of the Commons and Senate is reviewing the Indian Act. As CHATELAINE went to press, Mrs. Gorman was awaiting a summons to Ottawa to present her one-hundred-and-eight-resolution brief, setting forth the Alberta Indians' stand on the entire question of their status in Canada.

What's New *Continued on page 6*



NEW JEWELS IN AVON'S *Topaze* FRAGRANCE!



"AVON CALLING" means you can know for yourself the delight of *Topaze* and other fragrances and cosmetics.

AVON, CELEBRATING ITS 74TH ANNIVERSARY, IS DEDICATED TO BRINGING YOU THE WORLD'S FINEST COSMETICS

So that every woman may enjoy *Topaze*, Avon's jewel of a fragrance now comes to you in **Cream Sachet**, and in a smaller-size **Cologne** in the famous faceted bottle. *Topaze*... original, dramatic, a new experience in fragrance... brought to you only by your Avon Representative.

ADVERTISED ON TELEVISION

©AVON cosmetics
NEW YORK • MONTREAL

Your skin can be smooth as this paper



Glowingly Soft and Bright
Gloriously Free from Blemishes

You have tried many different soaps and creams . . . why not Cuticura? Results are usually highly noticeable in just a few days. Get the full treatment and see . . . it's simply this:

Superemollient Cuticura Soap for twice daily, one-minute lather-massage. Softening, soothing, purifying lather tones, freshens, brightens and protects as it cleanses. This exquisite soap is the complexion secret of lovely women all over the world.

Cuticura Ointment to soften and gently stimulate as it works overnight to counteract dryness, speed out blackheads, soothe and relieve blemishes. A family favorite for more than 3 generations.

Cuticura Medicated Liquid to cool and refresh as it cleanses antiseptically, curbs oiliness, checks blemish bacteria, dries up and heals pimples fast, fast, fast. Buy all 3 at toiletry counters. Satisfaction or money back.

For FREE folder, "Lovelier Skin in 5 Days" describing correct way to wash your face, write Cuticura, Dept. CM-60, 9471 La Salle Blvd., La Salle, Quebec.



Cuticura

World's best known name in skin care



What's New with you Continued

Money grew on the family trees of members of the **Ghost Pine Community Group**, a local, informal organization of twenty-two rural Alberta women. They solicited personal reminiscences of their community's oldest residents, and, from the fifty-nine letters received, compiled a book, **Memoirs of the Ghost Pine Homesteaders**. Proceeds are used for community welfare as needs arise.

They're doing something about: the fine and lively arts

Ottawa children perform plays with baled hay as a backdrop, and with



There's art on the farm near Ottawa.

sound effects from cackling hens and mooing cows at **Strathmere School of the Arts, North Gower, Ont.** It's the pet project of a drama-loving farm woman, **Eleanor Sim**, who turns the family farm into a holiday little theatre during July. Buses bring sixty boys and girls to the farm each morning. A professional staff is supplemented by volunteers from the **Ottawa Little Theatre**, and parents contribute labor to help keep costs down. Fee for the season: forty dollars per child, with special rates for two-from-a-family. Eleanor and her husband Robert plan a surprise for this summer's (the fourth) class: swimming will be added to the recreation program.

Calgary parents and their eight-to-twelve-year-old children will have a chance to learn French together next fall at an early-evening course in Family French at the **University of Alberta, Calgary**. The teacher and originator of the idea, **Miss Germaine L'Abbé**, assistant professor of French, has high hopes

for the course. Children and parents, she points out, can apply the phrases they learn to everyday living: mealtime, baths, bedtime and school events. Likely fee for the twenty-four-hour course: twenty dollars per family.

Toronto ceramic artist **Tutzi Haspel Seguin** heads a faculty of twelve artists who have pooled their talents to set up the new **Summer School of Fine Arts and Crafts** during July and August. It's to be held at **Kahshe Lake, Ontario**.

Veteran **Halifax** newspaperwoman **Marjorie Major** reports that she is having fun learning a new job — editor of Canada's newest newspaper, the weekly **Halifax Gazette**. The paper's name, she reminds us, is an echo of Canada's first newspaper, the 1752 Halifax Gazette, since evolved into the Nova Scotia government's Royal Gazette. One of the 1960 features in the new Gazette is a children's page written and illustrated by Haligonian **Margaret Hatheway**.

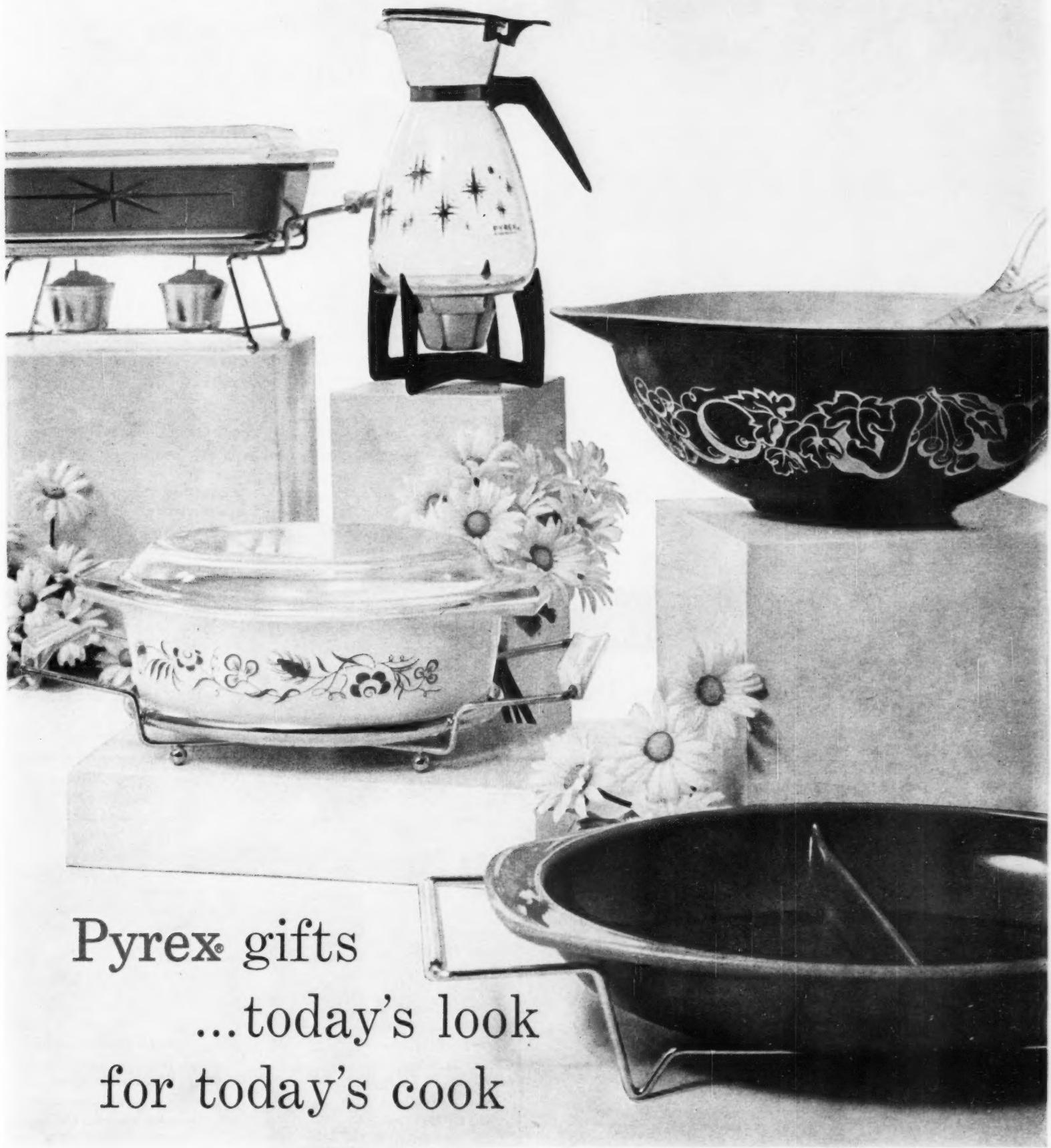


Editor Major (left), artist Hatheway

Quote of the month

Comedian **Shelley Berman** to girl reporter **Pat Campbell** of **Calgary**: "Oh how lovely it is when you meet a sophisticated woman . . . one who has done some living, developed her scope and settled upon her values. For my part, a woman is in her absolute prime from the age of thirty-five to forty-five."

What's New Continued on page 8



**Pyrex® gifts
...today's look
for today's cook**

Above, left to right:

New Cinderella Serving Casserole — classic gold star on turquoise. Twin candle-warmers keep foods hot. 64 oz. size.....\$9.95

New Honeymoon Carafe with candle-warmer keeps beverages piping hot! 4-cup size, just right for breakfast trays for two! Gold Starburst design.....\$3.95

New Oval Decorator Casserole goes from oven to table in graceful serving cradle. Turquoise "Meadow" decoration on white. 48 oz. size.....\$5.95

New Pyrex Salad Bowl with glitter-flecked serving tongs. 128 oz. size. Doubles as punch bowl, casserole, flower holder. In modern green.....\$5.50

New Bluebelle Serving Dish heats and serves two packages of frozen foods. 48 oz. size and with its own shining cradle.....\$3.95

PYREX® WARE a symbol of modern living, is a product of **CORNING** research

Corning Glass Works of Canada Ltd., Leaside, Ontario



*Flower fresh...
shower cool...*

so exquisitely refreshing!

"4711" EAU DE COLOGNE
the most delicious way to
be tingling cool and so
enchantingly feminine.



4711.
Genuine
EAU DE COLOGNE

"4711", imported from Cologne, the City of "4711" fame.

*4711, COLOGNE ON RHINE

A 59/149

What's New to see and hear

By EDNA MAY

*Edna May and folk singer Odetta:
"Suddenly doors are opening."*



Folk songs: who sings and who listens?

For eight years folk singer **Odetta** had a devoted group of followers in the United States but as recently as three years ago she couldn't fill the smallest auditorium in Canada. This spring she was a sellout in both Toronto and Montreal. Odetta's repertoire hasn't changed basically, but, she says, Canadian audiences have. Once they were made up largely of devoted folk-song fans; now they include everyone from beatniks to society matrons.

"Appearing with **Harry Belafonte** on the Revlon Special over CBS-TV worked magic," Odetta tells me. "Suddenly all the doors are opening." The new star has recorded several discs on the Vanguard label, there'll be four more TV shows with Belafonte next year, and this month Odetta is off to Spoleto, Italy, where she'll be a guest performer at the **Gian Carlo Menotti Festival**.

Who are the devotees of folk songs? According to Toronto impresario **Vivienne Stenson**, they're not just plain folks anymore. Miss Stenson, who has brought folk singers **Pete Seeger**, **Odetta**, **the Weavers** and **Theodore Bikel** to Canada for concerts, estimates that two thirds of the regular patrons for her folk-

song concerts are married couples from twenty-five to thirty-five years old and in the upper income brackets — doctors, lawyers and architects.

The singing businessman

Canadian folk singer **Alan Mills**, who is off to the **Newport Folk Festival** this month (June 24-26), is involved in a unique business. It's The Record Centre Inc., of Montreal, which stocks more than five thousand long-playing records, and has more than several hundred members who pay five dollars a year plus thirty cents a week rental on each record borrowed. But businessman Mills still puts his love of singing first and was disappointed (as were many of his fans) when CBC this season decided to drop his long-run Sunday radio show, **Folk Songs For Young Folk**. Mills fans can, however, catch him on a new LP, **Canada's Story in Song** (Folkways).



*Alan Mills puts
Story on wax.*

Glamour in search of art

Canada's most glamorous art dealer is heading west: **Dorothy Cameron Moes**, sister of TV hostess **Anna Cameron**, has made her attractive **Here and Now Gallery** in Toronto a showcase for Canadian talent. Mrs. Moes has exhibited the work of such Quebec artists as **Micheline Beauchemin** and **Claude Picher**; and **Frank Mayrs** of Ottawa, formerly of Vancouver, had his first Toronto showing at Mrs. Moes'



*Pete Seeger and
5-string banjo*

What's New Continued on page 12



Modess* *De Luxe*

the ultimate in feminine protection...with a "Dainty-Fresh" deodorant!

• NEW DEODORANT...to keep you fresh, dainty as a rosebud, your secret secure. At the first touch of moisture this safe, dependable deodorant goes to work...keeps you fresh, sweet, completely feminine.

• NEW EXQUISITE SOFTNESS! The new, petal-pink, gossamer-soft "Feminine Fabric"** cover is miraculously soft, and its thousands of tiny perforations absorb instantly...coddle you in luxurious comfort.

• NEW "SUPER-SAFE" ABSORBENCY! De Luxe gives you complete confidence and assurance day and night. The extra absorbency is compressed to avoid extra bulkiness.

The most trustworthy napkin ever created!

*Trade Mark.



Skin that looks beautiful—even without make-up

There's nothing more appealing than the kind of fresh, *natural* beauty that doesn't depend on make-up. And Noxzema medicated care can help you have it.

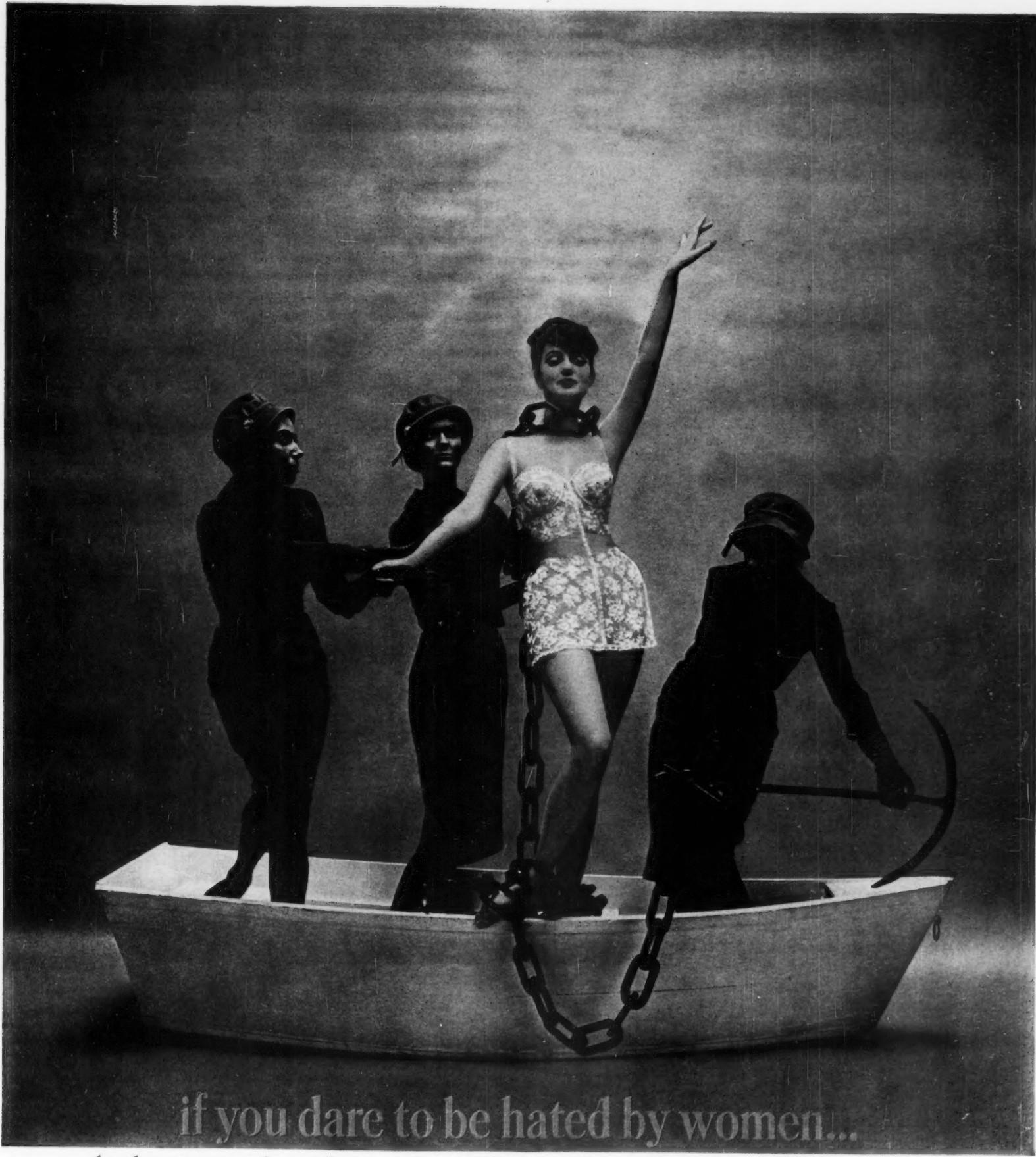
Noxzema works three ways to make your skin lovelier. 1: it *refreshes* and smooths. 2: it *moisturizes*, helps prevent dry skin. 3: Noxzema's exclusive medication penetrates, *helps keep complexion clear*.

Noxzema is such good, honest cream, made by people who know skin care. It is greaseless, free of heavy perfumes . . . feels and smells fresh as air.

Let Noxzema Skin Cream help you have a fresh, vital complexion . . . one that looks beautiful even without make-up!



Noxzema ... naturally



if you dare to be hated by women...
glide inside the world's most beautiful fashion foundations **D**istinction by Triumph of Europe

Now available in Canada at fine stores everywhere

LTD.
111 Queen Street East, Toronto, © Triumph of Europe, 1960.



shave, lady?... don't do it!

Cream hair away the beautiful way... with new baby-pink, sweet-smelling NEET — you'll never be embarrassed with unsightly "razor shadow" again (that faint stubble of hair left on razor-shaved legs and underarms). Gentle, wonderful NEET goes down deep where no razor can reach — actually *beauty-creams* the hair away. And when the hair finally does grow in again, it feels softer; silkier; there's no stubble at all! So next time, for the smoothest, neatest legs in town, why not try NEET — you'll never want to shave again!

Neet



What's New to see and hear Contd.

gallery. Her next show (June 15-25) will feature eight to ten young painters who have never had a chance for a full exhibition. These include a young farmer of Dutch origin, **Yosuf Drenters**, who farms near Guelph, Ont., and creates unusual sculptures of wood and metal. In her determination to make Canadian talent better known, Dorothy Moes is going to visit the west next month to look for talent to show in her gallery.



Dorothy Moes
on a talent hunt

two years they made their home in New Delhi. One of their daughters was born in India, one in the United States. Set in modern India, *The Childish Brides* come to life in Helen, the American wife who tries to punish her husband for his infidelity, and beautiful fifteen-year-old Kooni who, ignorant of modern medicine, makes a desperate attempt to save the life of her dying baby. The story of the two women and their husbands is fascinating and from the first evocative love scene to the last disaster during a religious festival, you gain a rich portrait of India, Hinduism and the East.



From billfolds to brides

Start with \$100—Common Sense

Investing (Longmans, Green — paper cover: \$2.50; hard cover: \$3.50) by **J. J. Brown**, of Montreal. Brown is a former professor who turned his hundreds into thousands. Nice work if you can save it — and Brown says that's exactly how you have to start. He believes you need a thousand dollars in the bank before investing. He clearly and entertainingly explains every kind of investment from real estate to stocks and bonds.

The Childish Brides (Doubleday, \$4.50) by **M. P. Deane (Molly and Philip Deane)**; Philip, educated in Athens and at the Royal Navy College in England, is Washington correspondent for the Toronto Globe and Mail and The Observer, of London. Molly is a native of Wales and met her husband in Glasgow. Since then, the Deanes have lived in many parts of Europe and for

A harumph for critics who grumble at Glenn Gould

The latest recording by the brilliant Canadian pianist **Glenn Gould** was no sooner released than the fault-finders were heard from. With ear amplifiers turned up, these critics pointed out that Gould's customary humming is audible in a few brief snatches of **Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3 in C Minor** (Columbia ML 5418). Well, I didn't notice any humming—and anyway, who cares? As far as I'm concerned, this remarkable pianist could stand on his head between movements and it wouldn't mar his music. Gould, who has sustained a shoulder injury, still plans to perform at Stratford and Vancouver this summer. Instead of critics carping at his gloves, scarves, pills, why not just some comments on his incredibly beautiful music.

END

CHATELAINE

Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board. FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President. DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director, MONTREAL, P.Q.; 1242 Peel St., Montreal 2; VANCOUVER, B.C.; 1030 West Georgia St., Vancouver 5; GREAT BRITAIN: Atabek, London; U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 341 Madison Avenue, New York 17. **SUBSCRIPTION PRICES:** In Canada, 1 year \$1.50; 2 years \$2.50; 3 years \$3.00; 75 issues for \$5.00. Price for all other countries \$2.50 per year. Copyright 1960, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Chatelaine Magazine is authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department Ottawa. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Send new address at least six weeks before the date of issue with which it is to take effect to: MANAGER, SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT, CHATELAINE, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO 2. Send old address with the new, attaching present address label if possible.

One of the most exciting women in the world: Elsa Martinelli

ROME



ELSA MARTINELLI is a glamorous and gifted actress, wife of a handsome young Roman count, and mother of a lively two-year-old. Beginning as a fashion model, she went on to win the top acting award at the Berlin Film

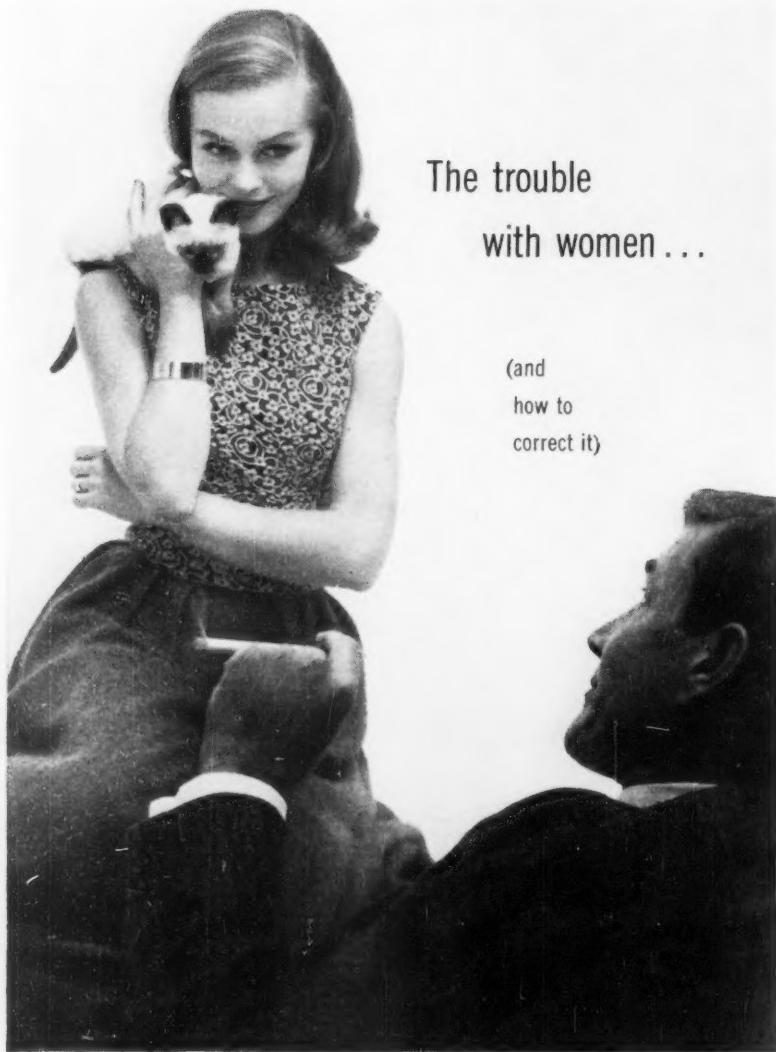
Festival . . . "I often feel tense but I must never look it." She uses Pond's Cold Cream to deep-cleanse and moisturize, to ease away tension lines . . . "Pond's leaves my skin so fresh and clean yet keeps it beautifully soft and smooth."

She's busy . . .
yet she's beautiful . . .
she uses Pond's



ELSA MARTINELLI says, "With Pond's—you need never be too busy to be beautiful." This fabulous cream deep-cleanses below the surface, freshens every tiny pore. At the same time, Pond's moisturizes deep down—and goes on moisturizing long after you tissue it off. Softening, smoothing . . . "revitalizing" skin cells so tired lines fade, tension vanishes. Like Elsa Martinelli, see your skin come alive and glow with an exciting new beauty. Use Pond's to beauty-cleanse at night, to moisturize under make-up all day.

Now! Pond's Cold Cream in stunning new designer jar
29¢ 59¢ 98¢ \$1.50



The trouble with women...

(and
how to
correct it)

The trouble could be skimpy eyebrows, skin flaws, or too-mad-a-purple mouth. All correctable—with the right guidance. And guidance is yours free . . . both in the choosing and the using of Beauty Counselor cosmetics. You try before you buy, in your own home . . . avoid costly errors . . . discover delectable self-improvements! It's a foolproof system. Yet fabulous cosmetics made by Beauty Counselor cost no more than "counter" brands.



For flattering make-up,
try before
you buy.

Home try-on test. With Counselor's help, you try on sample after sample from this Show Case of cosmetics. For free consultation, write Beauty Counselors of Canada Ltd., Dept. V, Windsor, Ontario.

Beauty Counselor
CUSTOM-FITTED COSMETICS

WINDSOR, ONTARIO • GROSSE POINTE, MICH. • LONDON, ENGLAND



here's health

by Lawrence Galton

Have you got "television neck"?

Television is receiving the blame for a growing list of problems. The latest: a pain in the neck, called "television neck" in a recent medical report, which seems to be the result of straining to watch TV from an uncomfortable chair. The same report also warns that to sit watching TV endlessly brings some risk of illness, including heart trouble, although the hazard is small and should not be exaggerated. Simple fainting is not unusual when surgical procedures are shown on the TV screen, and some programs may provoke angina pectoris, the severe chest pain associated with coronary artery disease.

Recently too, flickering of the TV set has been found to initiate convulsions in susceptible epileptics. And prolonged immobility in an awkward position may cause a clot to form in a vein. The latter may be avoided, according to the report, by moving from the chair at least once an hour.

Relieving arthritis with a vitamin

The use of either nicotinic acid or nicotinamide, members of the vitamin B complex group, appears to be helpful in arthritis. A Saskatoon physician reports that, in five patients, some with osteoarthritis and some with rheumatoid arthritis, massive doses of one or the other compound have brought gratifying relief of pain and swelling and have improved joint motion. Benefits apparently continue as long as medication is taken. This is only a very small series of patients. Yet the results, the physician points out, tend to support some previous observations by another physician that joint function is improved by the simple treatment and may make it worth large-scale medical investigation. Vitamin therapy should not be used without proper medical supervision.

Good news for malignant hypertension sufferers

The most severe form of high blood pressure, malignant hypertension, in the past frequently has been fatal, advancing rapidly and killing the great majority of victims in a short time. About eight years ago, introduction of the first potent nerve-blocking drugs brought some hope that the disease might be controlled. Now good news comes out of a British study.

It compares results in a series of patients treated during recent years with the fate of malignant hypertension victims prior to availability of the nerve-blocking agents. The expectation of life in the drug-treated patients, the study shows, has been increased six to eight times.

Dramatic aid for some antisocial children

Delinquent behaviour in some children may be due to a disorder that has a physical origin — in a brain inflammation caused by severe infectious disease such as whooping cough or measles in early childhood. Characteristically, children with this postencephalitic behavior disorder are overactive. They may have ticklike movements in the face, trunk or extremities. It is difficult for them to maintain quiet attitudes. They are abrupt and clumsy in performing relatively simple movements, behave erratically, react

Only a **Sunbeam** can give you and your family

PERFECT TOAST-EVERY TIME!



This is the toaster that's never been equalled for streamlined beauty and trouble-free efficiency. Sunbeam's patented Radiant Control even reheats toast without burning it. You just dial for the color of toast you prefer and drop in the bread—this wonder-working toaster does the rest. It lowers the bread automatically . . . toasts it as you like it, then silently raises the golden brown toast without clanging or banging. It will toast bread, waffles or crumpets—fresh or frozen—to absolute mouth-watering perfection. Beautiful chrome finish keeps its gleam for years! A hinged crumb tray makes it easy to clean. It's the ultimate in toasters! See it . . . compare it—at your Sunbeam dealer's. Model T-35, \$39.75* also available Model T-10 Automatic Toaster \$28.25*

*Fair Retail Value

Enjoy
"Walt
Disney
Presents"
brought to
you by
Sunbeam
every
Sunday
evening on
CBC-TV.

Sunbeam THE BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES MADE



Famous Forsyth No-Iron Cotton and Terylene in Custom-styled half sleeve, Pic and Fifth Avenue collars; also available in Pal (fused) collar, \$6.00. Silk Shantung tie \$2.00, and tie-bar by Forsyth.

ENJOY THIS SUMMER IN COMFORT

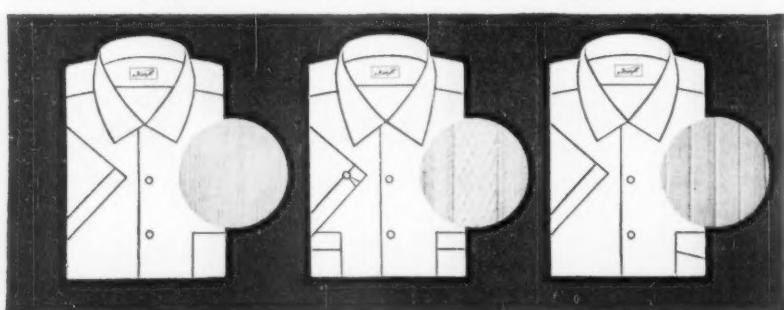
He can feel relaxed in Forsyth Summer Shirts . . . they are styled to keep him cucumber-cool through the hottest days. Newest soft collar styles, custom-tailored half sleeves, handsome feather-light fabrics assure him of easy going, well-dressed comfort. Choose from breezy cottons, superfine Terylene and Cotton, fashionable Swiss voiles or "air-conditioned" 100% Terylene. He will be cool this summer in shirts as easy to care for as they are to wear!

Popular open-weave cotton, Pic collar; also Pal (fused), Fifth Avenue and button-downs; only \$4.00.

Swiss voile in embroidered pattern . . . Fifth Avenue (soft) collar, Note button-and-vent half sleeve; \$8.95

Coop skip-dent Terylene weave, Pic collar; tailored cuff, half sleeve; no ironing required; \$6.00.

Forsyth
MAKER OF CANADA'S FINEST SHIRTS



here's health CONTINUED

violently when frustrated, have short attention spans and poor concentration. They do things on the spur of the moment, seldom show remorse. Their IQ is normal or even above normal, but scholastic performance is often poor.

Most such children can be helped dramatically by Benzedrine, a nervous-system stimulant. In ninety-eight of one hundred cases, the drug has produced remarkable improvement which is maintained as long as the medication is used daily. It is well tolerated.

Now they can stop cancer-treatment sickness

The most distressing side effects associated with radiation treatment for cancer are nausea and vomiting. Vitamin B6 has been used to try to overcome irradiation sickness, but results have been variable. Now in a British study, prochlorperazine, a drug with both tranquilizing and antivomiting action, has produced excellent results. In most cases, patients who were expected to suffer after irradiation had no trouble and the drug itself did not produce side effects such as marked drowsiness.

Saving more older people after surgery

The formation of a blood clot in a deep leg vein and the movement of the clot into a lung (pulmonary embolism) is a common cause of complications and death in people over fifty who must be confined to bed for any length of time after operations or because of illness.

Now, an investigation has been made to determine the possible preventive value of phenindione, an anticoagulant drug. The study covered three hundred patients over fifty-five years of age. Half received the drug while the other half, for comparison purposes, did not. Among the latter, twenty-nine percent developed clot troubles; among those receiving phenindione, only three percent did. The evidence indicates that the drug is highly effective in preventing clot formation and reducing the risk of pulmonary embolism.

Movies spot speech troubles

Hidden physical problems that contribute to speech disorders now are being detected by X-ray movies. At the University of California Medical Centre, the movies are being used to search out otherwise difficult-to-detect anatomical defects of the speech mechanism — such as excessive adenoidal tissue or slight malfunctioning of the soft palate. The movies are taken as the patient pronounces key sounds. Tape recordings of the sounds are made simultaneously. The technique helps surgeon and orthodontist to decide whether surgery and dental reconstruction may produce better speech.

Drug finds new use for skin diseases

Chloroquine, a drug employed for malaria and more recently for arthritis, was used by a German physician to treat one hundred and sixty-five patients with skin diseases. In sixty-seven percent, he reports, good results were obtained. Rosacea, a chronic disease that reddens the skin of the nose, forehead and cheeks, responded within two or three weeks. In a variety of itching skin conditions, chloroquine had a beneficial effect mainly by reason of its anti-itching action — and, in some cases, the skin conditions improved markedly, often after a short period of treatment. Mild side effects, largely gastrointestinal disturbances, occurred in about eleven percent of patients but rarely required interruption of treatment.

END

take-it-easy make-it-easy MINUTE RICE summer salad



Versatile Minute Rice is ideal for summer meals. Rice adds new interest to chilled salads—and it's all so easy when you use Minute Rice. Simply add Minute Rice to boiling water, remove from heat and let stand. That's all—and it's ready to use. It can't turn out any way but perfect—because Minute Rice is already cooked. You'll spend less time in the kitchen this summer—thanks to Minute Rice!



Another delicious time saver from General Foods Kitchens



PATIO SALAD

Yield: 6 servings
1 package (12 ounces)
frozen green peas
½ teaspoon salt
1½ cups water
1½ cups (4½ ounce box)
Minute Rice
¾ cup mayonnaise
½ cup chopped dill pickle
1 teaspoon grated onion
Dash of pepper
1 cup cooked ham strips
1 cup Swiss cheese strips

Add frozen peas and salt to water in saucepan. Bring quickly to a boil; boil 2 minutes. Add Minute Rice. Mix to moisten all rice. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 5 minutes. Stir in mayonnaise, pickle, onion, and pepper. Mix lightly with fork. Chill. Before serving, add ham and cheese, mixing lightly. Serve on salad greens, garnish with tomato wedges.





IT'S YOUR WORLD A monthly background to the news headlines

DE GAULLE'S DILEMMA: ALGERIA



HOW OFTEN can Charles de Gaulle save France? And in the long run, can he save it at all?

This is being written only a few months after the revolt of the Algerians of European descent, the *colons*—the rush to the barricades that immediately drove most Western observers to the gloomy conclusion that whatever the outcome De Gaulle would be seriously weakened as a national leader and France as a world power. The dangers of long-range, crystal-ball gazing are amply illustrated by the fact that nothing of the sort took place.

True, the Fifth Republic tottered. But then the austere old soldier put on the uniform that turns him into France personified. His unique radio and television appeal produced the nearest thing to unanimity France has seen, perhaps, since World War I. The revolt collapsed.

De Gaulle tastes criticism

The right-wing elements who brought on the 1958 crisis with their shouts of "De Gaulle to power," found him, in short, to be their master rather than their instrument. There was now massive support for him from the moderates and the left. Any suspicion that he was a captive of the right had evaporated. For a time, the way ahead looked clear.

And yet, just a few months later—at least as seen in reports reaching this side of the Atlantic —widening cracks are visible in the miracle of unanimity. So far, this resurgent criticism of policy has been confined to a few intellectuals and newspaper commentators. But some of them are among the most respected and influential in France.

The key issue is Algeria. The basic fact of the situation comes down to simple arithmetic: there are nine million Moslems and one million *colons*. For various economic reasons, the Europeans have collected largely in the cities, princi-

pally Algiers, Oran and Bône. This has had two main effects: the vast majority of administrative posts have remained in European hands; and the concentration has favored the rallying of pressure groups to influence policy in Paris.

For the *colons*—many third- or fourth-generation Algerians, and fiercely attached to their chosen soil—such political action was playing under the normal rules of the Third and Fourth republics. They were helped by sympathetic groups in France for a variety of motives, not the least being the profits stemming from Algerian enterprises, including the recent oil developments.

For the Moslems, the administrative barrier was reinforced by unequal educational opportunity. Despite theoretical access to schools, it has been estimated that a young Moslem had only one hundredth the chance of a young European to reach matriculation. This, in turn, tended to close off—except for a few—the better-paying industrial and commercial jobs. And moves toward political equality have met unremitting opposition from the *colons*.

This was the situation when the first shots were fired in November 1954. Terrorism and counterterrorism increased bitterness on both sides, while government after government failed, and fell. Here another element enters: the politically minded portion of the French Army. For many officers, the debacle of 1940, followed by what they consider a "second betrayal" in Indo-China, has made victory in Algeria an almost mystical compulsion.

It was these elements that brought De Gaulle to power. His proposed solution satisfied none of them completely. Briefly, he wanted a cease-fire, a period of conciliation, and a referendum. Algerians could then choose: become an integral part of France, an autonomous nation linked to France, or completely independent.



Colonists saw De Gaulle as an instrument, found a master.

As president he's welded a nation, broken a revolt, restored France's prestige. But the problem of Algeria remains—and could bring his downfall By NORMAN DEPOE

The Moslem FLN (National Liberation Front) rebels balked, demanding some immediate share in administration as a condition for a cease-fire. And the fears of the *colons* about their future as a minority in a Moslem-dominated independent state brought January's revolt. The army appears to have been divided—but in the end, largely loyal.

Since then, attempts to arrange negotiations with the FLN for a cease-fire have dragged on without results. So has the war. Observers incline to the view that something less than victory might be acceptable, provided the French Army came out of it with its prestige high.

One miracle wasn't enough

But FLN leader Ferhat Abbas has prestige at stake, too. He promptly issued a "no surrender" call. Rebel circles claim to have a hundred and twenty thousand men under arms. The French have put the figure at thirty thousand.

At the moment, France is riding an economic boom. The new "hard franc" is established as a solid currency. The nation has joined the exclusive atomic club and is pressing for a larger voice in Western affairs. The belief of the average Frenchman in *le grand Charles* appears unshaken. And yet with all this, the dilemma remains. Many Frenchmen are reluctant to abandon—as they think of it—a million of their fellow citizens to possible reprisals by a Moslem government. Others are convinced that an independent Algeria would dissolve in chaos. The president himself appears to want to save his beloved army from further humiliating withdrawal.

It is evident that De Gaulle's January miracle solved only a French problem. It has left others in its wake. And the Algerian one looms as large as ever.

END



The luxurious Directoire negligée was specially designed by Ferreras to match the perfection and luxury of Soft-Weve. Facial tissue quality Soft-Weve comes in five exquisite colours to match your bath or powder room.

PURE LUXURY FOR ONLY PENNIES MORE-
DOUBLE SOFT, DOUBLE THICK SOFT-WEVE
BELONGS IN FOUR OUT OF SEVEN
CANADIAN HOMES



We also make Scotties



NEW! "See-through" wrap

Made in Canada by Westminster Paper Co., Ltd.



Here's beauty insurance for your wave. It's new Woodbury Shampoo with an exclusive curl-keeping ingredient that actually prolongs the life of your permanent. Woodbury gives you a prettier set, because it discourages expensive curl wash-out. Curls stay lively and manageable week after week, wash after wash. Another plus—Woodbury's rich, foaming lather gets hair *really* clean without dryness or shine-stopping film. It rinses out completely and easily, leaves hair shimmering with highlights. Take the best care of your hair and your permanent—ask for Woodbury Shampoo in the big 49¢ size or the economical 69¢ size.

WOODBURY SHAMPOO

By DR. MARION HILLIARD



Secrets of happy family life

*With this article, Chatelaine concludes its exclusive series taken from Dr. Marion Hilliard's *Women and Fatigue*, a just-released book completed after her death by her friends Opal Boynton and Marion Robinson, assisted by her brother Dr. Irwin M. Hilliard.*

MOST mothers of young children work too much and do not rest enough. The same goes for mothers of children of any age, who try to run a home with one hand and a job with the other. Too often the results are strained family relations. Sometimes fatigue boils over into serious physical or mental problems for the woman.

A mother's fatigue permeates family life in a thousand small ways. Recently I listened to a tape recording of a group of high-school children discussing family relations. Repeatedly, the youngsters said they wished mothers would "be calm and listen." I was particularly struck with this, as I know it is impossible for a fatigued mother to be calm. It takes energy to be calm when things are going all wrong.

The family situations which breed exhausting stresses for a mother are many. Only a few are truly difficult to straighten out. After three decades of watching patients come through my office, I have decided there's a predictable pattern of fatigue among mothers who stay at home with their children.

Fatigue — with a happy ending

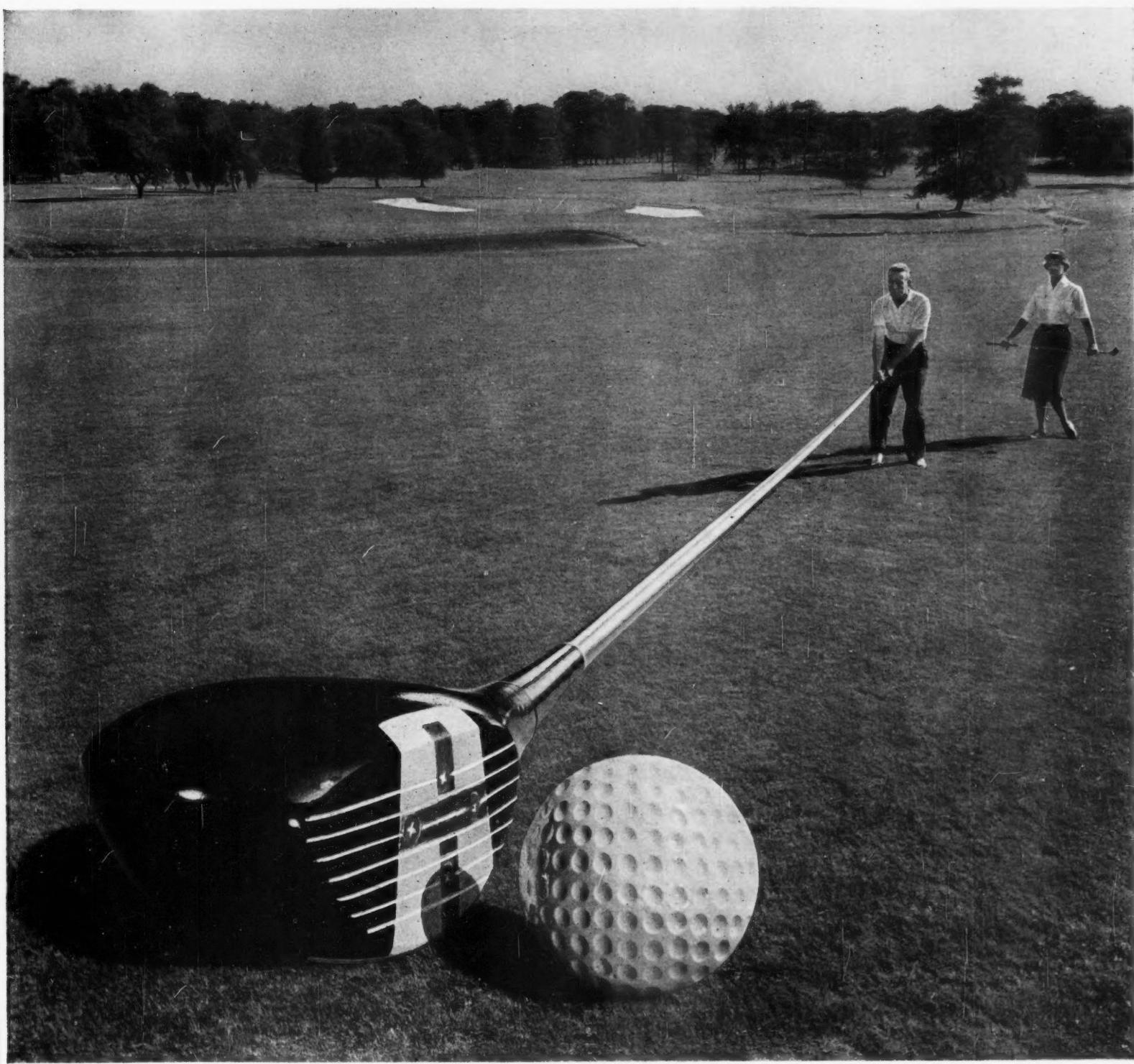
Take Alice, a nice girl who has just had her first baby and is feeling that special tiredness. Like many a new mother before her, Alice felt her first week with the baby at home was a devastating experience, for all the joy the baby's coming brought. She says she's exhausted; but she isn't really — exhaustion takes longer than that. But she is fatigued. She's in a stage of adapting to caring for her baby. By the end of three months she may feel tired at the end of the day, but the fatigue she feels now will be gone. Her adaptation will have been completed; her metabolism will be back to normal.

Barbara comes in next. Her first baby is two now, and she's in for a checkup after having her second. Barbara complains of pain in her lower back. She doesn't seem to be regaining energy; she feels generally miserable; she's afraid there must be something really wrong. There isn't. She's in fine shape. But she, too, is feeling fatigued by the stress of having two babies to care for. We go over her schedule to make sure she has time for daytime rest, review the rules that will help her adapt to these lively stresses. Barbara will be all right too, given a little time.

Close on her heels is Carolyn. Five

Continued on page 90

Copyright © 1960 by Doubleday and Company, Inc.



If a vitamin-mineral deficiency makes you feel like the club's swinging you . . .

Take PARDEC* every day

Vitamins are necessary for normal body functions. If a vitamin-mineral deficiency makes you too tired, too soon —take PARDEC, a balanced vitamin-mineral formula designed for the prevention and treatment of multiple vitamin and certain mineral deficiencies. It keeps its potency for months. One PARDEC each day costs less than a cup of coffee . . . and it may help you feel your best.

Copyright 1960—Parke, Davis & Company, Ltd., Montreal 9, Quebec *T.M. Reg.

See Your

Pharmacist:

PARDEC, sold only
in Canadian
pharmacies, gives you
a full dollar's worth
of vitamin value for
every dollar you spend.

PARKE-DAVIS

PARDEC is a new Parke-Davis vitamin-mineral product made only in Canada.





Reassurance... a mother's gift to her daughter!

No words can reassure your daughter better than yours.

Maybe she's a gay, carefree extrovert . . . or a mysterious, thoughtful introvert. Perhaps she's suddenly become too sophisticated for that wonderful "Little Girl" closeness you used to share. But under it all, of one thing you can be sure—there are moments when you are the *only* one she trusts.

Don't let her down. Here's your chance to recapture

that warm, wonderful relationship once more—*on a woman to woman basis*.

Don't leave it up to the school system . . . a sympathetic friend . . . whispered gossip in the gang. This is *your* opportunity! For nothing can replace a mother's love and reassurance.

Share this first step of "growing up" with her—and you will grow closer to her and be worthy of her trust.

Introduce your daughter to TEEN-AGE*—the first and *only* napkin designed for active young women!

- Extra absorbency *without* extra bulk gives sure protection—no matter how active a girl may be.
- Slimmer contoured and compressed, Teen-Age was specially designed to fit lithe figures.
- Exclusive new "Feminine Fabric"** cover in dainty pastel blue design that absorbs *instantly*.

Teen-age by Modess*

*Trade Mark.



* * * * *

FREE INSTRUCTION BOOKS: Please send me my free copy of

- "How shall I tell my daughter?"—a 13 page book to help you answer your daughter's most perplexing questions.
- "Growing up and liking it" contains 24 fact-packed pages on feminine protection; what's taboo, what's O.K. on "those days" and tips to help her feel her best.

* Miss Anne Gilbert, Box 6326, Montreal, Quebec.

NAME _____

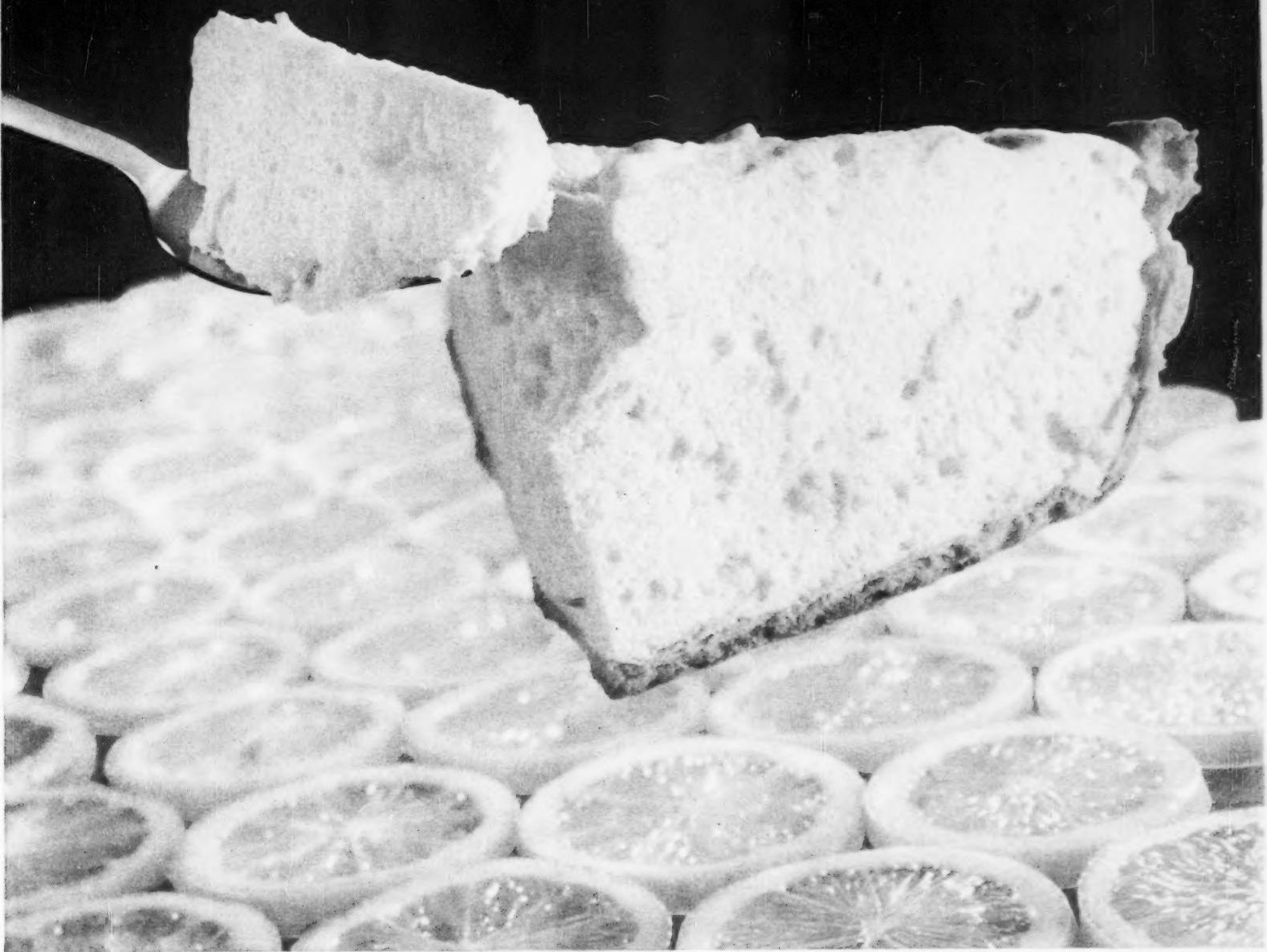
* ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

PROV. _____

* * * * *

ONLY FRESH LEMONS AND KNOX GELATINE
CAN MAKE
Real Lemon Chiffon Pie



There's nothing artificial about *this* Lemon Chiffon Pie. You are sure of smooth, soaring texture when you use Knox Unflavored Gelatine. You are sure of full, natural sun-given flavor that *only* fresh lemons provide. So don't settle for artificially flavored chiffon pies. Let your family sail into *your own* Real Lemon Chiffon Pie. Try it this week!

KNOX Unflavored **GELATINE**

Knox Gelatine (Canada) Ltd., 140 St. Paul Street West—Montreal, Quebec



Here is your Recipe:

LEMON CHIFFON PIE

1. Mix 1 envelope Knox Unflavored Gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt together in the top of a double boiler.
2. Beat together 4 egg yolks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup fresh lemon juice and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water; add to gelatine mixture. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly until gelatine is thoroughly dissolved, about 5 minutes.
3. Remove from heat; add 2 teaspoons grated lemon rind; chill until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from a spoon.
4. Beat 4 egg whites until stiff; beat in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar. Fold in gelatine mixture.
5. Turn into a 9-inch baked pie shell or crumb crust. Chill until firm.
6. Serve with whipped cream, if desired.



Setting by M. W. Roth, B. Arch., M.R.A.I.C. Children's pyjamas—Wabasso Maori Flannelette by Luffy Whitewear Mfg. Co.

WABASSO

PASTEL SHEETS AND PILLOW SLIPS in four wash-fast shades to dress up your beds!

Twin and double bed sizes in luxury combed "Hostess Percale" and standard "Family" qualities.

Wabasso also makes "Mattress-Form" fitted bottom sheets in pastel colours, as well as white.



MADE IN CANADA BY
THE
WABASSO
COTTON
COMPANY
LIMITED
Trois-Rivières, Québec



CANADIAN WOMEN ARE TOO **fat**

One in every four has a greater weight problem than her husband and is fatter than her grandmother was at the same age. Here's what you can do about it

This insulting title has justification when applied to many Canadian women, but not to all. There are underweight women in this country but they are fewer than women who are fat. Only ten percent of Canadian women are too thin, but twenty-three percent are too fat. The figures for women are much more annoying when put side by side for information about men.

	MEN	WOMEN
Too thin	12 percent	10 percent
Too fat	13	23

These figures are quoted from the Report on Canadian Average Weights, Heights, and Skinfolds, published in the September 1957 issue of the Canadian Bulletin on Nutrition.

You are probably saying, This business of fatness has been going on for years; so what. Of course, there have been fat men and women throughout history. But in Canada the extent of fatness has increased in the past forty years. In 1912 results of a large study on heights and weights of adults in Canada and in the United States were reported. We can compare average weights found then with those from the recent Canadian survey.

	1912	1957
Average weight—men	154 lbs	161 lbs
Average weight—women	123	135

The average weight of men increased 4.5 percent; the increase in the *Continued on page 44*

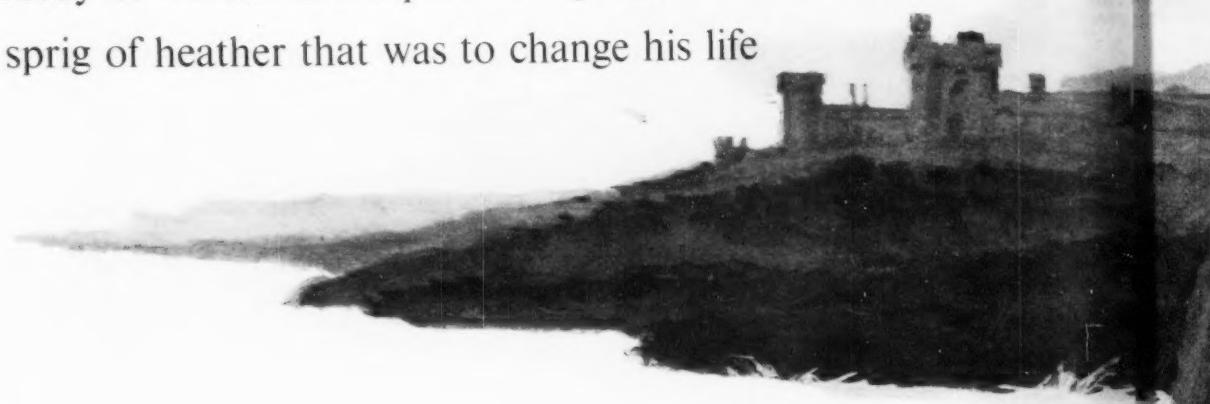
By DR. E. W. McHENRY

Professor of Nutrition, School of Hygiene, University of Toronto



By N. BRYSSON MORRISON

The train sped north into the Highlands. Ahead lay the Drochet Arms and a haven, Dick hoped, from the bitter memory of Vivien and a past he'd grown to hate. But in his pocket was a sprig of heather that was to change his life



The inn of no yesterdays

FIRST OF TWO PARTS He had the compartment to himself now. As he stretched his legs slightly, he realized that he had been sitting clamped in his corner seat, as though locked in on himself. And it was not as if the carriage had ever been full. Only two or three passengers had shared it with him up till now. But these two or three individuals had been more dangerous to him than the impersonality of numbers. He had foreseen that and guarded himself by pretending to be asleep, his lips compressed, his lids tightly shut.

With the distaste of the sick man who knows when he opens his eyes he is going to be no better, he opened his and stared at the piece of carpet on the floor, noting that its pattern was composed of Bs and Rs facing each other. These mystic initials stood for British Railways of course. If he used up his mind thinking out idiotic things like that, he would not need to remember why he was in this train.

He tried to let his mind swing on its hinges, like a door that could be banged shut at a moment's notice.

Last night as he lay in the sleeper that had carried him

from England into Scotland he had willed an accident to take place. Accidents were forever happening nowadays — why shouldn't one happen that night? But he had always been dogged by "good" luck. Accidents didn't happen to the trains in which he was a passenger. The sprig of heather that had taken him unscathed through D day still reposed in his wallet, dry as dust now. He should really throw it out, then his "good" luck might change, but he found he had not the energy to do even that.

He moved his head to look out of the window and no longer saw suburbs leading into and out of towns. This was countryside — what he would have to expect from now on, because his destination was the Highlands, since fate had decreed he had to have a destination.

Of course the roadhouse had been in the country, but English countryside was quite different to this bleak infertility. Chisling had been a charming place. His thoughts began to move as carefully as someone picking their steps over a grave. Chisling was a charming place.

To think it was still there, just the same as it had ever been with the roadhouse, their *Continued on page 97*

Copyright © The Hogarth Press, London. Published in Canada by Clarke, Irwin & Company Limited

Dick gave the heather to Fiona. "It was for good luck. Here it is back — from him."



The SHAME of our hospitals for retarded children

By RUTH McCONNELL

Too many are dangerously overcrowded, shockingly understaffed, lacking the specialists so desperately needed. And most alarming of all, the author charges, not one province apparently is concerned enough to find a better plan for tomorrow

Three out of every hundred children in Canada are mentally retarded. Every thirty-five minutes another retarded child is born — forty-one children a day, nearly fifteen thousand a year, who cannot come to terms with life in the normal way. Estimates range from ten to thirty percent of this number will at some time need training or lifetime care in Canada's hospital schools.

But can our institutions, as they are now organized and financed, properly cope with this number? They cannot.

Are our institutions staffed and equipped to provide in full measure the proper care and treatment for the children already in their charge? They are not.

Do our provincial governments have programs planned that are farsighted and comprehensive enough to meet the future's growing demands for adequate bed space, recreation, training and rehabilitation requirements? They have not.

For two years I have studied conditions in our hospital schools for retarded children. I have stayed for hours in hospital wards, talked with doctors, nurses, hospital authorities and government officials, kept up with depressing mental-health statistics. And I have grown increasingly alarmed — as I think every Canadian should be alarmed — by what I have learned.

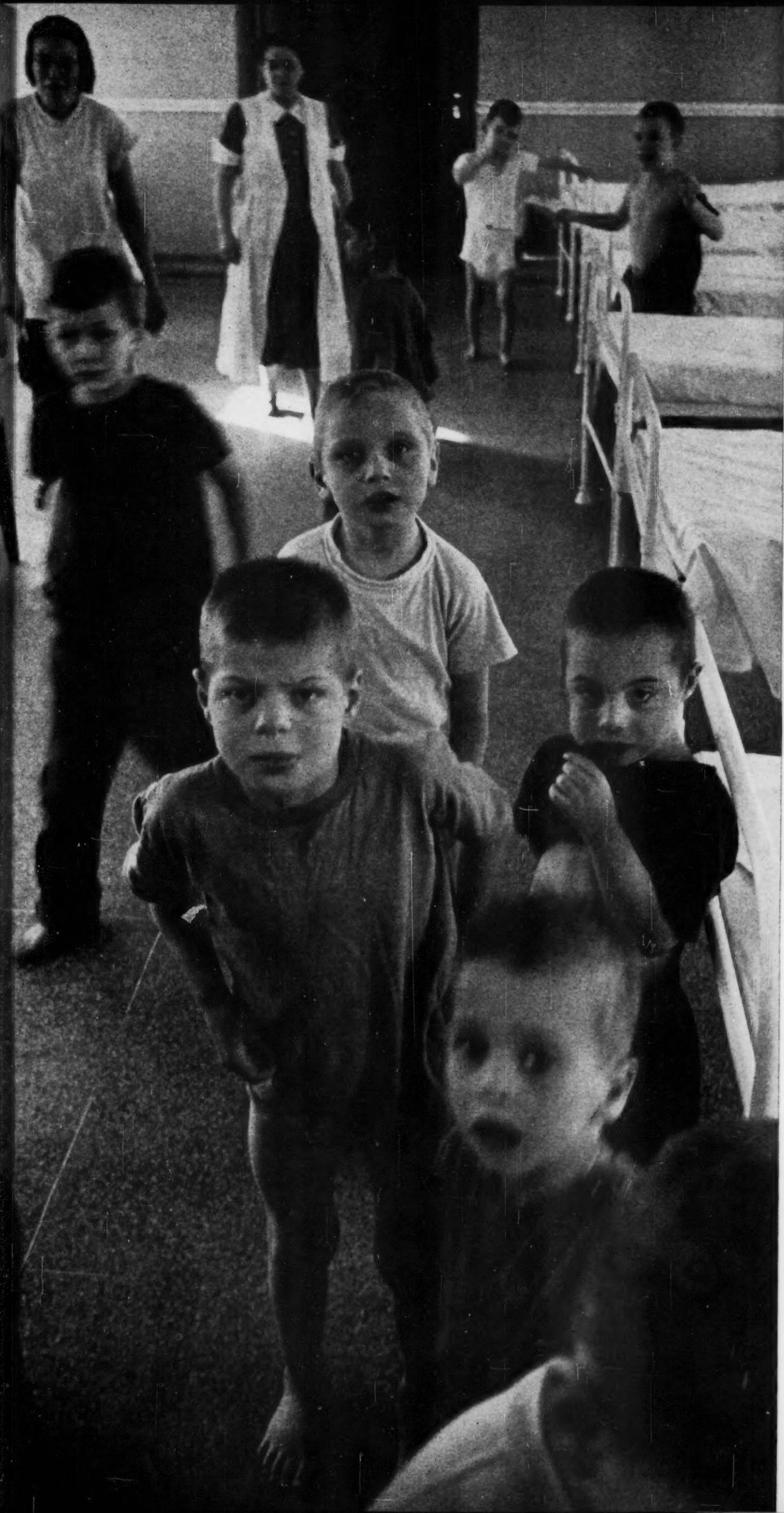
The weaknesses, the dangers and the frequent examples of downright shortsightedness in the administration of our training schools and hospitals for retarded children are not immediately evident to the casual visitor. If you were to tour one of these hospitals tomorrow you might see only attractive classrooms, busy workshops, immaculate nurseries, obedient boys and girls and acres of buildings staffed by people who have fallen in love with their work.

You would feel admiration for the hospital staff — and your admiration would be justified, for these are dedicated, hard-working people. They are, in fact, not only hard-worked, they are shorthanded and overworked. And there lies much of the trouble.

The public seldom sees wards so crowded that beds have been pushed between beds.

The public does not see the waiting lists for admission to hospitals, half as large as the number of children now in hospital, because there is no room for these children.

Continued on page 124



Every thirty-five minutes another retarded child is born in Canada. A third of them may need hospitalization at some time—but many won't get it because Canada has failed to plan ahead.

*Jim's eyes flashed angrily at
Carol. "Why shouldn't Mother tell?
Do you know what you've done?"*



THE SHOWDOWN

How do you tell your husband why you have been seeing another man? How do you explain it to a family as proud as the Martins of Alberta? How do you rationalize it... to yourself?

Deep down, Carol Martin had always known that a showdown with her mother-in-law was inevitable and she had been grimly confident that she would have the advantage. But now that she was faced with it on this, of all days, when she was meeting Warren Thompson in the old house by the ravine, she knew it couldn't have come at a worse time. A little sickly, she wondered how she could have allowed herself to be trapped like this. She had come recklessly across the pasture again and with a gay greeting freezing on her lips had stepped unwarily into crisis.

And yet she had known that even though the old house was empty, it was far from abandoned. After all, it had been the spawning ground of the Martins, the place where they had homesteaded, and her husband's family being what it was, it had become something in the nature of a shrine over the years. A kind of homespun memorial to themselves, she had often thought acidly as she dusted the sturdy, nondescript furniture during her own period as custodian at the beginning of her marriage. From homesteaders to Master Farmers in two decades! Hail to the Royal Family of Sodbusters!

Perhaps she's here for family worship, she thought wildly as she recoiled a step, staring at her mother-in-law. But as Nan Martin rose from the old rocking chair by the fireplace and stood with her handsome face deliberately composed, deliberately waiting, it was obvious that design, not chance, had brought her there. I mustn't panic, Carol thought fiercely. I've done nothing I'm ashamed of. I'm not one of her own flesh and blood, one of her satellites. I won't be intimidated!

Lifting her head defiantly, she said, "Well, this is a surprise. *Continued on page 64*

BY SHEILA MacKAY RUSSELL

Canadian-born Clay Campbell,
one of the screen's top make-up
men, shows how you can apply
the same beauty techniques
used by such stars as Kim Novak
and Donna Reed, yet
avoid yesterday's "painted" look

By BOB WILLETT



Beauty techniques from a Hollywood expert's files

IT'S EASIER to look like a movie star than most women think. And that's the word straight from an expert who for more than a quarter of a century has had the job of making Hollywood stars appear their prettiest before the cameras. He's Toronto-born Clay Campbell, one of the film capital's top make-up men.

Beauty is not a secret, says Campbell — it's simply the result of making the most of your prettiest features, and minimizing those less attractive.

If you have to work to bring out your best, you're no different from many of the screen's best-known beauties, says Campbell, who has worked with hundreds of stars at the Warner, 20th Century-Fox and Columbia studios, and has headed the make-up department at Columbia for the past seventeen years. "Practically every woman has one or more make-up problems," he points out. "The few who don't, seem to have ways of creating them — and the stars are no exceptions. There's a general tendency toward too much make-up. The tendency may be more noticeable in the United States than in Canada, but I believe it to be general because, at least until very



Jane Wyatt softens strong heart-shaped face line by using a light foundation that expands the chin area.





Donna Reed extends natural lip line (below) to improve mouth that appears too small from side. Always make up for all viewing angles, says Campbell.



Kim Novak discarded dated, thin "Theda Bara" eyebrows (below), adopted Campbell-styled fuller, natural brows.



Doris Day hid freckles (below), now shows them. "Don't overdo cover-up," says Campbell, "be distinctively you."



recently, most actresses and fashion models have been guilty of overdoing it, and they have set the pace for the public.

"But, the epitome of our art has been reached when you have to look very closely to see that it is make-up."

"The second most common mistake, I think, is use of the same make-up for both day and night. The stars have a distinct advantage in that they can see themselves as others see them, which is why so many make-up innovations have originated in Hollywood."

Campbell considers Donna Reed's one of the most perfect faces ever filmed. Yet, many women with as good bone structure and similar naturalness have a problem because they pluck their eyebrows in fancy arches or go in for other unnatural gimmicks. They err by ignoring nature's know-how and not letting well enough alone.

On the other hand, the wise woman lends nature a hand when it's needed. For example, says Campbell, Miss Reed's profile would not be as attractive as a fullface view, if it weren't for a little lip trick. From the side, Donna's mouth appears to be too small, so Campbell makes it fuller for side shots and she herself expands it

for street appearances. Without a mirror that shows both front and sides, the average woman won't think about how others see her, but Campbell emphasizes that all angles should be considered.

The mouth, he feels, is the most important facial feature, because it has such a bearing on the others. A near-perfect make-up job can be spoiled by poor handling of the lips. Only an extremely small mouth presents a real problem, but proper application of lipstick will make it look wider and fuller — and a full mouth is suggestive of youth.

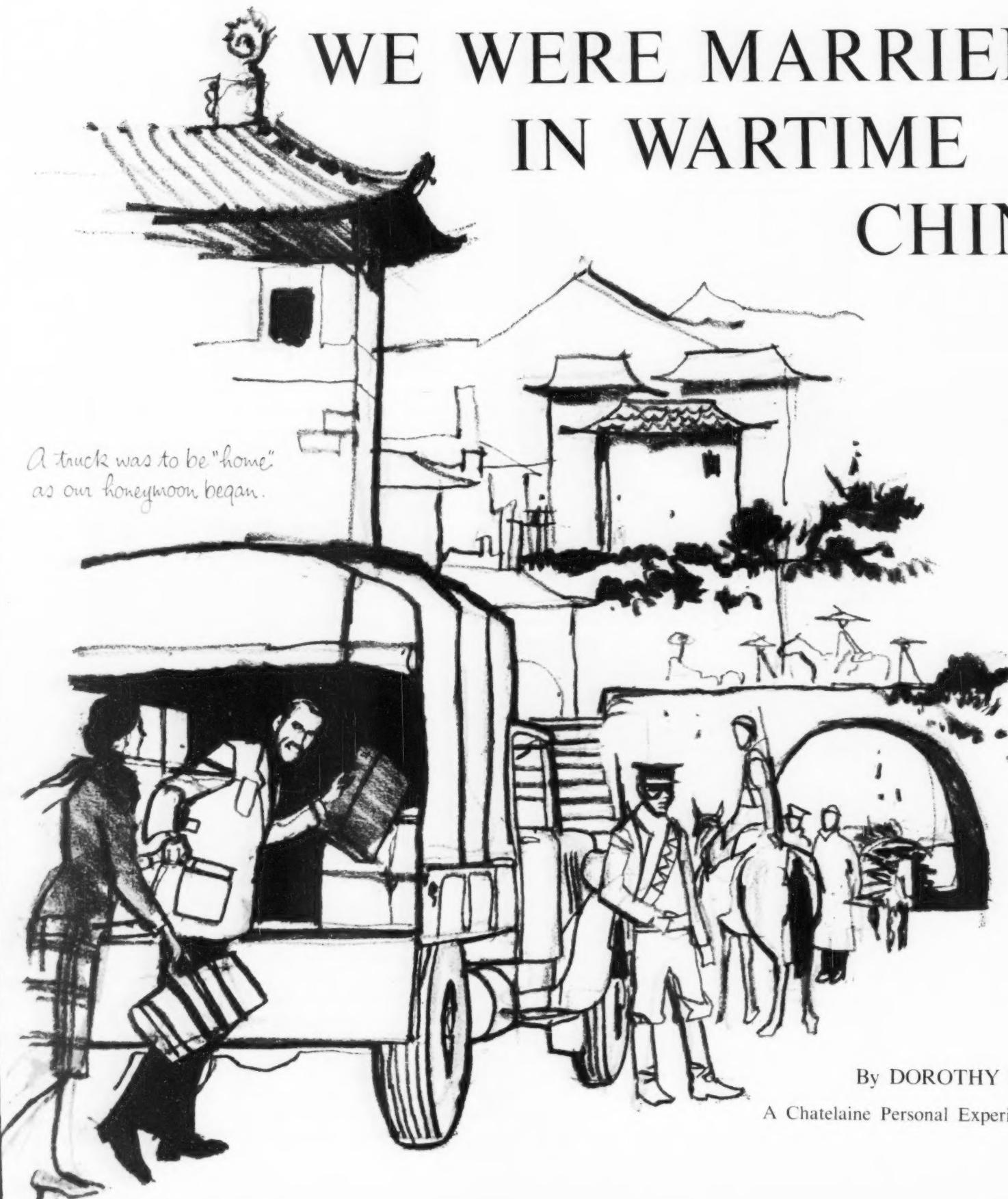
The lighter lipsticks are here to stay, but Bing Crosby's wife, Kathryn Grant, is an exception to whom women with similar coloring should pay heed. Her dark hair, eyebrows and eyes are a distinct contrast to her light skin and, since everything should be relevant, light lips only make her look pallid.

For a mouth that is too large, which Felicia Farr's tends to be, the most effective corrective measure is extension of the eyebrows, making the mouth appear smaller. When you get your lips the way you want them, Campbell suggests that you *Continued on page 114*

*We were missionaries, and in love. One prized
the honeymoon began in a truck*

WE WERE MARRIED IN WARTIME CHINA

*A truck was to be "home"
as our honeymoon began.*



By DOROTHY R. PAPE

A Chatelaine Personal Experience Story

wedding gift was a package of cheese, and on the Burma Road—with a nine-year-old boy as chaperon

This is a story that started with a few lines read from a book, which led us across the world into a country ravaged by war, through remote areas infested by bandits, and — four years and twenty-seven days later — saw us married.

I met Bill in the beautiful and romantic Surrey countryside of England. I was employed as a medico-social worker in a London hospital and had come down to deliver one of my postoperative patients to a country convalescent home. Bill gave much of his spare time to this little mission hospital, and sometimes acted as voluntary chauffeur.



*My baggage went inland
on handcart, truck and boat.*

I was Anglican in upbringing and Bill was a Baptist there was, however, something of a problem both as to how, and where, we should go. We found The China Inland Mission was both international and interdenominational in character, and was in fact the largest mission operating in China. We were accepted as missionary candidates. But, we learned, our marriage must wait. It was a rule that new missionaries must be in the field two years before marriage. We set out separately for China just at the outbreak of war in Europe.

Early on New Year's morning 1940, I docked in Shanghai. At that time the Japanese were already occupying all the eastern provinces of China, and Bill and the other men had been sent to the far southwest for language study.

After a period of language study on the east coast the anxiously awaited word came that the brides could proceed inland to the various provinces where their fiancés were already working. Some of the girls had brought their wedding dresses out from home, but with the hazards of wartime travel I hadn't felt it worth the risk. Besides, who knew what size or shape I might be after two years on Chinese food?

Now, however, since there would be no possibility of getting a dress away inland, I had to begin a few wedding preparations. I finally decided on material with a dull ivory silk background covered with shining satiny sprays of bamboo. It was the most expensive in the store, yet the material

for the dress, and some for a long silk slip, and the making of both these by a Chinese tailor in Shanghai, cost me just about five dollars.

I was placed in a party consisting of a married couple, their three-year-old daughter, two single women plus two other girls from language school, one from Australia, and the other from Edmonton, Alberta. Since the eight of us were going inland prepared to set up house for six or seven years, we had between us about a hundred pieces of baggage which eventually all had to be transported in turn by train, handcart, wheelbarrow, river boat, handcart, train, truck, river boat, steamer, truck, during a journey which took us three months to accomplish.

One veteran missionary told us the first thing bandits looked for was rings: that they were just as likely to chop off a whole finger as stop to remove a valuable ring, and if they saw marks indicating one was usually worn they would spare no pains looking for it. Bill and I had bought our wedding rings before he sailed from England and worn them on our right hands, and I had had my engagement ring for three years. I was advised to buy ten-cent equivalents and sew the real ones into my garter belt. I don't know how many times I felt to see if they were still there during those three months of travel.

Finally one glorious day I rejoined Bill briefly toward the end of our long journey. Our paths crossed in the town of Suifu which my party reached following a nine-day journey down the Min River in a man-powered boat whose only "cabin" consisted of a bamboo awning arched over the centre. There was just room for us to set up our cots under the awning, leaving an aisle in the centre for the crew to pass back and forth. There were no washroom facilities and an oil sheet or blanket from our beds strung up occasionally provided the only privacy we ever had.

I had no opportunity for even such minor beauty preparations as washing my hair. Glamour was absent — I was garbed in a plain navy cotton Chinese gown, having found this attracted the least attention on our travels. Since I am fairly tall, and had lost a good deal of weight, the general effect was that of a navy-blue bean pole surmounted by a muddy-complexioned, and slightly emaciated face. As if that mattered — Bill and I were together!

Our reunion was all too short and very sweet. For soon we had to separate at Bill's city of Lushien and I traveled on to Tsuyung, since we had each to put in a further year of experience. *Continued on page 60*

Bill and I must share a room... and we weren't married!



SALADS MEN LIKE

They should be man-size, hearty, meals in themselves. That's what six of Canada's best-known men told Chatelaine. So we produced these satisfying salads for your summer menus



Bob Paul tells Elaine Collett about his food favorites when in training.



Fred Davis



Arthur Hailey



Frank McGee



Walter Susskind

The air in Chatelaine Institute was electric with eloquence when our six male consultants gave us their opinions on salads. Olympic skating champion, Robert Paul; Frank McGee, MP; Walter Susskind, conductor of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra; TV panel moderator, Fred Davis; photographer, Gerald Campbell and TV playwright, Arthur Hailey — all displayed an enthusiastic knowledge of food and definite likes and dislikes. Susskind and Paul would choose fruit salad for a meal dish, but if Paul is not in training his preference, like Campbell's, would be chef's salad. Davis and Hailey are sea-food men. (McGee doesn't think a salad is a meal — only a secondary item.) Sea food, in fact, was the unanimous choice for a cold buffet meal. Meat and poultry came a good second. For the accompaniments, all like tomatoes, deviled or hard-cooked eggs, tossed salad — garlic flavoring only in moderation. Four would add cucumbers and olives.

Arthur Hailey was the only one who would choose potato salad, but just a small portion. The popularity of chef's and Caesar salad as a side dish was three and three. When it came to dressings (Walter is the only one who makes his own — or does any cooking) mayonnaise was the least popular. French dressing came

first, then Roquefort, Italian and Russian. Paul and Susskind also like salads *à la nature* — just salt, pepper and sometimes lemon juice. In other words, they like tangy rather than creamy dressings. As for cheese, three like the really strong kinds from Cheddars to Stilton and Gorgonzola; three preferred the gentler Camembert and mild Cheddar. All agreed the salad in our picture is just the kind men like — one with something solid in it. It was a very satisfactory session.

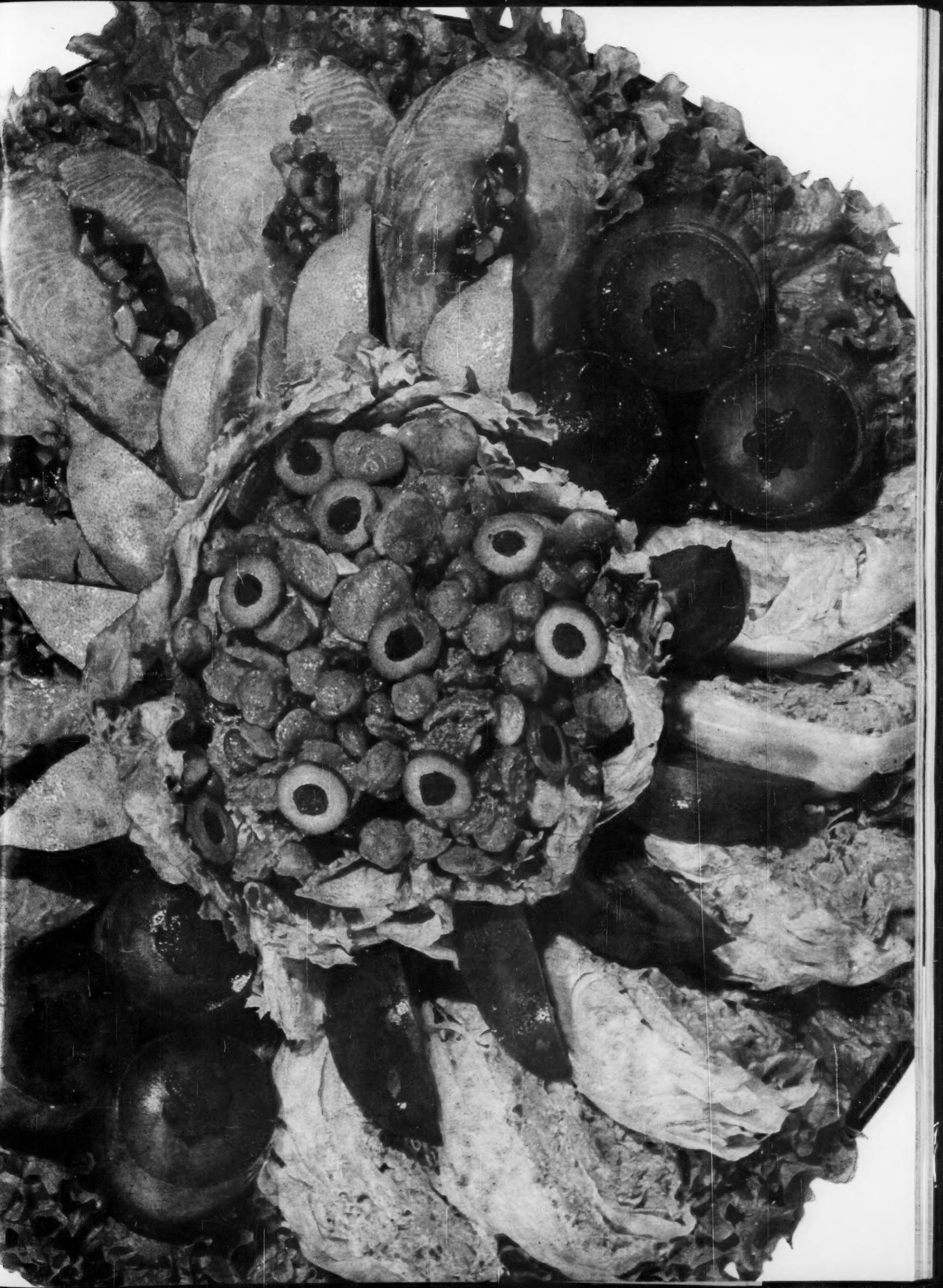
By ELAINE COLLETT
Director Chatelaine Institute



Gerry Campbell



OPPOSITE: To make this man-size Salmon Steak Platter, and other satisfying salads, turn to page 75



SUMMER
FASHION
STORY with a
Sicilian accent



Casual summer fashions haven't been as graceful, colorful — and as kind to women of all ages—in years (take the divided skirt, just for one example). So off we went to Sicily for Old World enchantment and brilliant colors — such as the leemony yellows, fiery oranges and Mediterranean blues you see here



Above: Meeting the plane in Rome airport—in this case, SAS Caravelle jet. It's on the Copenhagen-Rome flight, now connecting with brand-new SAS DC-8 jet service from New York. Our model in the foreground is wearing a dress and cape costume—the check-lined cape is reversible, worn over a simple, sleeveless dress that would be equally right for Canadian country weekends or back-yard barbecues. In brass-buttoned blue denim. By Junior Sophisticates. Available in sizes 7-15, about \$40.

Left: a bare-back Helena swimsuit with adjustable bra and sides.

It's made by Cole of California. Comes in sizes 10-16; costs about \$19.95. Below:

Halter-topped cotton culotte-dress. Mr.

Mort. Sizes 5-15, about \$25. Accessories with this and the cape costume

are all from Simpson's. The puppet

represents Roland, the hero of a folk

drama, beloved by Sicilians of all ages.

CONTINUED



At left: Typical of the trend to more graceful clothes is the return of the floor-length dress for informal entertaining. This one is by Mr. Mort, in cotton. Sizes 5-15. About \$30. The view, one of the most romantic in the world, is of snow-capped Mount Etna seen from a Graeco-Roman theatre in Taormina, the picturesque resort town where our Chatelaine summer fashions were photographed.

By VIVIAN WILCOX

Chatelaine Fashion Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN SEBERT





Cacti, sometimes six feet tall, grow on the hills around Taormina. Here, cactus-green, toile-patterned cotton slims and the new tunic-length jacket. Separates by Lou Larry. Sizes are 8-18. The jacket, about \$10.95; the slims, about \$8.95.



The dress—modern as tomorrow in its bold use of line and color. Rayon blend, crease-resistant, lined. By Myers Kahan, sizes 8-18, about \$39.95. The sculpture and passage are centuries old—Taormina was founded about 396 BC. Some 700 feet below its main street is the wide sandy Isola Bella Beach where we photographed Cole of California's low-backed Lastex swimsuit (below). Sizes 10-16, about \$19.95.

SUMMER FASHION STORY with a Sicilian accent

CONTINUED



WHE

Chatelaine



Above: Blouson and judo pants by Cole of California. They're cotton, in sizes 10-16. Top, about \$7.95; pants, about \$9.95. The setting is the bell tower of the sixteenth-century church of San Domenico—from there one gets a wonderful bird's-eye view of town, mountain and sea. The bomb-shattered church once adjoined a monastery. The princes of Cerami converted this monastery with long lofty halls, beautiful cloisters and gardens, into a hotel and it was there that we photographed the silk shantung outfit, overblouse plus slims, at right. Mr. Mort Sportswear, sizes 8-16. Overblouse, about \$12.95; Slims, about \$18.95. The shoes are from Antonio's.

WHERE TO BUY: For stores where these fashions are sold, see page 44.



4 W

FROSTED
with a can
brisk and t

CREAMY
Chicken So
in refrigerat

So g



THE PROBLEM OF THE TERRIBLE- TEMPERED HUSBAND

The problems of individual marriages vary so greatly that our counselors don't find it incongruous that in a single afternoon they may spend an hour with one couple discussing how beneficial it would be if the wife took a job outside her home, followed by an hour with another couple considering the advisability of the wife's quitting her outside job and staying home.

In the first case, the woman's lack of confidence or her sense of being abandoned might indicate that outside employment would be good therapy; in the other, the husband's lack of confidence or sense of being overwhelmed would suggest that the woman shouldn't be working, except at her marriage.

The Hahns were a classic, if somewhat violent, example of the kind of strain a working wife can place on a marriage. Sally Hahn, a tall, striking girl as beautiful and poised as a model, telephoned our office one winter afternoon and asked for an appointment. Her voice sounded so desperate that the counselor made special arrangements to see her at once.

Mrs. Hahn arrived as quickly as she could get away from her work in an architect's office, where she was a prized secretary. Her story, which emerged in shamed-faced fragments, was a hair-raiser: Her husband was beating her, had recently broken a small bone in her wrist; she was dating another man.

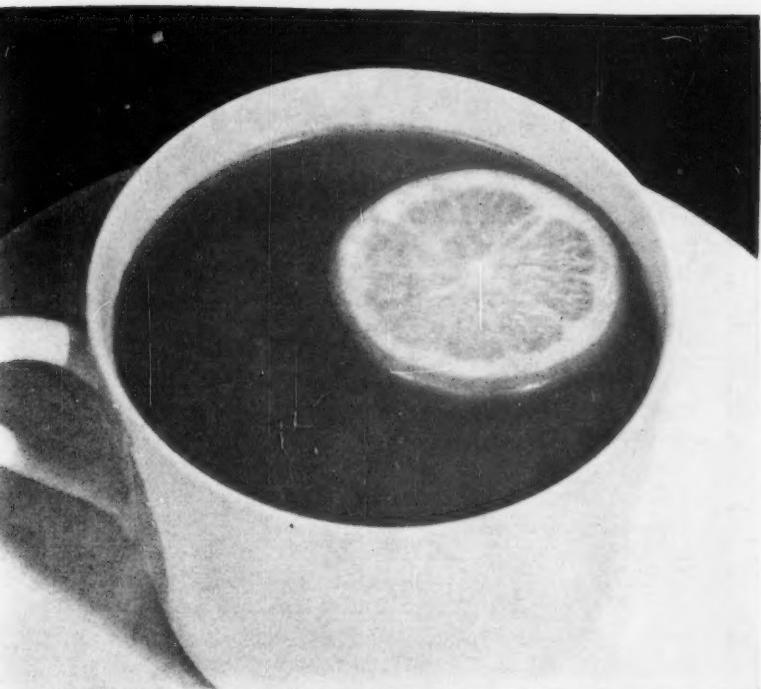
To a casual, horrified observer, the solution might have seemed elementary — stop seeing the other man. The counselor *Continued on page 56*

By VIOLET MUNNS Director of Casework,
Neighborhood Workers Association, Toronto, as told to

JUNE CALLWOOD

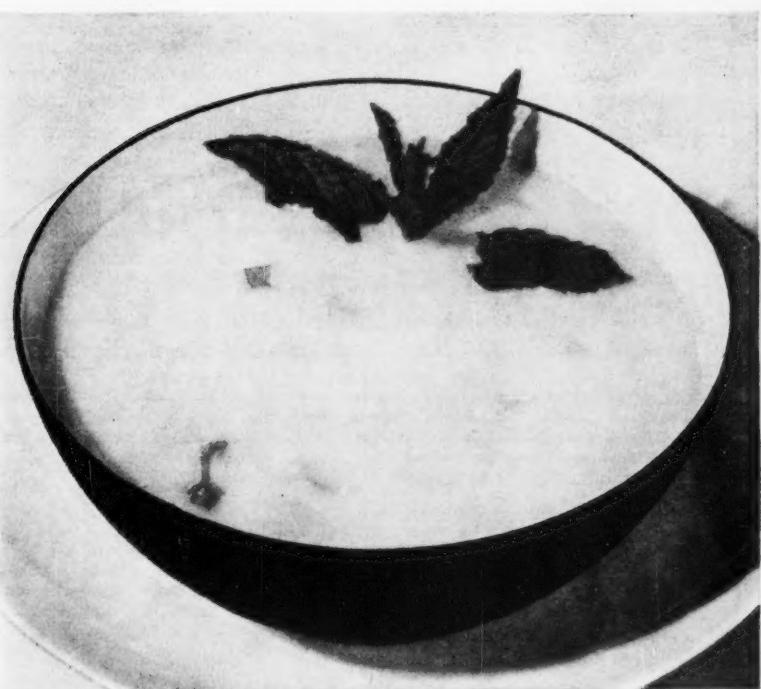
Photo by Jim Murray

4 ways to cool off with Campbell's SOUP



FROSTED SOUP! That's Campbell's Tomato Soup, chilled in the icebox, mixed with a can of cold water or milk. The bright color is cool to look at! The taste is brisk and tangy! Enjoy this cool year-round favorite with lemon or cucumber.

SOUP ON THE ROCKS! This is the coolest new drink in town, and made in a minute! Just open a can of Campbell's Beef Broth (Bouillon), and pour over ice in a tall or short glass. Thirst-quenching! Refreshing! A bracing drink!



CREAMY CHICKEN COOLER! In bowl, blend 1 can Campbell's Cream of Chicken Soup and $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. curry powder; gradually add 1 soup can milk. Place in refrigerator for at least 4 hours. Serve in chilled bowls. 2 to 3 servings.

JELLIED CONSOMMÉ! This soup literally shivers with cold—cold, inviting bites of jellied beef broth. It's a good idea to keep some Campbell's Consommé handy in the icebox. Then it's always chilled and ready when you want it.

So good any time...

every time... *Campbell's* Soup



NEW! A treat for waistline watchers

D-ZERTA PUDDING!

only 54 calories a serving



Now you can eat desserts with a clear conscience! Creamy, delicious D-Zerta Pudding has that Jell-O good flavor, just like its companion D-Zerta Gelatin. And D-Zerta Pudding contains no sugar. It's sweetened with saccharin and cyclamate sodium.

When made with skim milk, D-Zerta Pudding gives you only 54 calories a serving. (Even a serving of orange water ice contains 177!)

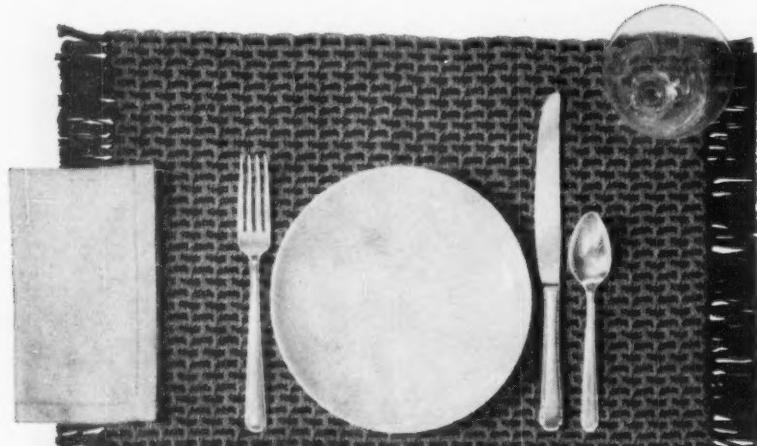
Look for D-Zerta Pudding in the dietetic section of your food store. If you don't see it, just ask.

4 tempting flavors

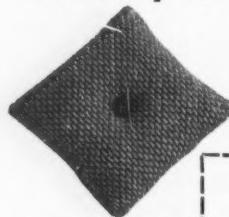
CHOCOLATE • BUTTERSCOTCH
VANILLA • CARAMEL

Get D-ZERTA PUDDING today

A Product of General Foods, Limited • The makers of JELL-O Desserts



crochet this beautiful place mat . . . this lovely cushion with surprising ease even if you've never crocheted in your life!



To make this modern and distinctive design in woven-crochet — and to discover the practical pleasure of crocheting, write today for free pattern and free catalogue of pattern booklets.

Please send me Free pattern Free catalogue of pattern booklets "Learn How Book" for which I enclose 29¢

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

PROV _____

J. & P. COATS
(CANADA) LIMITED
MONTREAL

J. & P. COATS (CANADA) LIMITED, DEPT. B, P.O. BOX 519 MONTREAL, P.Q.

For discerning homemakers — it's COATS 6001

CANADIAN WOMEN ARE TOO FAT

Continued from page 25

average weight of women was 9.8 percent. Too many Canadian women have become too fat.

A considerable amount of the fat accumulates beneath the skin. The extent of this fat can be measured by pinching together a fold of skin (generally on the outer middle of the upper arm). If there is little fat beneath the skin, the fold will be thin. An accumulation of fat will cause the skinfold to be thick. For the study reported in 1957, Dr. L. B. Pett, director of the Nutrition Division, Department of National Health and Welfare, and his associates measured weights and the thickness of skinfolds. The study showed that twenty-three percent of Canadian women are definitely overweight and have thick skinfolds. These women are more than overweight—they are fat.

Insurance experts, who have studied the relation between fatness and length of life, state definitely that people who wish to live a long life should not let their weight increase after they have passed their twenty-fifth birthday. Canadian women haven't been heeding the advice.

An old rhyme begins, "Past forty fat is sure to come." It doesn't need

to. Fatness is evidence of self-indulgence. Fat people use a variety of alibis. I wonder if the people who say that they eat like a bird know anything about birds. Birds are very active creatures; they expend a lot of energy, and they eat a great deal because they need the food. I don't believe a fat woman who says that she eats practically nothing. I know why she is fat, even if she won't admit it.

A second alibi is that fatness runs in the family. "Mother (or father) was fat; so am I." But there is no evidence that fatness is hereditary. Children frequently become heavy eaters in imitation of their parents. Some mothers think an overweight child is healthier and they encourage children to eat too much.

Is the thyroid to blame?

How many times have you heard a fat person say, "It's my glands," or how many times have you said it yourself? The thyroid is a gland which is blamed.

This small gland is in the neck, straddling the windpipe. It produces a substance, the thyroid hormone, which is circulated about the body, and which regulates the rate at which foodstuffs are burned to provide energy. The rate of energy production is decreased if the thyroid is less than normally active. A person with

Continued on page 47

"Where To Buy" Summer Fashions In Sicily

on pages 38 to 41

Below are some Canadian stores where Chatelaine's June fashions can be bought.

Mr. Mort leisure dress — Peake's, Moncton; Simon's, Quebec City; Morgan's, Montreal; Anjene, Toronto; Freiman's, Ottawa; Betty Withrow, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver.

Junior Sophisticates costume — Elizabeth Hager, Montreal; May Co., Joy Frocks, Goodman's, Toronto; Liberty Women's Wear, Hamilton; Betty Withrow, Winnipeg; Jane Brooks, Edmonton; Fashionwise, West Vancouver; Sandra's, Vancouver.

Cole of California Lastex swimsuit — Arcade Ladies Wear, Halifax; Syndicat de Quebec, Quebec City; Eaton's and Simpson's, Montreal; Henry Morgan, Ottawa; Joan Rigby, Ruth Frocks, Toronto; Eaton's and Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay and Saba Bros., Vancouver; Maxime's, New Westminster.

Mr. Mort culottes — Peake's, Moncton; Simon's, Quebec City; Morgan's, Montreal; Anjene, Toronto; Freiman's, Ottawa; Betty Withrow, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay, Vancouver.

Lou Larry separates — Retail outlets not available at press-time.

Myers Kahan dress — Fraid's, Montreal; Betty Lou, Johnstone Walker, Edmonton; R. H. Williams, Calgary; Sara Cohen, Winnipeg; Aaron's, Hildegard Reimann, Germany's, Vancouver.

Cole of California Helenca swimsuit — Arcade Ladies Wear, Halifax; Syndicat de Quebec, Quebec City; Eaton's and Simpson's, Montreal; Henry Morgan, Ottawa; Joan Rigby, Ruth Frocks, Toronto; Eaton's and Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay and Saba Bros., Vancouver; Maxime's, New Westminster.

Cole of California judo separates — Arcade Ladies Wear, Halifax; Syndicat de Quebec, Quebec City; Eaton's and Simpson's, Montreal; Henry Morgan, Ottawa; Joan Rigby, Ruth Frocks, Toronto; Eaton's and Hudson's Bay, Winnipeg; Hudson's Bay and Saba Bros., Vancouver; Maxime's, New Westminster.

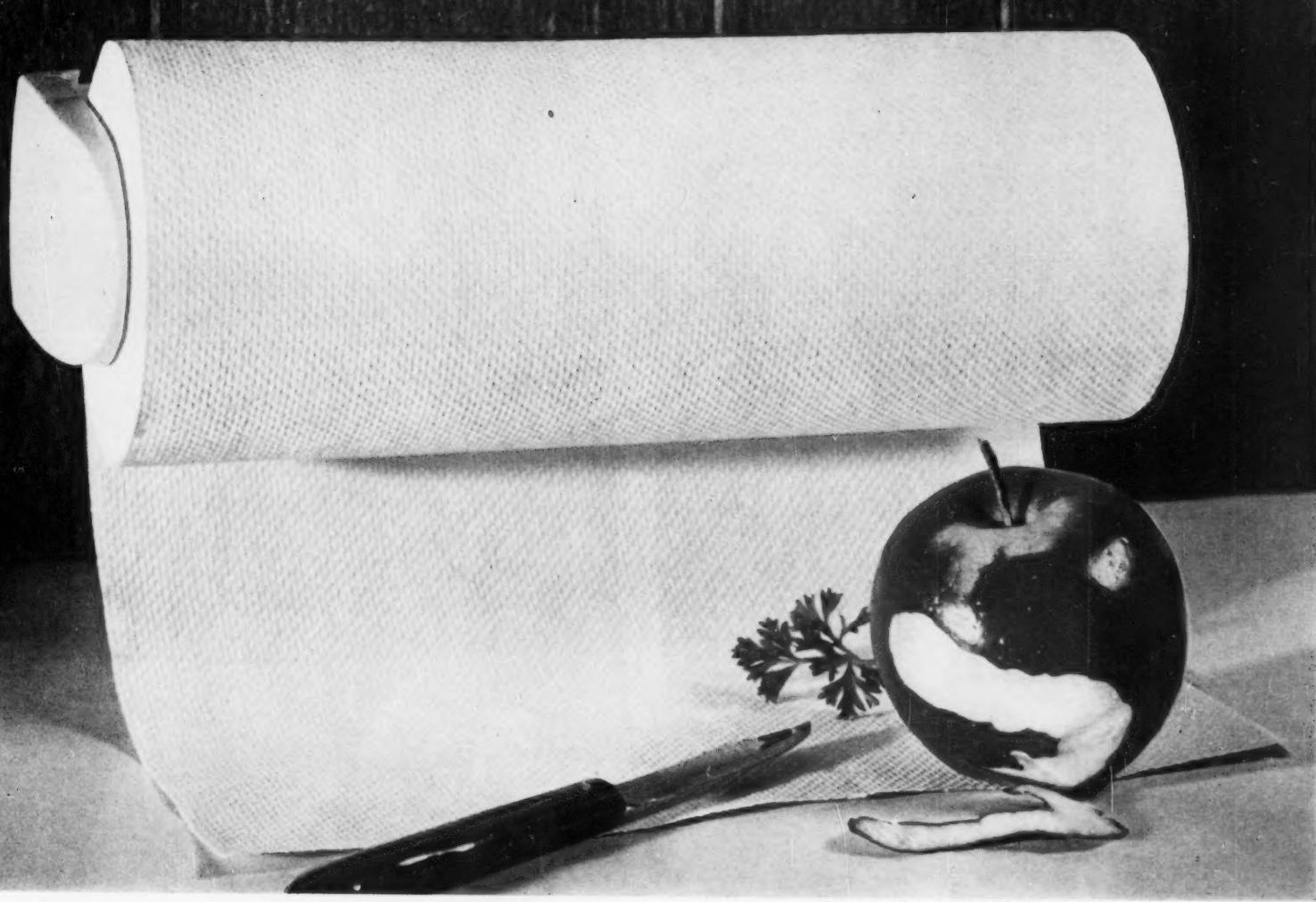
Mr. Mort Sportswear — Holman's, Summerside, P.E.I.; Mills Bros., Halifax; Simon's, Quebec City; Ogilvy's, Franc's, Elizabeth Hager, Montreal; Simpson's, Evangeline Shops, Ontario; Jay David, Vancouver.

THIS
CHA
ABC

The new in
Absorbent
softness as
without rub
instantly, li
Even with
wet. One to
your color

NOW A

MADE IN CANADA



Notice the tiny puffs which give a cloth-like feel, greater absorbency

THIS NEW INVENTION WILL CHANGE EVERY IDEA YOU EVER HAD ABOUT PAPER TOWELS



The new invention is an exclusive, patented process that textures each sheet of Super-Absorbent ScotTowels with 2000 tiny puffs. You immediately discover a cloth-like softness as ScotTowels gently shape themselves to your face and hands, dry them quickly without rubbing! The thirsty puffs drink up moisture, drain fried foods, mop up spills, instantly, like a blotter. And ScotTowels are so pliable, they fit like cloth into tiny spaces. Even with their softer texture, ScotTowels hold their shape and strength when soaking wet. One towel lasts and lasts. Durable, attractive holders are available to blend with your color scheme. Look for new Super-Absorbent ScotTowels next time you shop.

NOW AVAILABLE IN CONVENIENT BIG ROLL TOO!

WE ALSO MAKE SCOTKINS PAPER NAPKINS

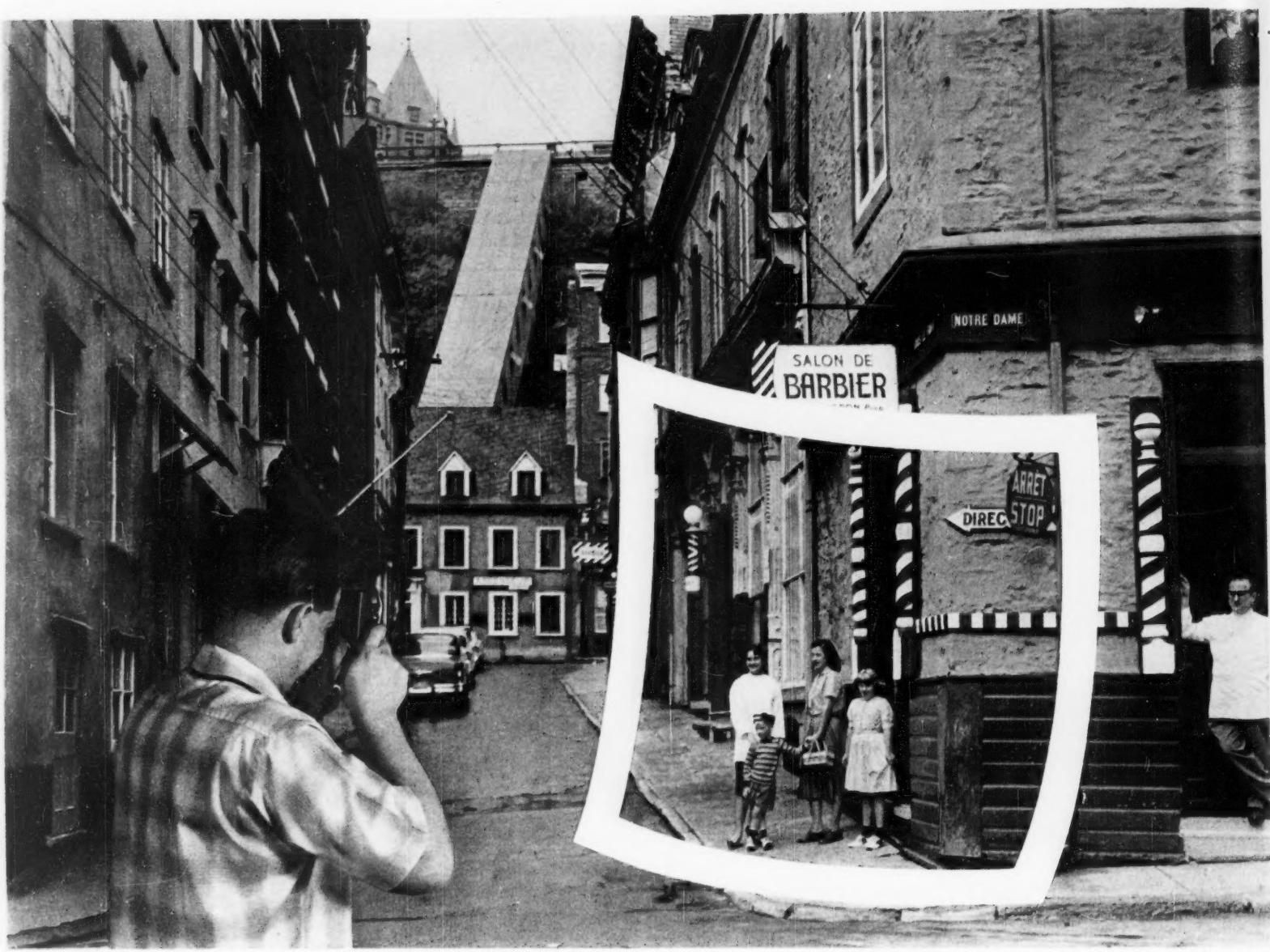
MADE IN CANADA BY WESTMINSTER PAPER CO. LTD.



NEW SUPER-ABSORBENT

ScotTowels





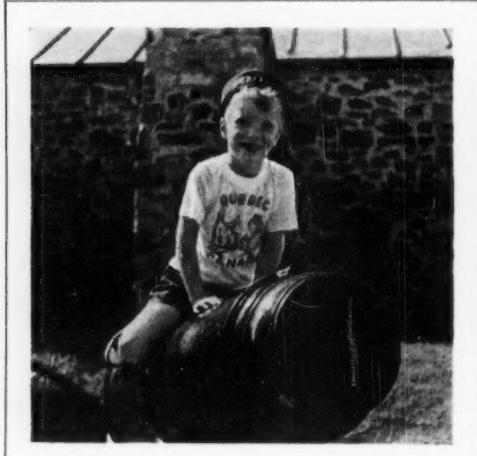
All the quaintness and old-world charm of Quebec's Lower Town comes vividly "alive" in a Kodacolor snapshot.

PICTURE IDEA OF THE WEEK

Show early Canada in Kodacolor snapshots

Colorful, storied places are even more unforgettable when you take Kodacolor snapshots.

And it's easy! All you do is put Kodacolor Film in a Brownie Camera and shoot away. Kodacolor Film works like a charm in any camera. It can be processed locally in many cities, or by Kodak. Ask your dealer.



The Citadel at Quebec takes Peter back to the seventeenth century — and a prized Kodacolor snapshot for Mother and Dad.



You'll see the colorful sights of Quebec from your calèche again and again when you take them home in Kodacolor snapshots.

Kodak
—a trademark since 1888

See Kodak's "The Ed Sullivan Show" on CBC-TV Network

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, Toronto 15, Ontario



Contin
an overactive
gy at an inc
true that a w
plus of food
her energy p
by an under
on large grou
have shown
likely to have
are fat peop

As a gener
is not to bla
preparations
are available
duction. Thi
weeks but th
the extra th
dose has to
thyroid horm
because of an
is not a safe

We don't

With the
psychology a
on mental h
that psycholo
ness would
people are s
an escape fr
is a pleasure
people are l
themselves.
cause they
selves to a w
feel lost wit
enjoyed with
either food o
the taste of
without being

A
Insurance
let their w
women an
of the ski
pinched t
of a stu
National

AGE
20-24 ...
25-29 ...
30-34 ...
35-44 ...
45-54 ...
55-64 ...
65 and o

Continued from page 44

an overactive thyroid produces energy at an increased rate. It could be true that a woman could have a surplus of food to be stored as fat if her energy production was decreased by an underactive thyroid. But tests on large groups of fat and thin people have shown that thin people are as likely to have underactive thyroids as are fat people.

As a general rule, the thyroid gland is not to blame for fatness. Thyroid preparations to be taken by mouth are available to increase energy production. This will work for a few weeks but the body adapts itself to the extra thyroid hormone and the dose has to be increased. Too much thyroid hormone may be dangerous because of an effect on the heart. This is not a safe method of losing weight.

We don't need food binges

With the increasing popularity of psychology and with a great emphasis on mental health, it was inevitable that psychologic explanations of fatness would be used. Frustrated people are said to eat generously as an escape from a frustration. Eating is a pleasure for most of us and some people are happier when they stuff themselves. Mainly they do so because they have accustomed themselves to a well-fed feeling, and they feel lost without it. But life can be enjoyed without going on a binge of either food or alcohol. We can enjoy the taste of food and be a gourmet without being a heavy eater.

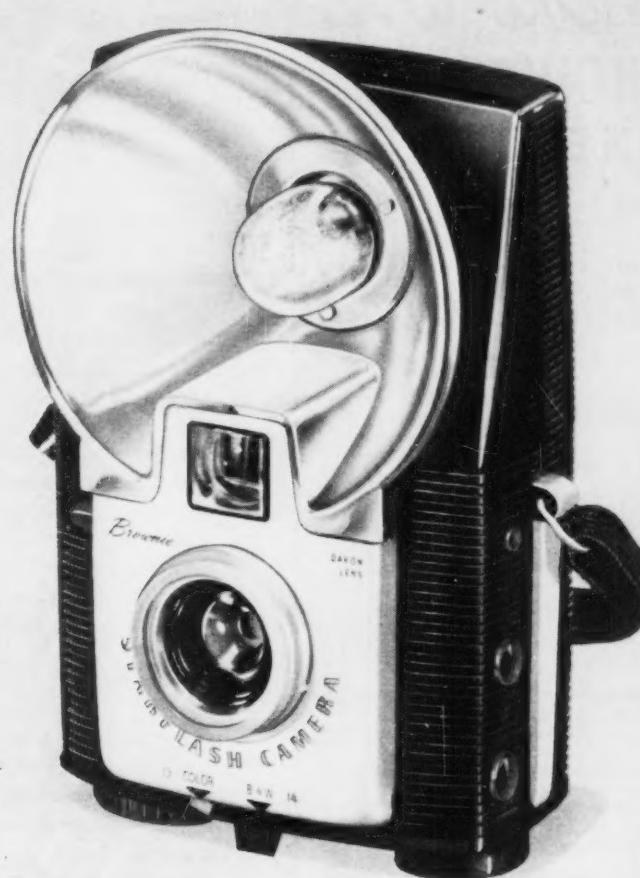
This age in human history will probably be remembered as the age of tranquilizers, when humans lacked the inner resources to live comfortably and happily without drugging themselves. Tranquilizers, alcohol, excess food are not decent substitutes for self-discipline. A psychologic explanation of fatness can be a crutch to keep a person from standing on his own feet.

There is only one proven cause of fatness, or of thinness, and it is easy to explain and understand. The cause of fatness is the eating of food having an energy value greater than the energy expenditure. Another way of expressing this is more true of modern life in Canada: many people are using less energy than they are taking in.

The stored fat comes, not only from the fat in food, but from carbohydrate and protein as well. Some of the carbohydrate in a generous food intake is used promptly to meet current energy needs. The body can store only a small amount of carbohydrate as such, about enough to meet energy requirements for eighteen to twenty-four hours. Any further excess of carbohydrate is converted into fat for storage. Similarly, the body has limited capacity for storage of protein as such. As in the case of carbohydrate, excess protein can be turned into fat to further increase fat storage.

Let's recall a few basic points: (1) average weight of adults in Canada has increased and more for women than for men; (2) body

FOR PICTURE IDEAS ANY WEEK!



Brownie Starflash Camera, makes shots easy, indoors and out, \$10⁹⁵

Brownie-easy! You just aim and press the button, day or night. Takes color slides, too.

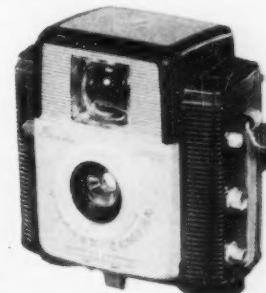
What could be easier? You just press the button and . . . click . . . you've got it!

Day or night — outdoors or indoors — this camera captures all the fun. Gives you sharp, clear pictures, whether you take black-and-white or color snapshots, or color slides.

The Starflash camera is as easy to carry as it is to use. It's solid and handsome, yet light and compact. No extra attachments to bring along — the flash holder is built in! No wonder it's so popular.

Ask your Kodak dealer to demonstrate the famous Canadian-built Brownie Starflash Camera. Get yours in time to

picture the fun this weekend. It's a real value, only \$10.95. Complete outfit with film, batteries, bulbs, from \$12.45.



Here's another top-value Brownie camera!

The Brownie Starlet Camera gives you all the well-known Brownie ease and sureness. Takes color slides as well as black-and-white and color snapshots. Has fittings for flash holder. Costs only \$6.95.

Prices are suggested list and subject to change without notice.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED
Toronto 15, Ontario

Kodak
— a trademark since 1888

Memo to... HOUSEHOLD EXECUTIVES

by

Bettie Bradley

BETTIE BRADLEY,
syndicated newspaper columnist and authority on home furnishings.

Some women protect their furnishings and don't begrudge the outlay. Other happy-go-lucky souls abuse their belongings and then seem astonished when they have to be replaced.

If you ignore a mark here, a scratch there, it will add up to a major refinishing job. On your darker woods, touch up your scratches as they occur. Keep O-Cedar Scratch Touch-up on your shelf. This is furniture protection that pays big dividends.



You won't mope when you mop with ZOOM-A-LON. Matted dust mops only succeed in flicking the dust from place to place. Now! ZOOM-A-LON* a new wonder yarn — attracts the dust like magic, shakes the dirt free and then washes like new without matting even after repeated washings.



Your wood floors tell tales about your general housekeeping. And there's no getting away from it. Nothing cleans, nothing shines, nothing wears like paste wax. SUPER CHAN is the pick of them all — gives you a hard carnauba base that can be rebuffed again and again.



For all your other floors you'll like the new hard-shine formula of CHAN SPEED COAT. This is the first time that a self polishing liquid wax has given the tough finish and rich lustre that these floors should have.



Did you know that you should never use a wax polish on Scandinavian furniture? Furniture with a low lustre isn't supposed to shine. Instead, use O-CEDAR OIL POLISH (all-purpose). This rich oil will feed the tiny pores of the wood without creating a spotty, artificial shine.



*trademark



Family of Fine Products

weight is controlled by the balance between the energy expenditure and the energy value of the food intake. Information about average food consumption in Canada is available in a recent report from the Division of Nutrition of the Department of National Health and Welfare.

Average calorie intake per person per day in 1935 was 3,010; in 1956 the corresponding figure was 3,058. In the years between, average calorie intake ranged from 2,931 to 3,184.

In other words, the total food consumption, expressed in energy units, remained fairly constant at about 3,000 calories per person per day. Similar information for the years before 1935 is unavailable but it can be guessed that the total calorie intake has been about the same for many years. Canada has been a land of plenty for a long time.

"We have all become lazy"

The next point is obvious. If average weight has increased while the food intake apparently stayed constant, energy expenditure must have decreased. Precise measurements of energy expenditure by Canadian women are not available but some opinions can be offered. Housework was much more arduous forty years ago. Other aspects of energy expenditure for both men and women, have changed also. In Ontario in 1910 there were 4,200 cars — one car for every 600 persons. In 1958 Ontario had 1,500,000 cars — one for every four persons.

One of my colleagues has reminded me that the cars became much wider, for at least one obvious reason.

Many of you will remember differences in housework. I can recall conditions in the home in which I grew up. In 1910 our family had a wood stove in the kitchen (and it was a city house, too). We had no washing machine, no vacuum cleaner, no electric mixer (no cake mixes, either), no refrigerator. The reason was not poverty; no one else in the neighborhood had any of the appliances now regarded as essential for decent living. Only one family in our district had a car; the rest of us walked.

I am not suggesting that we return to the arduous housework of fifty years ago. I would advocate walking if I thought people would try it. But we have all become lazy and there is not much hope of increasing energy output.

How do you decide if you are fat? If you are over twenty-five, your weight should not be greater than it was at twenty-five. Weigh yourself and compare your weight with ranges considered to be ideal for health, prepared by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company:

IDEAL WEIGHTS FOR WOMEN

HEIGHT	(weight in pounds)
5 ft. 0 in.	104-128
5 ft. 2 in.	109-133
5 ft. 4 in.	115-141
5 ft. 6 in.	121-149
5 ft. 8 in.	128-156
5 ft. 10 in.	135-165

The range provides for women of different body builds. If you have a heavy stocky frame, your weight can be near the top of the range for a given height.

You can also help determine whether or not you are fat by pinching together a fold of skin about the middle of the outer surface of the upper arm and deciding whether it is thin or thick. A simpler method is to take off your clothes and look at yourself in a mirror. If you can stand the sight, you are either slim or care-

burn it up by forcing the body to use it for energy production. This can be accomplished only by reducing the energy intake well below current needs, or by holding the intake constant and markedly increasing energy output. Lying on an expensive couch which jiggles your hips won't do it unless the food intake is reduced. Riding a bicycle for five minutes a day will not help weight reduction. There are no tablets which will accomplish miracles. The speed at which the fat will decrease depends on the difference between intake and output.

To bring about a rapid loss in weight it is necessary to cut the food intake to 1,200—or in some cases 800—calories a day. Food intake should not be reduced so drastically without the approval of your doctor. If he consents, there is the business of planning the reducing diet. It should be planned so that adequate intakes of protein, of minerals (particularly calcium and iron) and of all essential vitamins are obtained. Proper food selection will do this.

AN 800-CALORIE DIET

3 cups skim milk	260
1 medium orange	70
1 serving cabbage	40
1 serving carrots	44
1 serving oatmeal	148
1 slice enriched bread	64
1 serving lean meat	197

823

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance — otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient. At the same time, notify your local postmaster by filling out a post office change-of-address card.

WRITE TO:

Manager, Subscription Dept.,
CHATELAINE
481 University Ave., Toronto 2,
Canada

less. If you can't stand the view, see your doctor and get his advice about reducing.

The safety of taking weight off quickly can be decided only by your doctor after a thorough examination. Don't rush into following a drastic reducing diet without medical advice. A rapid loss of weight may not be safe.

There is only one safe, sure method to reduce an excess store of fat—

This list of foods provides 823 calories, 59 grams of protein, and required amounts of calcium, iron and all vitamins essential for adults. It can be arranged in meals as follows:

BREAKFAST: orange, oatmeal, 1 cup milk

LUNCH: cabbage salad, 1 slice bread, 1 cup milk

DINNER: lean beef, carrots, 1 cup milk

Fruit, such as a peach, a small apple, or a small bunch of grapes can be added for dessert with no serious increase in calories. Several substitutions can be used for variety. In place of oatmeal you could use wheat-flake porridge or a boiled or poached egg. One half grapefruit or four ounces orange or grapefruit juice could be used in place of the orange. In place of cabbage you could use string beans, broccoli, or spinach. In place of carrots, squash, cauliflower, tomatoes could be substituted. It is necessary to keep low the use of fat

Continued on page 50

THE

The secret
crushed p
Mix with
bread an

Chop or g
with Clove
aise to m
ry bread



Clover Leaf presents

THE ART OF THE GOOD TUNA SANDWICH



The secret is moistness. Team drained, crushed pineapple with Clover Leaf Tuna. Mix with mayonnaise. Use fresh, white bread and make the filling really thick.



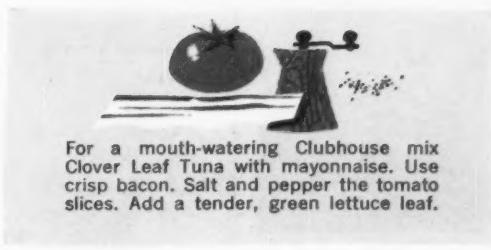
Moisten Clover Leaf Tuna with seasoned sour cream. Use lots of tuna. Top off with thinly sliced cucumber. Season. Wonderful on french bread.



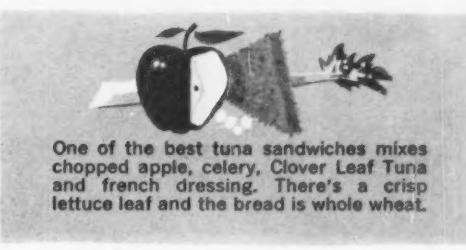
Spread cranberries on buttered, white bread. Cover thickly with Clover Leaf Tuna and a touch of mayonnaise. Pretty as you please and twice as good tasting.



Chop or grate your favorite cheese. Mix with Clover Leaf Tuna and enough mayonnaise to make thickly creamy. Good with rye bread and crisp lettuce.



For a mouth-watering Clubhouse mix Clover Leaf Tuna with mayonnaise. Use crisp bacon. Salt and pepper the tomato slices. Add a tender, green lettuce leaf.



One of the best tuna sandwiches mixes chopped apple, celery, Clover Leaf Tuna and french dressing. There's a crisp lettuce leaf and the bread is whole wheat.

**CLOVER LEAF TUNA IS THE TASTIEST TUNA BECAUSE IT OFFERS
YOU ONLY THE DELICATE WHITE MEAT OF ALBACORE TUNA**



Taste Clover Leaf and discover the big difference in tuna!

British Columbia Packers Ltd.

NEW!

3 step treatment for

CORNS

FROM

**BLUE*
JAY****CANADA'S FIRST CORN PAD
TREATMENT • HEALS PAINFUL
CORN IN 3 EASY STEPS!****1 With Pads!** Extra-soft mole-skin pads relieve painful pressure during treatment.**2 With Separate Medication!** Separate medication Phenylum penetrates to base of corn, promotes growth of new skin tissue that pushes corn out, satisfaction guaranteed or your money back! Exclusive to Blue Jay.**3 With Separate Ointment!** After corn removal, special Blue Jay Ointment soothes tender new skin area for added healing comfort!**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!****BLUE-JAY CORN PAD TREATMENT**THE KENDALL COMPANY
(CANADA) LIMITED

BAUER & BLACK DIVISION

*Trade Mark

1134

HAVE YOUR BEST SUMMER EVER

Really live. Enjoy the fun of going places, doing things. It's so easy in Ontario. Start your best summer ever by mailing the coupon below.



**explore
ONTARIO**

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF TRAVEL AND PUBLICITY, Hon. Bryan L. Cathcart, Minister

FREE ONTARIO TRAVEL LITERATURE

Shows you where to go, where to stay at the price you want to pay.
Mail to:
Ontario Travel 784 Parliament Bldgs., Toronto, Ont.



NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
POST OFFICE _____ PROV. _____
KNOW ONTARIO BETTER

Continued from page 48
and carbohydrates. A very small amount of butter should be spread on bread. Fried foods, gravy, cream are out as are soft drinks, candy, pastry, cake. Clear tea and coffee may be included with any meal.

The eight-hundred-calorie diet can be increased to twelve hundred calories by including two more slices of bread, one medium potato, and one medium egg.

Weight cannot be lost unless the reducing diet is followed every day until the desired weight is reached and food intake then controlled to prevent the return of fat. There is no painless method of weight reduction. The deciding factor is will power and perseverance. It has been said that many people have plenty of guts but no backbone. That statement is vulgar; unfortunately, it is true. A woman who does not determine to lose weight and who does not stick to the determination will not lose weight.

If you find yourself desperately hungry there is one trick which may help. A small amount of sugar shortly before a meal helps kill appetite. A small amount of sugar at the end of a meal may provide a feeling of some satisfaction. One level teaspoon of sugar provides sixteen calories. One small piece of hard candy will give twenty to thirty calories. This sugar trick should be done as a last resort and with great moderation. By the way, special candies can be purchased to help kill appetite. They are expensive and a teaspoon of sugar is just as useful.

Freak diets are dangerous

Crackpot reducing diets appear in print with great frequency. Often they are nutritionally inadequate. Many of them are sufficiently unpleasant to keep people from using them long enough to cause harm. One of the freak reducing diets will be used as an example.

In 1956 two popular U.S. magazines recommended enthusiastically the Fabulous Formula or Rockefeller Diet. This was a liquid made by blending dextrose, corn oil, evaporated milk, and water. Six equal feedings were recommended each day and the total calorie intake was said to be nine hundred. Dr. Norman Jolliffe, of the New York City Department of Health, pointed out that the amount advised for one day would supply only twenty-one grams of protein, a quantity less than minimal pro-

tein need for an average adult. The Council on Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association published a statement which included this sentence: "The advocacy of the use of this diet by nonmedical persons is condemned because of its possible harmful effect under certain situations." In the Toronto area this diet had a brief popularity. Fortunately, it now appears to be forgotten.

A great variety of queer diets could be discussed. There was the lemon diet, the banana diet, the potato diet—all consisting of emphasis on one food. These diets all have in common the lack of nutrition balance plus so much monotony that prolonged use is unlikely.

You will doubtless have heard about high-fat diets for weight loss. They are much better than the freak diets in meeting nutrition needs and they have worked for some people. A likely explanation is that a high-fat diet can be unpalatable and so little is eaten that people do lose weight. To me the high-fat diet is much less satisfactory than a low-fat, low-calorie diet such as the one suggested above.

As in so many other problems, prevention is much easier than cure. Prevention of fatness is very much better if you are interested in appearance and in health. Canada needs a campaign for the prevention of fatness. The method is simply to keep food intake down to need and to keep up exercise. Both are beneficial to health. Why get fat when it is easy to stay slim, attractive, and healthy?

Simple, good advice about eating is to eat a wide variety of foods in moderation. The use of a variety of foods makes more possible the obtaining of all needed nutrients, and causes meals to be more interesting. Eating in moderation preserves slimness.

Here is a useful variety of foods with quantities for health and slimness:

MILK: At least one half pint and preferably a pint a day. Skim milk is as useful as whole milk in meeting health needs, is lower in calories and is cheaper.

FRUIT: Every day have one orange, or half a grapefruit, or four ounces of orange juice or grapefruit juice, or four ounces of vitamin-enriched apple juice, or eight ounces of tomato juice. Every day have a serving of some other kind of fruit.

VEGETABLES: One serving of potatoes and two servings of other vege-

tables a
green-le
because
tent of

MILK, FISH,

one of t

Eggs: At le

a day i

CHEESE: At le

If you c

ounce o

BREAD: Four

with bu

CEREAL: A

whole-g

ing.

Social eat

One afterno

ing I recom

During the

woman aske

like if I ate

swear ended t

answer was,

look at presc

That comp

the recomme

about 1,800

many women

tains no high

whipped-crea

vides ample

and all neede

foods is follo

ments are ne

The list m

ing, econom

cooking is de

used by Cana

stay slim, p

other foods.

afternoon tea

meal. If you

ning, go easi

ing is a seri

Let me s

points:

1. About women
2. Most thirty-f
3. Fatnes output gy int proven
4. If you
5. You ca power low-ca
6. If you by eati ac healthy

tables a day. It is wise to use green-leaf or yellow vegetables, because they have a high content of vitamins.

MEAT, FISH, FOWL: One serving of one of these foods a day.

Eggs: At least three eggs a week. One a day if you like eggs.

CHEESE: At least three ounces a week. If you don't drink milk, use an ounce of cheese a day.

BREAD: Four slices of bread a day with butter or margarine.

CEREAL: A breakfast cereal with whole-grain value every morning.

Social eating is a hazard

One afternoon at a women's meeting I recommended this list of foods. During the question period a stout woman asked, "What would I look like if I ate all that food?" My answer ended the meeting because the answer was, "A lot better than you look at present."

That complete list of food used in the recommended quantities supplies about 1,800 calories — fewer than many women consume. The list contains no high-calorie cakes, pastries, whipped-cream desserts, candy. It provides ample protein, calcium, iron, and all needed vitamins. If that list of foods is followed, no vitamin supplements are needed by adults.

The list makes attractive, appetizing, economical meals possible if cooking is done properly. If it were used by Canadian women they would stay slim, provided they didn't add other foods. If you do have a heavy afternoon tea, eat lightly at the next meal. If you eat heavily in the evening, go easy the next day. Social eating is a serious obstacle to slimness.

Let me summarize a few main points:

1. About one fourth of Canadian women are too fat.
2. Most fat women are over thirty-five.
3. Fatness is caused by the energy output being less than the energy intake. There is no other proven cause.
4. If you are fat, see your doctor.
5. You can get slim by using will power and sticking to a good low-calorie diet.
6. If you are slim, stay that way by eating sensibly and by keeping active. Walking is a cheap, healthful exercise.

END



Bohemian Crystal by Schonbeck, Shine by Simoniz



Clear as hand-polished crystal...
never yellows...new Simoniz
Vinyl Wax beautifies and
refreshes the original colours
of all floor surfaces

THE PUDDING WITH THE EXTRA HELPING OF

LIQUID-FRESH FLAVOUR



*There's exclusive
'Flavour Bud Magic' here!*

Other puddings give you just powder alone. But Shirriff gives you powder plus an extra helping of liquid-fresh flavour sealed inside a coating of fast-dissolving, pure sugar. It can't dry out, can't get stale, can't fade away.

You get more flavour to enjoy in Shirriff because only Shirriff "Bud" Pudding has that 'Flavour Bud Magic'.



SHIRRIFF "BUD" PUDDING

chocolate • caramel • butterscotch • vanilla • orange • lemon

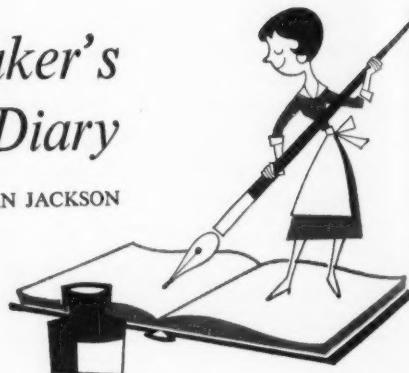
Enjoy Shirriff Lushus Jelly Desserts, too



Chatelaine • June 1960

Homemaker's Diary

By JOAN JACKSON



A fragrant hint

Perfumes are made to give off their fragrance when they come in contact with the skin. So do not put it on your dress or lingerie, because this can cause a permanent stain, and also will often result in a disagreeable odor.

Paint-brush protection

Your paint brushes will last longer and work better if you pretreat new brushes by suspending them in linseed oil for at least twelve hours. Squeeze out excess oil before use.

Power-mower precautions

Many people forget that a power mower is a mower with power — the power to cause injuries, major and minor, to the user or the bystander. If you follow the rules given below your mower will be a boon and not a hazard.



1. Before mowing, rake up any loose stones, sticks or wire littering the lawn.
2. Be sure you understand the operation of your mower before you use it so that you will be able to stop it immediately in an emergency.
3. Keep hands and feet away from moving blades and always wear firm shoes. Never go near a power mower in bare feet.
4. Never leave the mower with the motor running.
5. Keep children and pets away from the area being mowed. They can be hurt by loose stones thrown from the grass-discharge opening.
6. Always cut sideways on a sloping lawn to keep the mower under control.
7. Stop the motor for refueling or to make any adjustments to the blades.
8. Disconnect the spark plug before doing any work on the motor as the movement of the blades can restart it.

Swimming-pool safety

Ban all inflatable toys including inner tubes and water wings, even for children who swim well. Every person using the pool should be able to swim one length of the pool easily. Rough play, ducking and running on slippery walks can cause severe injuries and should be prohibited. When children are using the pool there must always be an adult "lifeguard" present. Your pool will be all fun and no tragedy if you enforce these rules firmly.

Come on in, the water's fine!

To make sure that the water is fine, you as a home-swimming-pool owner, must maintain it in a healthy condition by keeping the pool, water, and surroundings clean. At the beginning of each season, the pool walls and floor should be cleaned with a chlorine solution to remove all traces of algae.

A chlorine concentrate must be added to the pool every day whether it is being used or not, so that there will always be enough chlorine in the water to prevent the growth of algae and bacteria. The amount to be added depends on the size of the pool and the amount of chlorine already in the water. This "residual chlorine" should be tested regularly with the kit available for this purpose. Sunlight, rainstorms and swimmers all cause a rapid loss of residual chlorine so the treatment will be governed by these factors.

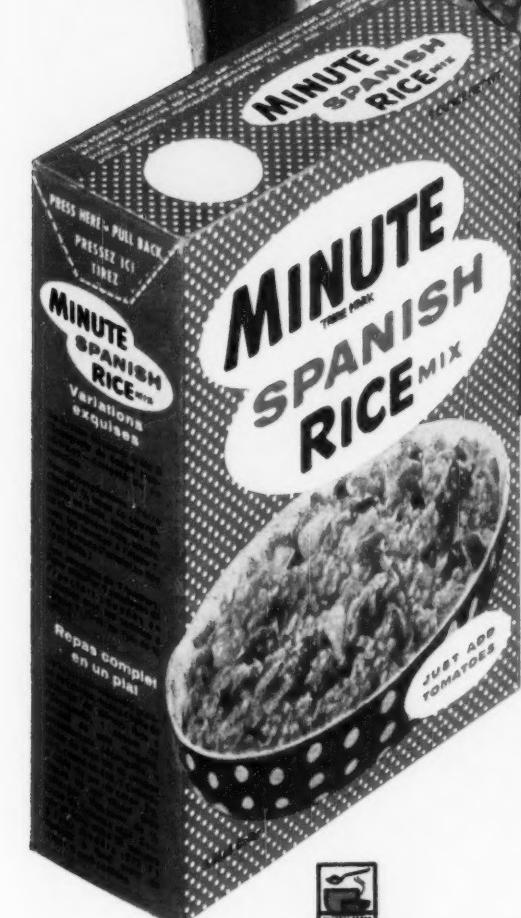


At least once a week and after rainstorms, remove the sediment on the bottom and sides of the pool with the special vacuum cleaner used in conjunction with the pool filter. Remove leaves and floating debris with a hand surface skimmer.

Periodically, spray the diving board and surrounding walks with a solution of the chlorine concentrate. END

FOR THE FIRST TIME

*this savoury
dish*



Spanish Rice

COMES READY-COOKED IN A PACKAGE!

Peppers, onions, seasonings—all in the mix
You simply add a can of tomatoes.

Makes an exciting change as a vegetable, or it's delicious as a main dish—add bacon, meat, fish to suit the family's taste. Variety of recipes on the package.

No slicing, no dicing. 9 zesty seasonings, peppers, onions—all ready-cooked for you in the mix. Add a can of tomatoes, hot water. Let stand for 20 minutes. Serve.

From the makers of Minute Rice! It can't turn out any way but perfect!



Created by
General Foods Kitchens



P A T T E R N S

FASHIONS KEYED TO THE WEDDING MARCH

A perfect harmony of airy fabrics and romantic styles in gowns for the summer bridal party

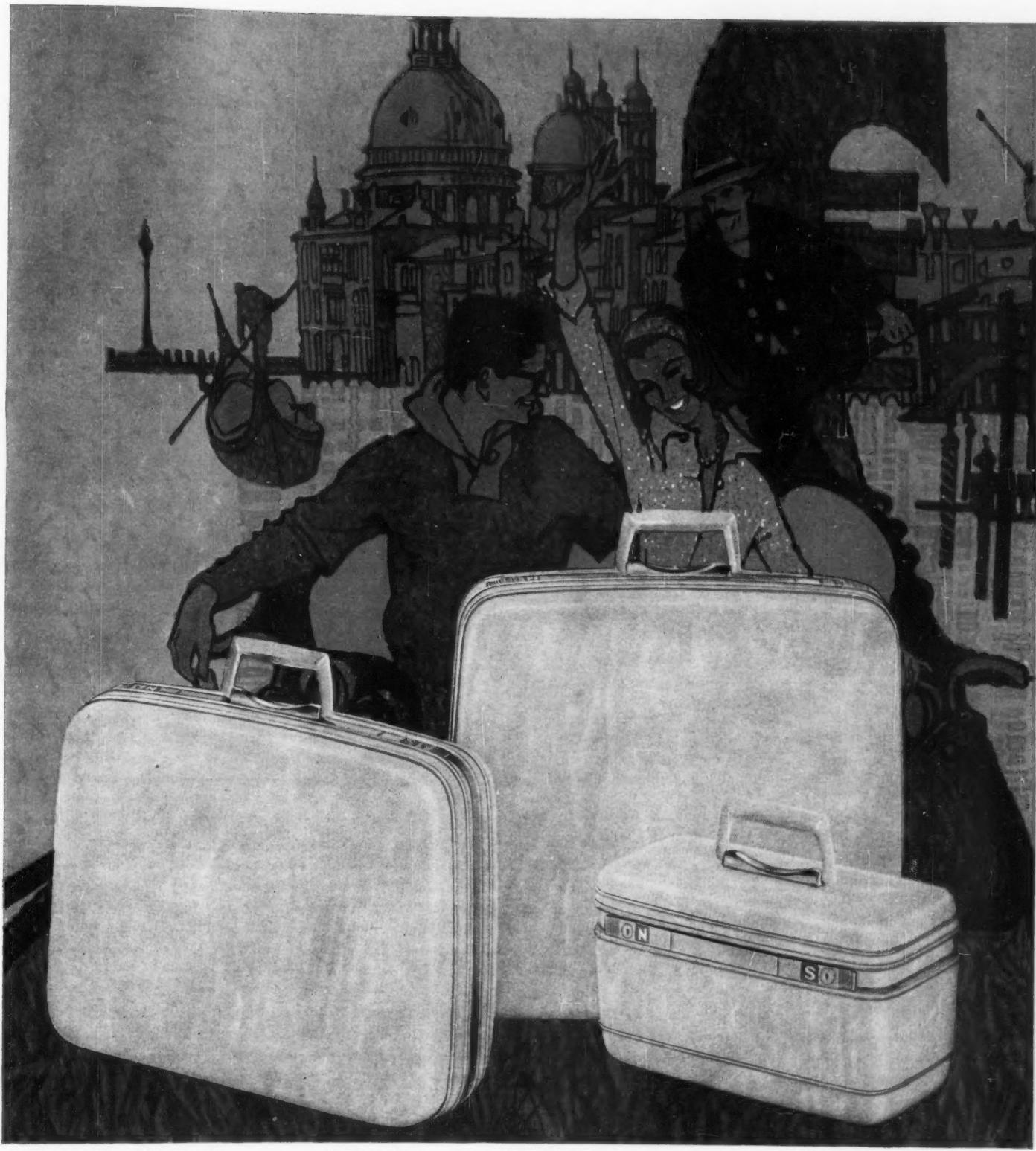
As beautiful as her summer wedding day is the radiant bride wearing Simplicity's wedding gown 3469. Clouds of silk-embroidered organza float over an underdress of whispering silk taffeta. A gently rounded neckline is bowed at either side, over full-blown sleeves. The very bouffant skirt is lightly gathered from sides around back, with smooth front skirt and snug bodice creating a handspan waistline look. In sizes 11 to 18; 60 cents.

The bridesmaid wears sunny-toned organdy — in a satin-banded and buttoned shirtwaist style 3001, very full of sleeve and skirt, over an underdress of matching taffeta. Bodice is delicately ribbed with lace. Sizes 11 to 18; 50 cents. Youngest member of the wedding is demure in flounce-skirted, puff-sleeved, dotted Swiss, with deeper-toned sash — 3290, sizes 1 to 6; 40 cents.

Fabric choices for the summer bridal party include: silk organza, peau de soie, silk taffeta, tulle, nylon sheer, eyelet-embroidered cotton, silk chiffon, organdy. Though white or eggshell is traditional for the bride, pastels are equally acceptable if more becoming. Bridesmaids' dresses can be varied pastels, but if there are more than three, a one-color look may be best—with other attendants in shades of the bridesmaids' color.

*Order from your Simplicity Pattern dealer,
or from the Pattern Department, Chatelaine,
481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.*





3-PIECE SET FOR LADIES, \$117.50

O'NITE, \$32.50

WARDROBE, \$52.50

BEAUTY CASE, \$32.50

Bravissimo! The smart set applauds the "smart set"—Silhouette—world's loveliest luggage! Perfectly suited to travel . . . moulded of vinyl-covered magnesium . . . light, strong, scar'n mar resistant. Hidden locks can't spring open. Inside space is planned with genius . . . clothes stay unmussed! For women: Dover White, Biscayne Blue, Platinum Grey, Oxford Grey. For men: Desert Tan, Oxford Grey.

Elegant magnesium luggage without a lock in sight

Silhouette
by **Samsonite**

SAMSONITE OF CANADA, LTD., MANUFACTURING PLANT, QUEENS HIGHWAY, EAST, STRATFORD, ONTARIO



Smooth Away THOSE STUBBORN SHORT ENDS



Not a hair out of place



PRINCESS PAT
HAIR NETS

Save the premium coupons

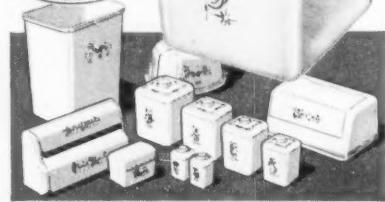
Lustro-Ware® Elegante® Metallic Leaf decorated heirlooms for new kitchen elegance



Be in style, dress up your kitchen with the flattering glamour of "Elegante" Lustro-Ware. You'll love how its fashionable elegance boosts kitchen morale. "Elegante" keeps the fresh band-box look, for plastic can't ever dent, rust nor tarnish.

Guaranteed UNBREAKABLE* along with 200 colorful Lustro-Ware household necessities. Shop for "Elegante" soon...wonderful too for gifts.

Gold decorations on satin white, yellow, pink and turquoise. Chrome on apple red.



Big capacity 4-piece "Elegante" CANISTER SET at most stores \$4.98

Gift packaged "Elegante" 8-piece PANTRY SET of four canisters, fresh-seal "lift lid" bread box, cookie jar and large "chef" salt and pepper shaker set only \$13.50.

For Lustro-Ware kitchen planning guide, write Columbus Plastics Products, Inc., Home Service Dept. 414, Columbus, Ohio.

TERRIBLE-TEMPERED HUSBAND

Continued from page 42

discovered, without surprise, that there was no single, simple solution to the Hahns' difficulties. As in all tormented marriages, the problem was multi-layered.

In the first place, Karl Hahn often struck his wife; during the seventeen years of their marriage he had many times pushed her, shaken her, slapped her. And in the second place, Sally Hahn was by no means having an adulterous affair; the man she was seeing was being sympathetic and kind to her at a time when she most needed such qualities.

"I thought of leaving him," Sally told the counselor. "I did move out of the house for a few days but Karl was so wretched, so remorseful. And we have two boys, fourteen and sixteen years old. I don't know what to do."

"Will your husband come in to talk with me?" asked the counselor.

The most common reply to this question is, "I don't know." Communication is generally so poor in marriages on the breaking point that the wife and husband have lost whatever skill they might have had in predicting one another's reactions. But in this case Sally Hahn was positive. "He'll come, eagerly," she told the counselor. "He's so anxious to save the marriage, he'll want to see you right away."

What kind of man was Karl?

Her judgment of the paradoxical Karl Hahn, a man who adored his wife but couldn't restrain himself from striking her, was found to be accurate. He saw the counselor the next day. Karl Hahn turned out to be a powerful-looking, forceful man in his mid-forties. He exuded authority and conviction but when he spoke of losing his wife his assurance drained off abruptly and he looked ill.

Over the next two weeks, the counselor pieced together the story of the Hahn marriage. Karl was Dutch, the son of a wealthy merchant whose trading interests caused him to travel a good deal. Karl and his brothers had been all over the world while they were in their teens. When Holland was overrun, the family escaped and Karl joined the Royal Air Force. He came to Canada for training and, at a servicemen's dance at his station, met

Sally, then a teen-ager fresh from a high-school commercial course.

Sally was impressed with his sophistication and flattered that a man ten years older than she was so obviously, vehemently attracted to her. The girl was feeling somewhat forlorn at the time, holding her first job and living with an aunt and uncle whom she felt she was crowding. Her mother had died when she was eleven and a grandmother raised her. She was anxious to belong to someone. Within a few weeks, she accepted Karl's insistent proposals of marriage.

After the war, Karl decided against returning to Holland. His family's business had been shattered in the Nazi occupation. He moved Sally from the western Ontario city where they had met and found a small apartment in Toronto for themselves and their baby son. Another boy was born soon after. Unskilled as he was, Karl Hahn had difficulty finding an occupation that suited his leisure-class background and careless spending habits. A gift shop he established with service credits failed and left him deep in debt; two other jobs, one managing a small hotel and the other teaching in a driving school, both resulted in his being fired. Sally had no choice; she found a neighbor to care for her sons through the day and went to work.

Later Karl and Sally agreed that these difficult years had been the happiest in their marriage. There were straws in the wind that might have seemed evil portents to an observer, but the Hahns took little note of them. Karl Hahn, for instance, was taking no interest in the chores surrounding the raising of his sons. He loved them and played with them but considered dressing, feeding and bathing the babies to be woman's work.

He was insistent on having total, unopposed authority in his home. Once, when Sally roused from her normal timidity to argue that he must learn to keep within their budget, he slapped her so forcefully she was knocked to the floor. Both were aghast at the incident; Karl was so contrite he wept.

Karl's towering temper had been a hazard all his life. He was accustomed as a child to fight with his fists whenever he was angry. He and his brothers battled regularly and he had no sisters with whom he could develop some measure of control. Even as an adult, he settled all piques and differences of opinion with a punch.

While Karl was floundering from job to job, Sally Hahn was discovering

to her delight that she was a superbly efficient and appreciated secretary. Her original awe of her husband, born of her conviction that she was an unskilled dunce in comparison to his cosmopolitan confidence, was wearing thin. Karl, for his part, was outraged at all evidence that Sally's earning capacity and growing self-respect were undermining his domination of her.

Matters eased when Karl found a steady, comfortable job with a department store. Sally, troubled that her sons weren't being properly supervised, was then able to leave her job and remain at home. To help pay off old debts, she did some dressmaking. The needs of her stringent budget had caused her to become skillful at making her own clothes. For several years, until the Hahns were clear of creditors, she used this talent profitably.

"Never again" — but it did

"Those were very happy years," Sally told the marriage counselor.

"How was Mr. Hahn's — ah — temper?" asked the counselor tactfully.

Sally abruptly looked away. "He'd hit me, every now and then. If I complained because he didn't come home for dinner or else insisted on inviting over a crowd of friends when he knew I was tired. He's not too thoughtful about things like that. I'd start to criticize him and he'd lose control and knock me down. As soon as it happened, he'd feel so awful about it. He'd be as upset as I was and he'd promise it would never happen again. But it would."

Despite a situation most women would find intolerable, the Hahns seemed to have as good a marriage as any of their friends. They were gregarious, warm-natured, handsome people, greatly admired and even envied by the neighbors.

Then, three years ago, Karl Hahn heard of an opportunity to take over a province-wide territory as a wholesale appliance salesman. The salary was lean, but commissions could earn him a heady income. He hesitated, unwilling to give up his secure job for the unknown.

"You can do it," Sally urged him. "You'll make a marvelous salesman, and you'll like it much better than what you're doing. Take it. I'll get a job again to tide us over."

This arrangement was agreed upon. Sally went to work in an architects' office, and Karl risked the selling job.

Continued on page 58

Maybelline PRESENTS

New automatic MAGIC MASCARA

with totally NEW
Spiral Brush

Lasts
for months!

REFILLS
AVAILABLE

REALLY

Waterproofs

without any sting or smart

Separates and Curls

lashes new gentler, easier way

Darkens

Instantly without a trace of stiffness

Pure and Odorless.

Easiest way ever to lovely lashes!

Never has lash-loveliness been so easy, so pleasant, so perfect! New SPIRAL BRUSH supplies exactly the right amount of MAGIC mascara—waterproofs, separates, darkens and curls each lash individually—as only the new SPIRAL BRUSH can do. Takes just seconds. No more stuck-together lashes. No more smears, blobs, spots! Never any sting or smart . . . for new MAGIC mascara is so smooth, so safe, so pure . . . lashes look their longest and loveliest always, never stiff or brittle. Makes you look as if you were born with long, luxuriant lashes! Four beauty-giving shades: Velvet Black, Sable Brown, Royal Blue, Jade Green.



Twin Refills
For Pencil

Jewel-Tone Eye-
shadow Stick.
Choice of 5 flatter-
ing shades

Precision Tweezers

Professional Eyelash Curler

Maybelline ... devoted exclusively to the art of eye beauty!

Self-Sharpener Eyebrow-Eyeliner Pencil





You'll be glad you tried Tampax!

Glad you discovered its comfort and freedom! *Comfort*, in anything you do! *Freedom*, to do what you like—even shower and bathe—as you would any other time of the month!

Freedom! No pads, belts, pins. No chafing and irritation. No revealing lines and bulges. No disposal problems. No odor problems. Freedom from all those annoying, embarrassing reminders.

And with this freedom comes the poise, the confidence that should be yours every single day of the month! So discover Tampax internal sanitary protection! Ask for it wherever such products are sold. Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Continued from page 56

The boys, in school all day and absorbed in after-school sports, managed for themselves until their mother would arrive home at dinnertime. For about a year Karl's earnings were low. He stuck stubbornly and gradually began to succeed. Sally, enjoying the admiration her loveliness and ability won her, continued to work.

"Haven't you ever told her that she is a beautiful woman?" the counselor asked Karl one afternoon.

"Why should I?" he said, genuinely startled. "She must know that."

The basic difficulty in the Hahn relation, a mildly restive giant for more than fourteen years, suddenly roused. Sally Hahn, irritated at Karl's continued unreliability about meals and general thoughtlessness, began to rail at him. Holding two jobs, her home and the office one, she was constantly tired and her nerves were ragged. To Karl, criticism from a woman was an intolerable blow to his masculinity. He responded predictably, roaring with fury and hitting her. Once he knocked her against some furniture and a bone in her wrist was fractured.

During this period, Sally was drawn to a charming insurance-company executive who shared her office building. Gerald Holden was a widower with a gentle and quiet manner. He and Sally often sat at the same table for lunch in the cafeteria, at first by accident but gradually by arrangement.

He listened to her difficulties with such sympathy that she found herself telling him the detail she had kept from her friends—Karl's brutality. Holden was aghast. He recommended she go to the police, or family court. Sally refused, for the sake of her sons. But she drifted into the habit of seeing Holden every day, sometimes having dinner with him when Karl was away.

Matters came to a head when Karl discovered that Sally and Gerald Holden were dating. Sally, in a sadly bruised condition, left her home for a few days. She returned when a further complication developed: Their older son Paul was hanging out with a gang of toughs; he had been one of several boys in the neighborhood questioned by police after a sequence of vandalism. The Hahns were shocked out of their preoccupation with themselves. Sally decided to try a marriage counselor at once, and Karl supported her decision.

The first step, in the opinion of the counselor, was to help Karl Hahn face the need for temporary separation. Both had fallen into such a state that

they had no means of talking to one another except in argument. Karl was wildly furious about Holden, would think of nothing else, and Sally was deeply afraid of Karl, for good reason. To gain some perspective on their problems, they would need a cooling separation.

It was much more difficult to manage than the counselor had anticipated. Karl Hahn was so consumingly in love with Sally that he couldn't stay away for more than a few hours. He phoned, waited for her outside the office, dropped in at their home. Vicious recriminations always followed.

The counselor continually pointed out that he was damaging his own case, and eventually he stopped. With this came a savage depression. He was unable to work, to sleep, even to eat. Concerned about his health the counselor sent him to a doctor who supervised him carefully and provided him with sedatives.

Sally was coming to a difficult decision about her marriage. Gerald Holden had proposed and she could imagine that life with him would be serene and comfortable. After her sons were in bed at night, she would sit in front of the television and stare at the screen without seeing it. Her boys, she knew, wanted their father home. As they grew older, a companionship had developed and they were missing him. The arguments had disturbed them greatly but they were convinced, with youthful optimism, that they wouldn't happen again.

Karl looked years older

It was the subtle pressure of this knowledge, plus her real dismay over the ravaged and remorseful Karl Hahn, that convinced Sally to preserve her marriage. "I realize," she told the counselor with an insight that was surprisingly deep, "that Karl is a very insecure man, without much confidence. Every one of his violent tempers has followed an attack by me on his capabilities. Do you know, I've never congratulated him for making such a success out of his selling job? It was tough for him, took considerable courage, and it's the first time in his life he has really accomplished something. And I was too busy complaining about trivialities, such as his being late for dinner, to compliment him."

A dispirited Karl had returned to his job but managed to see the counselor every few days. He slouched in a chair, looking older than his years

Science Now Shrinks Piles Without Pain or Discomfort

Finds Healing Substance That Relieves Pain And Itching As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

Toronto, Ont. (Special) — For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain and itching. Thousands have been relieved with this inexpensive substance right in the privacy of their own home without any discomfort or inconvenience.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all—results were so thorough that sufferers made statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne)—discovery of a famous scientific institute.

Now this new healing substance is offered in suppository or ointment form called Preparation H. Ask for it at all drug stores—money back guarantee.

Corn Pain Gone—Forgotten

Callouses, Bunions Also Eased The Minute You Do This!

No waiting for action when you use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. They give you super-fast nerve-deep relief . . . ease new or tight shoes . . . stop corns, callouses before they can develop . . . remove corns, callouses one of the quickest ways known to medical science. No other method does all this. Try Dr. Scholl's. At Drug, Shoe, Dept., 5-10¢ Stores.

Super-Dr. Scholl's
Soft Zino-pads



and thoroughly wretched. "I don't know why she kept on working after I began to make a good living," he once observed morosely. "There isn't any excuse for it anymore."

"Isn't there?" asked the counselor quietly. "Maybe that office gives her a sense of pride and worth that she doesn't get at home. You come in at all hours, without bothering to tell her you'll be late, and you never even tell her she looks nice. Everyone, even a beautiful woman, needs praise."

"I suppose it's my fault she got interested in Holden," retorted Karl.

"I suppose it is," answered the counselor. Karl Hahn glared, then dropped his eyes. "You're right, you're right," he murmured.

After two weeks, Sally invited Karl to have dinner with her and their sons. The boys were jubilant and their excitement helped conceal the awkwardness between the parents. His visits became more frequent and each one dealt with a different aspect of their marriage, which both discussed thoroughly beforehand with the counselor.

Sally had a complaint, for instance, that the sexual side of their relationship was sometimes unpleasant for her because of Karl's stampeding selfishness. The counselor spoke of this to Karl and he listened humbly. In a separate conversation with Sally, the counselor became aware that Sally felt humiliated by her husband's physical abuse, and this made it difficult for her to accept sexual love. When the topic was broached between them, both Karl and Sally were ready to face a share of the responsibility.

Slowly, one segment at a time, the Hahns reconstructed a marriage. Arrangements were made, just before one of the boys' birthdays, for Karl to move back into his home. Sally made one firm condition: he must never strike her again.

"I can manage to control my temper," he assured the counselor. "I have to do it in order to keep my wife, so I will. I've done harder things before."

The counselor doubted strongly that Karl Hahn ever had, or ever will have, a more difficult task than controlling his temper. But Sally had a gift of her own to help him—she said goodbye to Gerald Holden and quit her job. Now the household revolves, as it must to survive, around Karl Hahn. At last report, he's keeping his temper, and his wife.

END

Editor's note: Names and places in this story have been altered to protect the identity of the family.



Try it on
for
romance

Lotus Cologne by Yardley

It's love at first scent, when you splash on the crystal coolness of Lotus Cologne... enticing as a frosted frappé.

Match the subtle Lotus fragrance in a snowdrift of Talc and Dusting Powder, in sleek Bath Luxuries and exotic Perfume.

Lotus Cologne for lingering enchantment, \$2.00 and \$3.25.



Why Aerosols are better

Nothing beats convenience in making workdays shorter and easier—and convenience is something you will really discover in pressure-packaged sprays. Join the ever-growing number of Canadians who are switching to the AEROSOL method of applying furniture wax, paint and many other self-pressurized products! In addition to ease of use, AEROSOLS offer neatness and speed . . . no need for mixing or pouring . . . and the economy of being spill-proof; as well as the safety and dependability of "Freon" propellents, used in most AEROSOL products and made in Canada by Du Pont.



Better Things for Better Living...through Chemistry

WE WERE MARRIED IN WARTIME CHINA

Continued from page 35



Bill and I were married in Kunming, and for the ceremony I wore a gown of the finest ivory silk, which a Shanghai tailor had made—for about five dollars!

in China under a senior missionary.

Bill, all along, had a strong conviction we were to be married and work in Yunnan province in the south. Finally the mission authorities agreed, if we could find the money for the ten-day journey by truck. We couldn't. However, a few days before Christmas Bill sent word that he had heard of a truck going through to Kunming, the capital of Yunnan province, which would take our heavy baggage free. So off it all went, although we had no idea when we would be able to follow. At Christmas I managed a few wonderful days visiting Bill who was living with a family at Lushien, half a day away by truck.

To our wedding in a truck

Christmas passed, and it was almost New Year's, the day on which for almost two years we had expected to be married. Yet there we were hundreds of miles from the British Consulate. Then a Chinese friend, one of the church deacons, came with the wonderful news that a merchant he knew was taking three trucks to Kunming, and would take us along. We would stop to pick up my belongings and wedding dress en route.

Finally about 3:30 p.m. the magic

word *tsou* sounded from the drivers and we all piled in. It was wintertime, however, and in those days no Chinese driver cared to travel in the dark, because of a fear of attack by bandits and because of the bad condition of the roads. So as we approached a small hamlet, the drivers suddenly announced that they were stopping for the night.

The hamlet had only one or two primitive inns used by horsemen or carriers, and there were no beds. We were offered an upstairs loft, which had the advantage of a wood floor rather than the mud one of the downstairs quarters.

I had had experience of what one might term co-educational dormitory arrangements on my earlier journey inland. Some nights we would arrive at the only inn of a small village to find the mud floor of the one big room already lined with recumbent coolies. I remember one occasion especially when the only space available for us foreigners was the centre section of the floor, through which the draft between the ill-fitting front and back doors was nicely channeled.

There was a row of men at our feet, and another at our heads, and they noisily discussed prices with each other until long past midnight. This

sort of arrangement seemed quite proper in China, however, and we had few fears of unwelcome attention, for with our pale eyes and hair, and huge noses and feet we were physically rather repulsive to the average Chinese man.

There had been safety in numbers, too, then; but now with myself the only woman, and the men reduced to three I was acquainted with, and one of them my future husband, it created a feeling of impropriety in my own mind which still seemed quite absent from the Chinese. I lay down on the far side of the quilt, ostentatiously wrapping one of my sheets around me like a cocoon, and left the rest of the bedding to the men. I also carefully turned my back on Bill, who of course lay next, but these gestures were probably quite lost on my companions, who seemed to fall asleep as soon as their heads touched the ground.

The following night we had to stop at another village with little accommodation. We left the negotiations with the innkeeper to our Chinese friends, and presently the church deacon came along smiling, saying there was room for us all. We followed him and the innkeeper along a narrow passage, and they opened the first door. This, they said was to be our room, and our companions would share the next. Then they moved on, leaving Bill and me to gaze at each other in shocked surprise. Here was the finest deacon in the church putting us in a room together!

One room — and a problem

From the rather guarded enquiries we made at supper it seemed clear that two foreigners sharing a room was the most obvious arrangement in the world, and that as we were Christians of course it would be all right. A closer look at our small room revealed the fact that the beds were on the split level, so to speak — mine a flimsy camp cot on very weak legs, the other consisting of three narrow boards balanced about four inches higher — quite obviously not intended as a honeymoon suite.

We felt our marriage had in a very special way been ordained by God, and certainly had no thought of spoiling its joy with anything on our conscience. It was a little ludicrous and exasperating, therefore, to find ourselves in what to others might appear very reprehensible circumstances. But we just had to resign ourselves to the situation and the favorite Oriental

formula: "Nothing can be done about it."

The third evening found us at a little hamlet among high mountains, with a swirling mist occasionally descending on us. Again, Bill and I found ourselves in a room together. This time, however, we were awakened in the middle of the night by the sound of shots and then shouting. We caught the familiar word "bandits." From their hide-out in the mountains they had seen the unusual prize of a number of trucks in the village below, and had made an attack. As we hastily got up and tried to find a hiding place for our passports and some money in that bare little room the main thought in my mind was how annoying it would be to lose the wedding dress when so near its goal.

Shots in the night

Fortunately, for once the local guard appeared to be alert and on the offensive. Further shots sounded, and we waited in suspense until the news was shouted down the street that the bandits had been driven off. Early next morning as we started up the mountain road we saw the village dogs making a meal off the bodies of some of the dead bandits, and I nearly lost my own breakfast at the sight.

Two days later we reached Kunming and our mission compound. The privacy, a bath, and a spring bed were a wonderful experience. The following day we went to the British Consulate to register our intention to get married at the earliest possible moment — three weeks from the date of notification.

My next job was to bake the wedding cake. I had bought several pounds of currants and raisins for this purpose before we left Shanghai more than a year before, and they were still in fairly good condition after a near-tropical summer. I had only made three cakes in my life, but with this fruit and some local supplies of dried plum and persimmon, home-candied orange peel and walnuts, I managed to produce three tiers of quite passable cake. Our hostess cleared a space in a store cupboard and I carefully put it in with a sigh of relief.

A few evenings later the Chinese servant brought in as the supper dessert a plate of cut cake which looked vaguely familiar. It should have — it was the top section of my wedding cake. The cook was out and the other servant had thought it looked just the

right size for the group in to supper that evening. I had no fruit to make another, but a neighboring missionary who had offered to ice the cake for us made a plain white layer for the top, and no one was any the wiser at the reception.

I don't know how most brides spend

the morning of their wedding day, but I spent mine not quite the way I had imagined. The church had recently been bombed, so the wedding was to take place in the Mission Home, and at the last moment the hostess thought the windows could do with cleaning. So Bill and I spent considerable time

the previous evening, and also on the morning of our wedding day, cleaning what seemed to be hundreds of small panes of glass.

At last, at 4.30 p.m. on February 3, 1942, we set off on the twenty-minute walk to the scene of the legal ceremony, the rather dreary office of His

"What a chump I was...a simple phone call for reservations and the kids would have been in bed long ago. I'll sure phone ahead next trip."



LONG DISTANCE gives you so much for so little

For instance, last night after 6 p.m., Bill could have called 300 miles ahead for only \$1.20 for 3 minutes.



Canada's major telephone companies, united to send your voice across Canada, around the world.



Keep your toilet bowl sparkling clean without scrubbing!

With Sani-Flush, you'll never have to get down and scour that bowl again. The chemical cleaners in Sani-Flush not only remove dingy film . . . they even dissolve hard water rust stains!

Sani-Flush disinfects and deodorizes, too. In fact, Sani-Flush does the whole job faster, leaves the bowl whiter, than any cleanser or bleach.

Easy to use . . . just pour, swish, flush: your hands never touch the water. Sani-Flush does all the work. Safe for septic tanks.

fizzing crystals or liquid



Majesty's Consul General. I was clad in a lightish-green Harris-tweed suit which had looked very nice when bought four years previously. Bill was in a navy suit of slightly earlier vintage.

Having completed this very unemotional little ceremony, we walked back to the Mission Home to get ready for the Christian service and reception. Bill had to borrow a pair of slightly too big black shoes — all he had left were brown. I had no veil of my own, but fortunately a pink one had been left in the home by a previous bride. The reception room had been decorated with bouquets of peach blossom, and the aisle strewn with green pine needle. We put photographs of our families around the room so that we could see them among our thirty or so other guests — and there in the Mission Home we took each other as husband and wife.

We had invited most of the few remaining foreigners in the city, and a number of Chinese university students whom I had met in Tsuyung. I asked two of these girl students to be my bridesmaids, and had quite a time persuading them to wear their beautiful light-colored silk gowns. They had both recently become the proud possessors of wool gowns with a dull brown plaid pattern. As well as being more appropriate for a February night, the wool dresses seemed more luxurious and foreign to them, since wool was imported — and much more expensive than silk! The best man was the young Chinese church deacon who had traveled down with us.

High heels and a long walk

Money was scarce, so few could buy presents. One of our guests gave us a package of cheese, something we hadn't tasted for a year. Another gave us a pair of green candles, and the students gave us a beautiful Chinese tea set.

I spent a considerable part of our wedding night unromantically walking around the bedroom, trying to get rid of a terrible cramp in my legs after standing so long at the reception in my white, Chinese-made, high-heeled shoes.

We hoped to spend a couple of weeks to the west at the little city of Tali, situated between a large lake and the beautiful sixteen-thousand-foot Tali mountains. It was there that Bill had attended language school. But once again we had to wait for available transportation. Our prayers were

answered. That very morning we heard that a convoy of the Friends' Ambulance Unit—which had recently been organized out there by veteran missionary Dr. Bob McClure, of Toronto, and manned by British, Canadian and American conscientious objectors — had just come in and was going west next day on its way to Burma.

No one who has never traveled the treacherous unpaved motor road through the high mountain ranges of west China in wartime — when often very inexperienced, and always fatalistic Chinese drivers would ride down the sharp hairpin bends with the engine switched off to save irreplaceable gasoline — can imagine the utter luxury of being driven by a responsible Western driver who regarded human life as a rather precious commodity.

It was a little ironic that, after the unsought and disconcerting privacy of our pre-wedding trip, we should find ourselves on our honeymoon journey the temporary guardians of a nine-year-old boy. He was the son of the friend who iced the wedding cake, and had come home to Kunming for the Christmas holidays from the small school for missionaries' children in Tali. Now he was due to return, and since we were going there it seemed obvious that we should offer to escort him.

At least this spared us the look of newlyweds, and no one thought of tying an old shoe to our going-away truck as we climbed into it clad in our oldest clothes in preparation for the dust of the Burma Road.

The convoy was going into Burma to pick up medical supplies and so the trucks were empty and we were given the privilege of spreading our bedding on the floor of our truck which was cleaner, and more flea-free than most of the small inns of those parts.

The third evening we and the boy regretfully left the convoy at a town where the Tali trail branched north from the Burma Road. As we stood at the intersection surrounded by our baggage, the usual crowd began to gather, and Bill looked about for men to carry our things to an inn. But the bystanders shook their heads. We were puzzled.

Just then a Chinese doctor came up and asked if he could help us. He smiled when Bill repeated his request, and said that here the women did the carrying, not the men. He quickly rounded up a bunch of what looked

like tough little grandmothers (actually Minchia tribeswomen), and kindly insisted on our going to his home for the night.

We arrived at Tali the next afternoon. We knew that the missionaries of west Yunnan were holding their provincial conference there, and found that we, as last and rather uncertain arrivals, were to occupy a small room in what had recently been the servants' quarters of the mission. There was only a single bed in it, already inhabited by at least five bedbugs, and the partition between it and the next room, occupied by two bachelors, was a little inadequate in spots.

We fled from the Japanese

The conference ended in a day or two, but the main Mission Home was being turned into a hospital, so we still had to spend the rest of our honeymoon in that single bed with the remainder of the bedbugs.

It was just as well that we actually couldn't see the future then because many unexpected, harrowing experiences followed. I had no sooner finished the last of my curtains for my new home at Paoshan, near the Burma border, when we had to evacuate it before the approaching Japanese troops. We escaped to the north, narrowly missing a bombing. Seven months later, after battling a bout of malaria and typhoid fever, far from any doctor, we managed to make our way back to our bomb-damaged little home.

It was probably the hardest time of our lives because galloping inflation had begun and our money barely bought the necessary food.

Near the end of our seventh year in China Bill contracted typhus and while he was recuperating in England a specialist recommended that he spend some months in Canada on our way back to China. Just as our passages were booked for Shanghai the Communists took control, and our return was then impossible. We spent instead two years in Ontario, where our second daughter was born, and two years in Newfoundland. Then came a call to go to Japan for five years of missionary work.

And here, for the present our story ends. The future is uncertain, but whatever it holds, it is improbable that we shall ever again see years so crowded with danger, privation, suspense and humor as those first years in wartime China.

END



NEW...a four-in-one Hoover that SHAMPOOS RUGS TO LOOK LIKE NEW!

At long last...
a practical and low-cost way
to shampoo rugs

Until now, no home appliance has effectively overcome the high cost and inconvenience of professional rug cleaning. Some methods drench the carpet so that several days are required for drying. Others fail to get rugs uniformly clean.

Hoover has solved these problems. In its new Shampoo-Polisher a patented process filters shampoo liquid slowly through soft, "Durastran" bristles where it is instantly formed into light suds and whirled into the rug. Instant sudsing means fast, efficient cleaning without chance of rug soaking. Your carpet dries in time for same day use—safe from rot and mildew caused by other shampooing methods.

Restores your rugs like magic
... makes them
look and feel like new

Watch how quickly colour returns to rugs as you use the new Hoover Shampoo-Polisher. So easy too! Just fill the 2-quart, detachable tank with water and any mild detergent—then press the handle trigger to release as much shampoo mix as you need. You simply guide . . . the Hoover Shampoo-Polisher does the work!

Can pay for itself
the first time used

Check the cost of having your rugs professionally cleaned and you'll see how fast this wonderful, new Hoover can pay for itself.

You'll want to use it as well to scrub bare floors, apply wax, and polish surfaces to a handsome lustre. See your appliance dealer and arrange to try the new Hoover Shampoo-Polisher in your own home soon!



DOES 4 JOBS!

SCRUBS, WAXES, POLISHES BARE FLOORS TOO



Fill the tank, turn on the switch and the new Hoover Shampoo-Polisher takes over your floor scrubbing chores.

Dispenses and spreads wax in one easy operation. Wax goes on evenly —you use less per floor.

Hoover "do-all" brushes and soft, snap-on buffing pads quickly bring floors to rich, lasting lustre.

HOOVER SHAMPOO-POLISHER



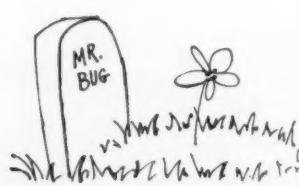
No. 1 Killer of both House and Garden Bugs



Raid hunts bugs down like radar! Raid kills bugs dead!

No need for several kinds of insecticide! Bugs indoors... flies, mosquitoes, silverfish, ants; bugs outdoors... on flowers, evergreens, plants... all are easy prey of Raid! No insect is safe from Raid's deadly spray, yet Raid does not harm your plants and flowers. Why, you can even use Raid on your dog's bed for fleas! Use only Johnson's Raid, the bug killer for both house and garden!

Raid smells good, too!



Match the moment with a perfection of your own—the Dryad way! New Woodbury Dryad is a lightly perfumed lotion deodorant that dries in seconds, stops odour instantly and checks perspiration for a full 24 hours without harming you or your clothes. No other roll-on deodorant gives such effective protection at such small cost. Just 89¢—your money back if you're not delighted you tried it!



THE SHOWDOWN

Continued from page 31

Nan! I didn't know you were in the habit of coming here."

"Didn't you, my dear?" The calm face remained inscrutable. "This is where I come lately when I need to regain my perspective. The past is here, you know. When one of my children is in trouble, I come here to find the key."

Their eyes met and held. Betrayed by her guilty preoccupation, Carol's were the first to fall. This wasn't fair! It was too sudden, too unnerving. She was in no position to parry the skillful sparring of as powerful an opponent as Nan Martin today.

"But we have this all in common, haven't we?" In a gesture that assumed a shared nostalgia, the older woman rested her hand on the back of the tall old rocker. "We both began our marriages here. We bore our children here and rocked them in this funny old chair when they were ill. Or had you—forbidden?"

"Forgotten? How could I?" she said, but her irony was diluted by nervousness as she listened for footsteps on the path and tried to control the insidious unraveling of her nerves. Her hand was shaking as she raised it to brush back the wave of dark hair that had fallen onto her forehead. And suddenly she was no longer capable of playing it through as a polite drawing-room farce.

"Oh, let's not be devious, Nan," she said, trying to keep her voice under control. "You must know why I'm here. You wanted to trap me, didn't you? So you could run to my husband! Well, why bother? He's yours, body and soul. He always has been. What more do you want?"

Horrified by the ugliness of the words when they were said aloud, she forced herself to swallow the remainder of the acid flow, seeing with a vague alarm that Nan Martin had sunk down in the rocking chair as though the blows she had been dealt were physical.

"I don't know why I should be shocked by that particular accusation, Carol," she was saying, her voice low. "I've heard it before where my children are concerned. But somehow it always floors me. The odd thing is that I didn't think I deserved it from you, of all people. Not that I've really blamed you. You see, I know my son better, I think, than you do."

The words, even the tone, maddened her. In contrast to her own, they were so civilized, so controlled and yet cleverly, firmly, they shifted the blame to her. She forgot the discomfiture of her position, forgot even to listen as she began angrily to marshal her defenses.

"Then you know that I have no part of him," she said tightly. "He belongs to the dynasty the Martins are founding, not to me. Even my sons belong to you! Billy's only four and Tim's only six and already they want to be Master Farmers like the Martins! Why do you let the girls escape, Nan? For some peculiar reason, it's permissible for Janet to be a doctor and for Cia to be a social worker. But my sons won't have a choice, will they? The Martin men stay on the land!"

"They could do worse, surely." One aristocratic eyebrow rose quizzically. "The land has given us everything we have, Carol. As a matter of cold fact, I've always thought the farm had been exceptionally good to you and Jim. And yet you hate it. I wonder why."

"Because it's an obsession with him," she cried. "Because it consumes him! It's all he knows and he works at it from morning to night like a . . . like an animal driven with a whip!"

A LOOK OF deep-rooted defeat came into her mother-in-law's face but she could find no justification, no compassion in her heart for her. There was only an intolerable need to release the festering pressure of her own bitterness. "Do you know him well enough to know what you've done to him?" she said remorselessly. "You and the Martin pride, and the Martin land, and the Martin Master Farm Family Award! Since the province saw fit to hang that plaque on your gates, he's been more driven than ever, if that's possible."

"I had no idea you were so bitter, Carol," Nan Martin said, sounding shocked and saddened. "I'm at a loss to know what to say to you. No matter what I say, I'll look like the female of the species defending her young. In any case, this is hardly the time or the place to discuss it, is it?" She rose wearily. "At least let me assure you that I didn't come here to trap you. Oddly enough, I came to vindicate you. I can see the pasture from my sewing-room window and I've seen you coming here. But when Sally came home from school with the . . . current gossip, I was still convinced you

came for the same reasons I do. Believe me, if I hadn't been so sure I wouldn't be here. Even you must admit I'm not given to cheap melodrama."

She moved with her long, graceful strides to the door, embarrassment in her face as she glanced toward the road. "Since you're expecting someone, I'll go. But I simply must say this much. You and I may not have been close, Carol, and we seem to have grievously misunderstood one another. But I've always had a deep respect for your intelligence and your integrity. Somehow I can't believe you've lost both."

For that of a woman with whom composure was a fetish, her voice had sounded oddly strained and as her daughter-in-law stood stiffly, listening to the hurried footsteps departing, she was wondering miserably who had suffered most in the exchange. Under the circumstances, she herself had come out surprisingly well, but she had won no victories. Scratch a Martin and you wounded the whole family, but they were still in command, still united, and she was still an outsider.

This was one of the unforgivable things about them. Early in her marriage, she had found that the Martins were an exclusive club, so exclusive that even marrying the eldest son had not made her a member. They hadn't been obvious about it, of course. She had been carefully included in their monthly ritual of family gatherings but with a bland, Olympian indifference, they had relegated her to the role of spectator and she had been too proud to battle against their massive egocentrism.

Well, hurray for me, she thought defiantly. At least I've come out of the wallpaper. With their Master Farm Family Award still dazzling the community, the perfect family's sprung a flaw. And it hurts. Oh, how it hurts!

But even her bitterness couldn't blind her to the fact that this wasn't the way she had wanted it and she winced inwardly as she realized that in spite of their instinctive caution, she and Warren Thompson had become the centre of community gossip. She didn't need to hear it to know that it would be sensational in the extreme. It wasn't often the Bright Hills community had a mouthful as juicy as this to chew on and it would go from mouth to mouth like a wad of bubble gum, inflated with innuendo. The high-school principal carrying on with Jim Martin's wife, meeting her every

REAL PEOPLE — REAL EXPERIENCES



"We've found a real difference between the soft type of mattress and a Sealy Posturepedic. Our Sealy is so firm, never sags, and has a nice smooth top without buttons. Actually 'buoys' you up . . . you wake up refreshed."

Mrs. Jack Daley, 43 Nottingham Drive, Toronto



"The best buy I ever made! My husband and I have never had such wonderful night-time comfort. Before, we both used to complain of backache—but no more of that with our new Posturepedic mattresses."

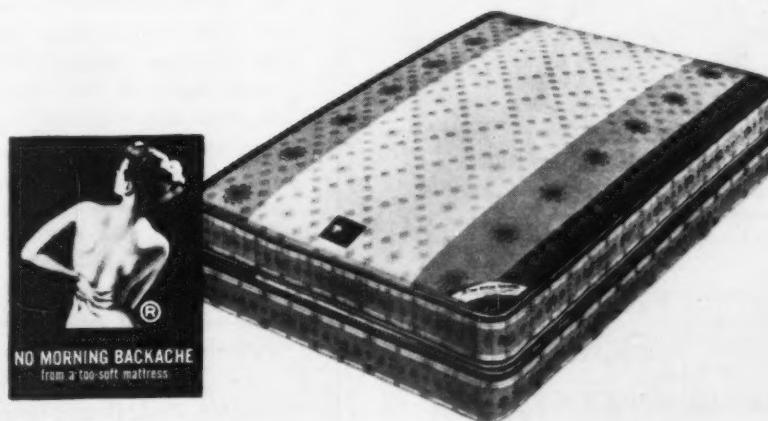
Mrs. S. Adams, 3815 Morton Street, Vancouver



"Because of my rheumatism and some arthritis in the spine, I had been advised to use a board under the mattress. Instead, we bought a Sealy Posturepedic ensemble. Both my husband and I can get a good night's rest on this firm support."

Mrs. Zoel Forget, 6764 rue Des Erables, Montreal

NO MORE MORNING BACKACHE—THEY SLEEP ON THE SEALY POSTUREPEDIC



MADE IN CANADA FOR CANADIANS

New—a strikingly lovely cover!
Exquisite colours . . . smart design . . . lustrous satiny finish. It's such a beautiful mattress! Remember, only Sealy makes Posturepedic®, the extra-firm mattress that's comfortable. Priced, always at \$79.50; matching foundation, same price.
(King Size, \$89.50.
Foam Rubber, \$179.50 a set.)



Double the life of your carpets — Give them new soft luxury!

Now ALL your carpets, rugs and runners can feel amazingly soft and luxurious—and YOU save money! Smith Cush-n-Tred is an entirely new and different kind of rug-cushion. Combines the springy resilience of latex rubber with the extra protection of natural fibres.

Ask your rug dealer for Smith Cush-n-Tred. It prevents slipping and sliding—gives a deeper more luxurious feel to all carpets, rugs, while greatly increasing their life.

Smith
Cush-n-Tred
TRADE MARK

The New and Different Kind of Rug Cushion

CHATELAINE
SEAL OF APPROVAL
INSTITUTE

Smith Manufacturing Co. Limited Weston Canada

BUT CANADIAN

59-6

Introducing
the loveliest lady
of them all

Angelique
From the
Court of Louis XIV

Her début heralds a new era of elegance. For Angelique is an exquisite beauty from the elegant age of Louis XIV. Her gown, fashioned from the most precious sterling silver, cascades into gently flowing scrolls . . . creates an enchanting silhouette of charm and grace. Angelique . . . a creation of warmth and beauty . . . the most rewarding possession of a lifetime. Choose Angelique. Let her lend an air of gracious hospitality to your table.

Introductory special! Coffee Spoons 99¢ each
— see your favorite silverware dealer today.

Angelique by INTERNATIONAL
STERLING...loveliest, by design.



Saturday right under the Martins' noses!

There was sharp hurt, too, in the knowledge that it had been Sally who had tattled. Of the seven Martin offspring, shy young Sally had been the only one she had regarded as an ally. It was because Sally had been her pupil when she had come, a new, insecure graduate, to teach in the Bright Hills school that she had first been invited to the big brick house on the hill and incidentally had met Sally's eldest brother.

The ache of her disillusionment throbbed anew as she looked at the old rooms, smug in their unpretentiousness, that had held the beginnings of their marriage. It was such an incredibly destructive experience to marry a man, thinking you knew him, and find when you lived with him that he was the exact opposite of all you'd thought him to be. In the beginning, Jim's big quiet presence had seemed like a haven to her lonely spirit and he had courted her with a dogged determination that she had mistaken for strength.

But all too soon, she had discovered that in everything he thought, everything he did, he was a passive reflection of his family. Even prying him loose from the tyrannical influence of the old house had not made him hers. Obediently he had built the lovely new bungalow half a mile away but, after six years, he still lived in it like an unhappy house guest.

A CAR HAD turned off the main road and was bumping over the wooden bridge that spanned the ravine. In a moment, the tall, spare form of Warren Thompson in his Saturday garb of slacks and sport shirt was striding toward her, and with a deep relief she stepped onto the sagging porch to meet him.

"Hi! Am I late?" Smiling down at her, he took her hands: "Whew! Let me at that rocking chair." He sat down, bending to slap dust from his trouser legs. "I've been changing a tire. What's new with you?"

He hadn't noticed her distraction and she sat across from him on the worn, mohair chesterfield, trying to relax the wire-tautness of her muscles. "Nothing you could call new," she said wryly. "Tell me, Warren. How many cars passed you on the road while you were changing that tire?"

"Oh, about three, I guess. The Olsons, Mrs. Fitch, Herman Obermeier. Why?"

"I have news for you," she said, glossing it with flippancy. "They knew you were coming here. Apparently we're making awfully good copy in the high school these days. Oh, Warren, I'm sorry! I didn't intend to involve you in a scandal."

"A scandal?" His look was amused. "Great Scott, Carol, they can't make a scandal out of this!"

"Can't they? You know rural communities as well as I do. One of the local bloodhounds must have seen your car coming in this direction and the pack's been on the scent ever since. And you know that nothing, absolutely nothing, could make someone like Mrs. Fitch or Herman Obermeier believe that we come here just to talk!"

Her hands became fists in the pockets of her skirt as rebellion swelled swiftly beyond control. "Can't you see their faces if we tried to defend ourselves with that? What do they know of talk that has nothing to do with pigs farrowing and cows calving and idle chitchat about their neighbors? What do they know of hunger of the mind? Oh, Warren, I've been alive again this summer! I've been able to think again!"

"Easy, now. Take it easy," he said gently. "What makes you think they're talking about us?"

"It came from an unquestionable source, believe me. My mother-in-law was waiting for me when I got here today."

"So it's that serious?" His keen blue eyes lost their twinkle. "What did she have to say?"

"The parting message was in the form of a gentle hint that I should mind my Ps and Qs." She looked up at him with a faint, crushed smile. "After we'd exchanged a few broadsides on other subjects, I found I couldn't even explain. I just stood here like a guilty teen-ager and watched her go."

"Hang it all," he said irritably. "This is my fault. I should have visited you openly in your home. We have nothing to hide."

She shook her head despondently. "They'd put the same construction on it anyway. And you know Jim. I could expect as much understanding from him as from one of his prize Herefords." A little ashamed, she looked away from him. "That's not very loyal, is it? But I'm in no mood for loyalty to the Martins today. The fact remains that a platonic friendship is beyond the realm of my husband's understanding. He doesn't appreciate

my intellectual qualities and he wouldn't understand anybody else appreciating them."

Bending her head to hide the rush of tears to her eyes, she said faintly, "I seem to be losing my grip today. I'm sorry."

HIS EYES had grown alert in his thin, angular face as he heard the unhappiness in her voice. "I didn't know things were that bad, Carol. I've felt —guessed. But you've never said anything." Getting up, he stood with his back to her, tapping out a small, agitated rhythm with his finger tips on the table that held Nan Martin's ancient phonograph. "Milly hasn't been on her toes lately," he said absently as small puffs of dust rose in the air. "I thought she was supposed to keep this place clean."

A vision of Milly Schmidt's plump hand apathetically flapping a duster over the hallowed objects in the Martin shrine brought a sudden release to the knot of tension in her throat. "Milly's a law unto herself," she said with a chuckle edged with hysteria. "My mother-in-law can control her family, but she can't do a thing with her hired help. I can't imagine why."

"Perhaps she doesn't get them young enough." His answering chuckle broke off abruptly. "Carol, has it occurred to you that we slipped into this habit with suspicious ease?"

"I hadn't really thought about it," she said, as a little fearfully she went back to the beginning. He was right, of course. It had happened with the same effortless ease that had always characterized their friendship. He had stopped in one Saturday to say a casual hello on one of his long walks into the country. Because Jim always took the boys with him on some excursion or other on Saturdays, she had been alone and had impulsively changed into her slacks and accompanied him. Another impulse had brought them to the old house where they had spent the afternoon in quiet, stimulating talk.

It should have ended there. But the interlude had been too brief, too frustrating, and he had said as they were leaving, "Look here, couldn't we do this again next week? I haven't even had a chance to get your reactions to my new science course."

And she had said lightly, "Why not? No one else is pining for my company." And the following week he had come by car to give them more time for argument and counterargument on the principles of education. The next

week and the next, it had been the thesis he was planning for his PhD and the next some new research on, of all things, identical twins.

"I'm wondering why we didn't face the fact that it wasn't wise," he said. "Subconsciously, I suppose I thought that anything so innocuous didn't require defending. On the other hand, perhaps I've been able to fool myself because we've talked of everything under the sun except ourselves." He swung to look at her. "It's rather a conspicuous omission though, isn't it?"

"Is it?" Playing for time, she removed a wisp of dandelion fluff from her skirt and rolled it between her thumb and forefinger.

"I think so," he said and his voice was so devoid of its usual easy poise that she felt her nerves begin to tighten again. "Carol, I can't discuss this lightly. I'm not even sure that it should be discussed. Words can become so irrevocable in their effect when they're said. And you have a husband and two sons..."

The silence suffocated her when he paused and waited, placing the onus of the decision on her. "Go on," she said finally.

"All right." He released his breath in a deep sigh. "I'll give it to you without further preamble. I can't fool myself any longer, Carol. My part in this friendship isn't platonic by a long shot. It never has been. I've gone along with it this way because, until today, I was reconciled to the fact that it was all I could have of you."

HIS WORDS ended on a low note of appeal and after one blind glance at him, she rose and moved to the open doorway. She looked, unseeing, at the dusty leaves of the poplars in the ravine before she said in a strained, precise voice, "Warren, we knew each other at university. We taught together, went together, for two years. Would you mind telling me why you waited until now to tell me this? Now, when I . . . Have you forgotten that nine years ago you left to get your master's degree without a word to me except the usual platitudes about writing? Was I supposed to mind read?"

"No," he said miserably.

"Then why, if you wanted me, if you really wanted me . . ." Turning sharply, she cried, "Or is it just that I've assumed the charm of forbidden fruit? You didn't want me until you couldn't have me. Is that it?"

"You know me better than that, Carol. No, it was simply that . . ."

Continued on page 68

Your stove will

COOK BETTER



LOOK BETTER



when it's

S-O-S. CLEAN!

Because S.O.S. holds so much instant-sudsing soap, pliable,

interwoven S.O.S. pads are perfect for making your ① griddles gleam . . .

② for quickly cleaning your reflector pans, ③ broiler, ④ oven lining and ⑤ racks.

Keeping all of your stove clean need never become a major operation if you use S.O.S. pads regularly.



With S.O.S.

—you finish faster



Quick Tricks with

**Cookies**

- Moist, chewy, naturally sweet Sun-Maid Raisins keep cookies fresh and delicious far longer. So try adding a handful or so of lightly floured Sun-Maids to your favorite cookie mix. Use them to glamorize, energize your cooking and baking!

**For
quick-energy
between-meal
snacks**

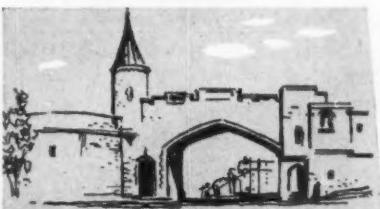
- Buy the handy, thrifty Sun-Maid 6-Pack—ideal for outings, lunch boxes, sweet treats—in fact, whenever you're hungry!

**For extra energy... flavor****Cakes**

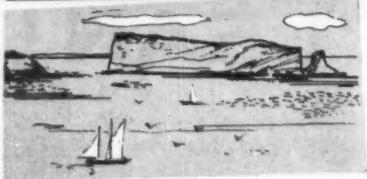
- You'll be delighted with the flavor difference Sun-Maid Raisins make when added to your cake mixes. Sun-Maids lend extra energy, too. And they're great body-builders—because they're loaded with iron, calcium and vitamins.

**Send for FREE Recipe Book**

- Write to Sun-Maid Raisin Growers of California, Dept. CHA-60, Fresno, Calif., for your copy of "More Downright Delicious Sun-Maid Raisin Recipes."



ENJOY A VACATION IN FRENCH CANADA



You'll appreciate the unspoilt beauty of its mountains, lakes, rivers. Its splendid roads. World-famous shrines. Historic Québec City — Metropolitan Montréal. French Canada welcomes you with warm hospitality and mouth-watering cuisine in comfortable modern inns and hotels.

LA PROVINCE DE Québec

Provincial Tourist Bureau
710 Grande-Allee East, Dept. 122-A
Québec City, Canada

Please send me free road-map and illustrated booklets to plan my Québec vacation.

My main interest is

NAME

STREET

CITY

PROV.



Continued from page 67

Raising his hands, he shrugged helplessly. "You know what this academic racket's like. You have to get your postgraduate qualifications while you're young enough and free enough of distractions to make the grade. I'd always thought that had to come first in my life and I thought you understood. I just took it for granted nothing would change while I was away."

He was keeping his face turned from her and, knowing him, she sensed the effort it cost him to continue. "When you wrote me you were marrying Jim Martin, it threw me so completely off balance that I . . . Well, I went on a bender that lasted for a week. It was a month before I could work again. And since then . . . Well, it must be pretty obvious to everyone that I'm carrying the same old torch."

Her eyes had grown wide and dark as she heard him out. "You felt like that and I didn't know? But why? Why?"

He took her hands, looking with an apologetic smile into her face. "Do you remember yourself in those days? That brilliant girl with the high, proud head who decried sentiment? You're not the most approachable person in the world, Carol, and I was content to wait."

"Me—not approachable?" she said incredulously. "But it wasn't my place to speak. It was yours!" Freeing her hands, she turned away wearily. "But what does it matter—who spoke or didn't speak? It's all so abstract now. It's a dead issue."

"It isn't for me." His eyes followed her urgently as she returned to the chesterfield and sank down, running agitated fingers through the dark, waving cap of her hair. "And I can't believe it is for you either. You're lonely and unhappy."

"Oh, yes, I'm unhappy!" she exclaimed, succumbing to a compulsive need to say it. "If it's unhappiness to be married to a man who gives me everything I want materially. If it's unhappiness to reach my hands out, asking for some kind of communion, and have things put into them. A mink stole, an automatic washer, season tickets to the celebrity series in Edmonton . . . You've no idea how well paid I am for playing the part of a prize vegetable in the Martins' private agricultural fair. But it's late, Warren! It's ten years late for you to be concerned about my happiness."

"You don't have to belabor the point," he said with a twisted smile. Then abruptly, "But why, in the name

of all that's logical, did you marry someone like Jim Martin?"

She looked at him levelly. "Because he wanted me," she said quietly. "My parents were like you, Warren. They were both teachers—absorbed, busy people, dedicated to education. I had never felt highly valued, not even vitally wanted—until Jim. How was I to know he wanted me for all the wrong reasons?"

Her eyes filled with tears again and she closed them, waiting for the burning overflow of her desolation to subside before she forced her voice to go on. "The greatest irony of all is that I was such a lonely child that I had always longed to belong to a large family. At first sight, I thought the Martins were wonderful. I couldn't get over their intensely personal family relationships—their mother's devotion to them, their crazy loyalty to each other. I didn't know they barred outsiders . . . Oh, it's really very funny, isn't it?"

HER ATTEMPT at a laugh was a dismal failure and she turned her head, clutching at the homely, rhythmic sound of the old windmill creaking beside the barn. The Martins still watered stock at the well on the original homestead, and in the silence she could hear the cattle jostling the trough as they drank. When she glanced at him again, he appeared to be studying the faded pattern of the linoleum but she sensed that he was bringing himself to the point of crucial speech.

Hurriedly, she tried to forestall him. "Don't," she said gently. "Don't feel you have to say it. I don't really want to be tempted, Warren. Now that it's all out, I feel unspeakably relieved, but the fact remains that Jim's my husband and the boys worship him. I love them too much to take them away—or to leave them. Besides, there's something in me that refuses to give up yet."

"But it's not a matter of giving up!" he protested. "It's a matter of rectifying a mistake. We made it ten years ago, but do we have to perpetuate it for the rest of our lives?"

Her eyes were startled into deep thoughtfulness as she returned his gaze. "It's funny, Warren," she said slowly. "But I've never thought of it either as a mistake or as something that could be rectified. I'm afraid I've been completely fatalistic about it. Come to think of it, I haven't even tried to do anything about it. Perhaps if I had put up a fight . . ." She rose

slowly, accustoming herself to the new trend of her thoughts. "Somehow I think I can now, thanks to you."

"To me?" he said distrustfully. "Why to me?"

"You saved my sanity this summer," she said candidly. "I was full of desperation until I began to walk in the old, calm pathways of reason with you. I think I've regained some measure of detachment. Enough to try again anyway." Resting her hands on his arms, she raised her eyes to his. "I can't thank you enough, old friend, for . . . for being here when I needed you."

He looked down at her in silence, testing the fibre of her decision. "Well, I guess I had this coming," he said finally, and as their glances held in reluctant leavetaking, both were haunted by echoes of the symphonic harmony of minds that had always been theirs.

"I'm so sorry," she said, her voice little above a whisper, and he nodded without speaking.

WHEN HE HAD gone, she followed the path across the pasture, turning for the last oblique look at the old house. You haven't won yet, she thought. Oh, no, old house, you haven't won yet! And for the first time in many years, she found the memory of the man who had courted her returning to her. Strangely, it hadn't seemed to matter then that their interests had differed. She had been content to rest in the lee of his quietness with an almost mystical certainty that she had found her home. I can rest here, she had thought. With this sincere, unassuming man, I can find the reassurance, the emotional security I've never had . . .

Hope was beating on strong wings within her as she topped the rise overlooking their own farmstead. Eagerly her eyes searched amongst the red and white buildings for signs of his return. Surely they must be back! They had only gone to an auction sale ten miles away. With a stab of remorse, she remembered that he had suggested diffidently that she go with them and she had declined with an excuse that had come so easily it had already dropped from her mind.

I'll make it up to him, she promised herself. Next week, I'll go with them if they'll have me!

But suddenly she halted, looking with narrowed eyes at the Martin family car standing in their driveway. As swiftly as it had taken life, hope

Grape Jell-O is always in season!

You don't have to wait till the grape season to have some Grape Jell-O! Take a sparkling spoonful! Taste it and you'll think of a big bunch of ripe grapes, heavy with the sweet juice of Autumn. Ah, you're under the deep-purple spell of Grape Jell-O! And isn't it wonderful that Jell-O's good for you too!

Jell-O is easy to make and dissolves in a flash. Get Jell-O next time you shop.

SERVING HINT FROM
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS

Prepare Grape Jell-O according to package directions. Fill small dessert or parfait glasses $\frac{2}{3}$ full. Tilt glasses in refrigerator by catching base between bars of refrigerator rack and leaning tops against wall. Chill until firm. Top with whipped cream.

JELL-O
ELEVEN DELICIOUS FLAVORS

Don't let the week go by without JELL-O.

JELL-O is a registered trade mark of General Foods Corporation.

died, and in its place came anger. A blind, hurting, desperate anger. I'll fight now, she thought. Oh, yes, *I'll fight now!*

She was panting when she reached the house. Leaning in the doorway of the living room, she tried to control her breathing as she confronted them. Her husband was standing at the window with his back to the room and her mother-in-law sat on the smart new chesterfield, her handsome profile lifted, anxious and solicitous.

"So you just couldn't wait to tell him!" the words burst from her uncontrollably. "You couldn't pass up the chance to undermine me, could you?"

There was a startled silence as they turned and it was a moment before Nan Martin answered wearily. "You couldn't possibly accuse me of that, Carol, if you really knew me. After ten years in Bright Hills, you should know I'm notorious for the fact that the happiness of my children is an obsession with me. I didn't come here to cause trouble. No wait, Jim! I'd like to finish, if you don't mind . . ."

"You won't even let him speak for himself, will you?" she said bitterly.

Nan Martin's lips tightened. "Carol, will you let me finish, please? I came because I went home nearly sick with worry for you both. I was sure I knew you well enough to know that if you were seeing another man, there was good reason for it. I thought I could . . . could help."

"But you had to interfere," she accused relentlessly. "My husband is thirty-three years old with a wife and family, but you still couldn't let him slug it out for himself!"

Jim's big, solid body came between them as he stood over her, anger flaming in his hazel eyes. And there was suddenly something new in the room, a suggestion of force, of violence in him that she had sometimes glimpsed but never confirmed.

"All right, that's enough!" he said hoarsely. "Why shouldn't she tell me? I'd sooner hear it from her than from the drunks in town!"

She looked, shaken, at his big hands. They were clenching into tight fists until, with a gesture of agonizing impotence, he drove one into the palm of the other. Only unbearable provocation, she knew, could have broken through the inarticulate barrier of his reserve.

"What's wrong with you, Carol? What do you want from me anyway? Oh, I knew I wasn't in your class but I've worked with all my strength to

give you everything a woman could want. But it's no use, is it? I'll never be anything but a doormat to you. All right, I'm a doormat—up to this point and not one inch further! When you threaten the happiness of my sons, you've reached the end of your tether. I'm sending them home with Mother tonight until you make your choice between me and your—your friend."

HE STOOD with his head lowered, swaying slightly like one of his purebred bulls she had once seen after it had broken its foreleg. It had stood like that in mute animal misery before its hindquarters had sagged and it had slumped to the ground. When she raised her eyes, trying without success to speak, she saw that his face was ashen under its heavy layer of tan.

"Carol, do you know what you've done to me? The surest thing in my life was that you deserved the respect I've always given you. I'm telling you, if it had been a man, instead of my mother, who told me that you were capable of sneaking behind my back, of shoddiness of any kind, I would've beaten him to a pulp with my bare fists!"

"Jim, that's not what I said!" his mother protested. "I simply told you . . ."

"Oh, be quiet, Mother! Let my wife do the talking now. She's good enough at it."

"What exactly do you think I'm guilty of?" she asked dully. She had sunk down on a footstool by the door, too stunned to lift her head. "I seem to be convicted before I've even opened my mouth."

But her words fell into the turbulent air like leaves into the whorls of a tornado and the calm power of logic to which she had paid lip service all her life became suddenly farcical. With sickening impact, she was aware of what this meant to him. She saw too what it would have meant to her in his place, to know that he had deceived her, to have the walls and foundation of her refuge crumble around her. Yes, he was my refuge, she thought. And without knowing it, I was his. How can he trust me again? In his place, how could I trust him?

"I'll find the boys, Mother." He had turned on his heel and was heading for the door. "I want you to do your damndest to keep this from them. I won't have them sick and frightened. I won't have them hurt!"

Still too stunned to move, she heard the anguish in his voice, watched his brogues grinding into her grey broad-

loom, saw them go past her out the door.

"Carol, I beg you to believe me," Nan Martin said, her voice frankly pleading. "I didn't know he'd react like this. I thought perhaps I could make him examine himself. But all he can see now is that you've betrayed his trust." She sighed hopelessly. "I'm afraid my son's an idealist. And above everyone else, he seems to have idealized you."

"Oh, don't," she moaned. "Don't rub it in." Bowing her head, she covered her face with her hands. "And I thought you were what was driving him. I thought it was the Martins. Oh, dear heaven, it wasn't you! It was me. I've done this to him!"

"No, my dear, you're not alone in



REFLECTION

*Here am I
pictured in shadow
water-lily framed
liquid and cool
under the amber-cool waters,
fringed with soft rushes,
and in my eyes—
my deep dark water eyes
the gentle cooling
of the sunlight lies.*

BY JOY TRAIL

this," Nan said firmly. "You were right before. His first insecurity comes from me. I married when I was seventeen, you know, and I bore seven lusty children. It wasn't easy to spread myself over all of them and I suppose I made the mistake of trying too hard to give them everything they could want materially instead of more of myself. Just as Jim has with you."

SHE STOOD UP slowly, a strong woman indicted by the paradoxical power of her own love. "He's always been the same, Carol. He's always known only one way to win approval and that was to work with all his being at the one thing he knows well. I'm afraid that's farming . . ."

Carol had begun to shiver as the words echoed in her mind. Gripping her arms with her hands, she struggled for control as Nan Martin's hand rested in supplication on her shoulder.

"Have mercy on my son, Carol. He's just found that the whole fabric of his life has been woven on a faulty

loom. The only way he knows to win love has failed him."

"No," Carol cried, choking. "No! I'm the one who has failed him!" She lifted her eyes to the strong, troubled face, seeing in it at least the shape of a friend. "Nan, what's wrong with me? Why haven't the Martins accepted me?"

"Accepted you? My goodness, child, what makes you think we haven't accepted you? We've stood a little in awe of you, I must admit. You've always been rather aloof, you know. And at one time, I was a shade resentful of the fact that my son was your slave. But I think I've always known we were meant to be allies. In so many ways, you're more like me than my own daughters."

"Am I really?" she said eagerly, blinking back her tears. "Oh, Nan, I've been such a fool. I've had the idea that I didn't even rate with the Martins." She rose swiftly, urgently, "Please, will you wait here? I—I have to talk to him alone now."

He was coming from the barn with a boy hanging on each arm, his face laboring for jocularity. "Now, listen, fellows, it's like this. As a real big treat, we're going to let you go home with Grandma for a few days. How's that for a surprise?"

"Gee, that's neat," her five-year-old shouted gleefully. "Hey, Mom! Dad says we can go to Grandma's."

"How come?" came from her laconic six-year-old and shame swept her as she remembered her jealous reluctance in the past to let them visit their grandparents. She looked at them, at all three of them, knowing with an ache that reached endlessly into her being the extent of her commitment to them.

"Do you have to have a reason?" she teased, smoothing first one tousled head and then the other. "Just climb into Grandma's car and wait for her. I want to talk to Daddy. Jim . . . Please?"

Frowning, he followed her into the kitchen and she stood before him like a penitent, meeting his hard brown eyes steadily. "Jim, will it make any difference if I swear to you that this isn't what you think it is? I haven't been unfaithful to you — no — physically or in any way that matters. All Warren and I did was . . . was talk. All I needed or wanted was someone to talk to!"

"Yes?" he said coldly. "Why?"

"Because I was lonely," she cried. "Deeply, suicidally lonely! Until just

now — in there with your mother — I've never felt as though I belonged in your family, and I couldn't seem to reach you. We couldn't understand each other's interests . . ."

"That's right. We couldn't," he said grimly. "And don't you think I was lonely? Don't you think I wanted someone to share my interests? If it hadn't been for my family, I couldn't have taken it."

They looked at each other, bewildered and groping. "Jim, there's a compromise. There must be," she pleaded. "Can't we work this out in a way that will satisfy both your needs and mine?"

"Maybe," he said suspiciously. "But if all you wanted to do was talk, why didn't you invite him here to the house?"

"I was afraid you wouldn't understand! You've been so jealous of anything I was interested in. I thought . . ."

"You're darn right I was jealous! Because I always felt left out. Because I love you and I couldn't be sure that you even respected me. You must admit I didn't have much to go on. Nothing I've done has satisfied you." But his eyes, she saw with relief, were beginning to relent. "Good gosh, Carol, I don't mind your having interests of your own — or friends who speak your language — just as long as I know you're in this with me! I know I don't have much to say in the kind of discussion you like. But I'm proud you're that kind of woman, and I enjoy listening."

The appalling simplicity of it struck her suddenly, leaving her torn between laughter and tears. "Oh, Jim," she moaned. "Why has it seemed so insoluble when it's really so simple? Don't you see? Our differences aren't important unless we make them important. The important thing is that, down deep below them, you're my anchor in life and I'm yours. And together we anchor the boys. This is what we have to hold to, what we have to build our security on."

As the thought was said aloud, she could feel him absorb its reassurance like a healing lotion, and slowly the big, familiar haven of his body enfolded her. "If I'd known you felt like that, I wouldn't have gone so crazy," he said sheepishly. "I thought I was going to lose you."

"I know," she sighed. "It wasn't until I took a look at the idea of living without you that I really defined it myself. I wonder why it's taken so long?"

END



A delicious combination of fruit, nut and spices makes this cake equally a favourite for dinner desserts or tea-time treats. And it's so easy with Magic Baking Powder!

Look what you and your Magic can create!

Raisin-Pecan Cake

- 1 c. seedless raisins
- 2 c. boiling water
- 1½ c. once-sifted all-purpose flour or 2 c. once-sifted pastry flour
- 2½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder
- ¼ tsp. baking soda
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. ground cinnamon
- ¼ tsp. ground allspice
- ½ c. butter or Blue Bonnet margarine
- 1 c. lightly-packed brown sugar
- 2 eggs
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- ½ c. chopped pecans

Simmer raisins in boiling water, covered, 15 mins. Drain well, saving ½ c. of the liquid. Cool. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, baking soda, salt, cinnamon and allspice together twice. Cream butter or margarine; blend in brown sugar. Beat in eggs. Combine ½ c. raisin liquid and vanilla. Add dry ingredients to creamed mixture alternately with raisin liquid, combining lightly after each addition. Fold in raisins and chopped pecans. Turn into a greased 8-inch square cake pan, lined in bottom with greased waxed paper. Bake in moderate oven, 350°, 45 to 50 mins. Let cake stand in its pan on cake rack for 10 mins. Turn out onto rack; peel off paper; allow cake to cool completely. Frost cold cake with Cinnamon Butter Icing; decorate with pecan halves. Cut this tender cake with a saw-tooth knife.

Cinnamon Butter Icing Cream ¼ c. butter or margarine. Sift together 2 c. sifted icing sugar, ½ tsp. ground cinnamon and few grains salt. Gradually blend sugar mixture into creamed butter or margarine, alternately with sufficient hot cream to make an icing of spreading consistency—about 2 tsps. Mix in ½ tsp. vanilla.



Another fine product of
STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED.

delight
your
guests →

with the
secret of
seasoning
... on your
table and
in your
cooking

LEA &
PERRINS

THE ORIGINAL
WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE

NOT FOR SALE!



This is the stamp of the Canadian Government certifying top-quality fish, handled, processed and packaged under conditions where the "peak of cleanliness" prevails and which are subject to rigid inspections daily by the Federal Authorities.

It is a guarantee to you that fish bearing this mark, CANADA INSPECTED, is the finest procurable—providing most delicious eating for you and your family.

Sea-Sealed Seafoods bear this stamp of quality proudly!



Seafoods

SHOPPING

with CHATELAINE

BY JEAN BYERS

How to care for easy-care clothes

When you launder easy-care garments don't be afraid to automatic-machine-wash and -dry them. If clothes are well made, most of them wash better by machine than by hand, and the newest equipment is specially designed to handle even the most delicate fabrics. If your equipment is more than two years old, you may have to adjust the cycle by hand.

Water temperature is important for easy-care fabrics. In cool water there will be less wrinkling—but less dirt is removed, so frequent washing is necessary. Then give them a hot-water wash every fourth or fifth time, or if very soiled. (This means ironing to remove the wrinkles caused by the heat and higher speed cycle.)

The wash-and-wear cycles on new equipment follow a general pattern. Cool-to-warm-water wash for a short time with slow agitation. This removes wear wrinkles and light soil. Cool rinse—this removes wash wrinkles and leaves the garment as close as possible to the original shape. Shortened and/or slowed spin—to remove excess moisture without setting in extra creases. Tumble drying at 145 to 160 degrees F. with a ten-to-fifteen-minute cooling-off period at the end. The heat of the dryer softens the fibres or finish and shakes out the wash wrinkles; the cooling period allows them to harden again without the wrinkles.

This same procedure can be followed with older equipment. If your dryer does not have a cool-off period, hang the clothes up while still faintly damp. If you don't have a dryer, remove clothes from the final cool rinse and drip-dry.

Nearly all easy-care garments need some touch-up ironing regardless of washing method. Machine-laundered



A blow-up hanger is a help for smoother shoulders.

clothes may require slight additional ironing (though usually they'll need less) but we still feel this is preferable to the inconvenience of washing the garments by hand and then drip drying them.

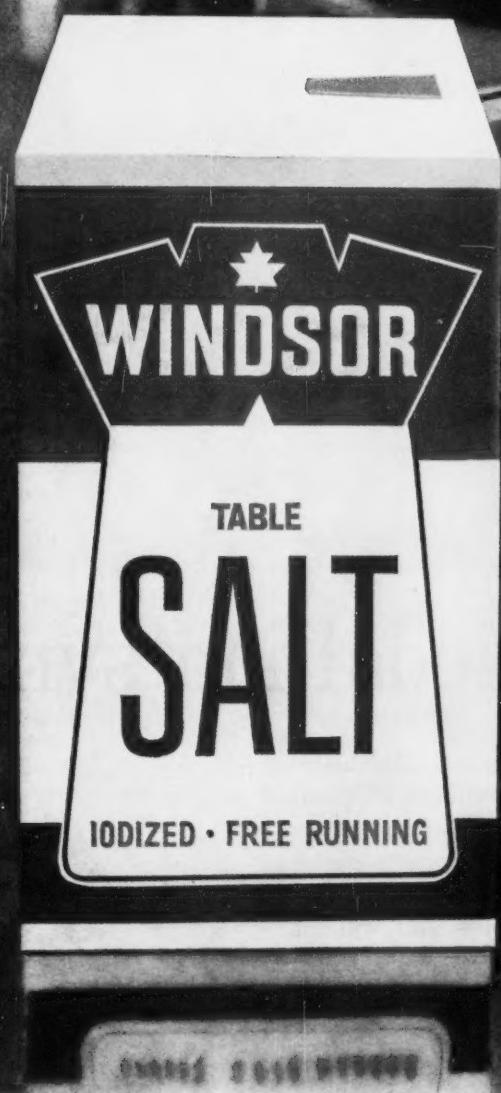
Extra pointers: To save soap, for softer clothes, for less static in synthetics—use softened water and fabric conditioners. For least wrinkling, wash small loads of similar-type clothes. Read and follow the instructions on the appliance for wash-and-wear. Drip-dry pleated skirts for sharp pleats. Use rust-proof hangers or new blow-up plastic hangers for drip-drying. Finger-press collars, cuffs, and smooth seams while drying. Touch up garments with a steam or warm iron, and thank heaven you don't have to dampen, starch and iron.



HOLDERS OF CHATELAINE SEAL OF APPROVAL

Angel Wear Baby Garments	Gerber Baby Foods	Modernfold Doors—
Arborite #6 and #10	Gold, Red & Pink Seal	Spacemaster and Custom-Line
Arborite Twin-Trim	Fancy Quality Salmon	Modess Feminine Napkins
Barrymore Broadloom	Harding Carpets	& Belts
Beacon Polythene Housewares	Hi-Flo Syrup	Nobility Plate
Blue Ribbon Spices,	Hoover Steam or Dry Iron	Numilok Instant Skim Milk
Extracts and Baking Powder	Hoover Floor Polisher	Powder
Bonus Ravioli Dinner	Hoover Vacuums—Constellation,	Ocean Spray Cranberries
Calgon	Convertible, Pixie	Peerless Rugs
Catalina Swimsuit	Hoover Electric Floor Washer	Pic Pork Loaf
Celwood Folding Doors	Instant Chocolate Mil-ko	Pierson Sashless Windows
Co-Ets Quilted Cotton Beauty	Instant Mil-ko	Pioneer Household and
Squares	Instant Vi-Tone	Beauty Gloves
Corticelli Hosiery and Sweaters	Jim Dandy Liquid Household	Prestige Furniture Wax
Culligan Automatic Water	Cleaner	Princess China
Softener	Kirsch of Canada,	Puritan Beef Stew
Dahlberg Miracle-Ear,	Drapery, Hardware,	Pure Barbados Fancy Bulk
Optic-Ear & Magic-Ear II	Venetian and Vertical Blinds	Molasses
Dominion Domolite	KnitKing Home Knitting	Red Rose Teas, Coffees,
Dominion Inlaid Linoleums	Machine	and Instant Coffee
Dominion Vinyl Tile	Knox Gelatine	Revere Ware
Dominion Marboleum	Kool-Aid	Royal Doulton Bone
Duralay—Rug Underlay	KVP-Appleford Household	China and Earthenware
Du-val Distributors	Waxed Papers	Samsonite Luggage—
Ladies' Accessories	Lightning Slide Fasteners	Streamline, Silhouette and
Flash Zippers	Lloyd Baby Carriages and	Stratford
Flo-glace Colorizer Paints	Strollers	Sanitized Process
Formfit Foundation Garments	Melmac Trademark	

END



So much pleasure

...and not a care. Lovely copper-and-brass tableware from Italy won't fade or tarnish. Mushroom-beef ragout keeps hot to the last delicious morsel in a copper chafing dish. And Canada's favorite food-brightener, Windsor Salt stays clean and attractive in its smart, new wrap.



The doorway with the Medallion symbol

The symbol at the doorway of a Medallion Electric Home tells you that this is your best house investment in THREE important ways!

APPLIANCE CONDITIONING—One or more major electric appliances are installed in a Medallion Home . . . and wiring and outlets are provided for several more. The Medallion assures you that you are buying a home in which you can enjoy modern electrical living at its best.

PLANNED LIGHTING—The modern lighting in a Medallion Home is carefully planned to give you proper illumination in work and activity areas . . . better lighting for added safety, convenience and beauty, indoors and out.

FULL HOUSEPOWER—A Medallion Home assures you of convenient, efficient, electrical living that only full horsepower can give you. Not only adequate circuits, outlets and switches, but extra capacity to provide power for the new appliances you will add in the future.

LOOK FOR THE MEDALLION SYMBOL . . . your best investment in a new home . . . your safest standard for modernizing an existing home.

Only homes that meet Medallion requirements are qualified to display it. CALL YOUR ELECTRICAL CONTRACTOR OR YOUR LOCAL HYDRO OFFICE for full information on MEDALLION HOMES.

**HYDRO
is yours**

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

SALADS MEN LIKE Continued from page 36



Our consultants gather in Chatelaine Institute kitchen to inspect a mammoth chef's salad made for the occasion by Elaine Collett. Photographed from left to right are Arthur Hailey, Frank McGee, Gerald Campbell and Robert Paul.



SALMON SALAD PLATE

Arthur Hailey has salmon flown in regularly from Vancouver so we think the platterful shown in our photograph on page 37 will be very much to his taste. Here are the recipes for the four components.

Glazed Salmon Steaks

Arrange 6 small fresh or defrosted salmon steaks (about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick) on a greased cake cooler. Set the rack in a pan over bubbling water that has been simmered with a few celery leaves and cloves, bay leaf, onion and 2 tablespoons of vinegar. (An electric frying pan is perfect.) Cover and steam about 3 minutes or until salmon turns a milky pink. Lift out the rack and remove salmon carefully to a platter. Chill until icy cold, then brush the steaks with the cool liquid aspic left from the deviled eggs (recipe below). Mix remaining aspic with a $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of chopped black and stuffed olives and spoon along the centre of each steak. Chill again. Serve with Rémoulade Sauce.

Note: Sometimes after removing the bones from salmon steaks as soon as they are steamed, I fill the cavity with a mixture of ground ham and pickle.

Deviled Eggs in Aspic

2 envelopes plain gelatine	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp mixed pickling spice
1½ cups water	1 (10-oz) can consommé
1 chicken bouillon cube	6 deviled eggs OR hard-cooked eggs

Mix the first four ingredients together in a small saucepan and bring to a boil. Let simmer one minute. Remove from heat and strain into a bowl. Add the consommé and chill until syrupy. Set eggs in individual oiled custard cups or 7-ounce cold-drink cups. Cover each with about $\frac{1}{3}$ cup gelatine mixture (save remaining aspic for glazing salmon steaks). Chill and unmold. Garnish tops with bright cutouts of pimento or sprigs of parsley.

Stuffed Lettuce Wedge Salad

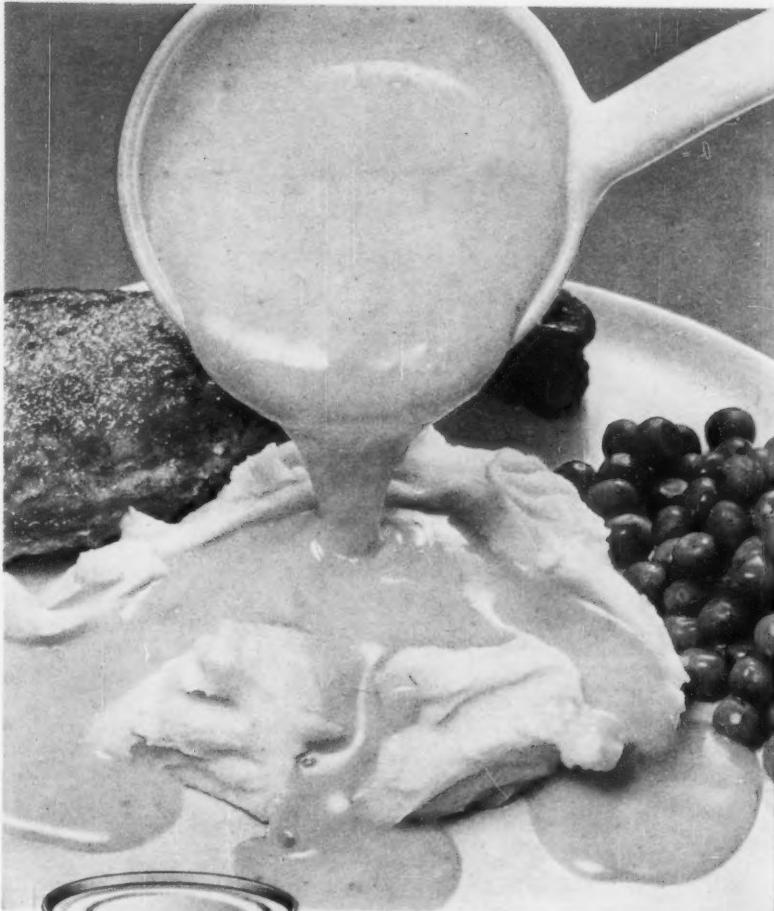
1 small can lobster OR boneless chicken	2 tbs chopped parsley
2 tsp lemon juice	4 oz. cream cheese (any flavor)
1 small head lettuce	

Drain lobster on absorbent paper and mash thoroughly in a saucer, discarding any claw bones. Mix cream cheese, lobster, lemon juice and parsley together. Wash lettuce, cut out the core and slice in half, vertically. Carefully separate each half into 3 "cups" and pat dry. Spread inside of each cup with some of the lobster mixture. Press cups together gently to re-form into half heads. Wrap in foil and chill. To serve, turn cut side down, slice each half into 3 wedges.

Continued on page 76

New! GOLDEN CHICKEN GRAVY

with tender bits of chicken all through it



Ready to serve whenever you are

Now you can fry chicken and have lots of tasty gravy, too.

Real golden chicken gravy like the "Sunday dinner" kind made in farm kitchens. The old-time country-style flavour is all there because we start with rich chicken stock and tender bits of chicken. Then we add homey spices and special touches to bring out the real chicken goodness.

Keep several cans of FRANCO-AMERICAN Chicken Gravy handy. You'll find it has more delicious uses than you can shake a wish-bone at!

FRANCO-AMERICAN IS A TRADEMARK

FRANCO-AMERICAN

By the sip or by the swallow

*You'll be
glad-a Salada*



The good, glad taste in tea



GLAD is the big warm-hearted word for the way Salada tea makes you feel inside. And all over.

Salada is a bright brew that glows in your cup. You like it at once and you find new things to like about it with every extra cup you drink.

Salada combines the choice teas of the world in a unique blend that no other tea has ever been able to copy.

The result is the good taste that Canada likes best. The reason is in the tasting—it's just your cup of tea.



CANADA'S FAVOURITE TEA

'Salada' Tea is one of the fine products of
SALADA-SHIRRIFF-HORSEY Ltd.

Continued from page 75

Smörgasbörd Bean Salad

3 slices diced side bacon
1/4 clove garlic, crushed, OR
1/4 tsp garlic powder (optional)
1 (4-oz) can Vienna sausage,
sliced*

1/3 cup French dressing
1 (20-oz) can chick peas, drained
1 small can lima beans, drained
1/4 cup sliced green onions

Sauté the diced bacon slowly until crispy. Pour off the drippings and add the garlic, sausage and dressing. Remove from heat and toss together with the peas, beans and onions. Chill for several hours so that flavors blend well. (Season if you wish with a good pinch of crumbled tarragon, salt and freshly ground pepper.) Serve in a large lettuce cup and dress with sliced stuffed olives.

*Sliced cooked sausage, and rinsed and drained baked or kidney beans may be used in place of Vienna sausage and chick peas.



Frank McGee likes to have something hot even with a salad-plate type of meal. So we suggest this sea-food salad served with hot parsley potatoes. He's not enthusiastic about cucumber or green pepper so we left them out.

Sea Food Salad Plate

2 to 2 1/2 cups mixed sea food
(lobster, crabmeat, shrimp or tuna)
2 tbs lemon juice
1/2 cup diced celery
Lettuce
Cabbage salad*

Fresh tomatoes
Ripe olives
Sliced hard-cooked eggs
Rémoulade sauce or Russian dressing

Break up lobster and crabmeat with a fork and combine with shrimp or flakes of tuna. Toss lightly with lemon juice and celery. Chill for 1/2 hour. Line serving plates with crisp dry lettuce. Heap with sea-food mixture. Add small mounds of cabbage salad, slices of fresh tomatoes and ripe olives. Garnish with hard-cooked eggs and pass a choice of dressing. Serves 6.

*Mix 1 1/2 cups shredded green cabbage with 1 grated carrot and 1/4 cup sliced radishes. Add salt and just enough salad dressing to moisten.



To Fred Davis' taste no salad of this kind is complete without avocado. If you want to make this into a side salad, omit meat and cheese.

Meal-size Chef's Salad

1 qt salad greens
3 or 4 tomatoes
1/2 cup sliced radishes
1 green pepper, cut in strips (optional)

1 peeled diced avocado
1 1/2 cups chicken, ham or veal (in Julienne strips)
6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
1/2 lb Swiss cheese, in strips

Choose at least three of the following for a good chef's salad — leaf or head lettuce, romaine, curly endive or chicory, spinach, escarole, watercress, tender beet tops. Wash greens thoroughly, pat dry and break into wooden bowl rubber with garlic. Add peeled and quartered tomatoes and all remaining ingredients. Toss together lightly, but thoroughly with Italian Dressing (see below). Serves 6.

Continued on page 7



bueno!

AYLMER PEAELLA

Make this Spanish "one-dish meal" with sweet, tender Aylmer Peas! Gay as a flamenco dance—bright as the Castilian sun—this Spanish favourite will win shouts of "ole!" from your family and friends. Serve it tonight!

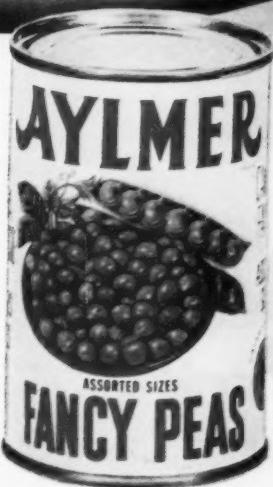
3 cups Aylmer Sunshine Tomato
Juice

1½ cups dry, white rice
¼ cup frying oil
1 Spanish onion, peeled and sliced

4 chicken portions, legs or breasts
Salt, pepper, paprika, thyme to taste
1—15 oz. tin Aylmer Fancy Assorted
Peas
1 tbsp. Aylmer Pimiento, sliced

In saucepan boil tomato juice, add rice, cover, simmer 14 minutes. Meanwhile, in large, heavy pan, heat oil to sizzling. Fry onion slices until transparent. Season chicken. Brown chicken in frying pan 15 minutes. Add tice to chicken. Cover. Steam 15 minutes. Add half the peas. Heat 2 minutes. Garnish with pimento and peas. Serve hot. 4 servings.

Sunshine fresh...that Aylmer Flavour



No peas quite match
the natural flavour of
fresh-picked peas...but
only Aylmer comes
so wonderfully close!

96

Gourmet Omelette quick, easy, a meal in itself!



CHEESE AND ONION OMELETTE

1/3 cup milk
3/4 cup Ingersoll Picnic Cheese
 Spread or Ingersoll
 Cheese Spread
1 tsp. baking powder

Few grains cayenne
2 tsp. grated onion
6 eggs, separated
1/4 tsp. salt
1 tbsp. butter or margarine

Heat milk to scalding point. Add Ingersoll Cheese Spread and onion; stir until smooth. Choose either Ingersoll Cheese Spread, made from well-aged Canadian cheddar—or Ingersoll Picnic Cheese Spread for a tangier taste. Sprinkle baking powder and Cheese Spread over egg yolks; beat with a fork. Stir in cheese sauce, cayenne on egg yolks; beat with a fork. Stir in cheese sauce. Sprinkle salt over egg whites and beat until stiff. Heat butter or margarine in large frying pan. Fold egg-yolk mixture into whites and pour evenly into pan. Cook slowly until set. Slip under broiler until golden. Fold in half and roll onto heated platter. Serves 4.

LOOK FOR THE FLAVOR FLECKS!

Imported cheese gives Picnic its lively flavor

Ingersoll
REAL CHEESE TASTE TREATS



Continued from page 76



Bob Paul and Walter Susskind
 are definite fruit-salad
 enthusiasts. Walter likes
 cottage cheese with it.
 Bob prefers jelly or sherbet.
 Both eat it without dressing
 — "or with perhaps
 a few drops of kirsch,"
 adds Walter.



Fresh Fruit Salad

Fresh pineapple
Fresh ripe strawberries OR
raspberries
2 or 3 grapefruit
3 oranges

Honeydew, cantaloupe OR
watermelon balls
Apple wedges and banana slices
Seedless grapes

Peel the pineapple and remove the eyes. Cut in $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch slices, then in pieces, discarding the core. Rinse and hull strawberries. Peel and section grapefruit and oranges. Sprinkle apple wedges and banana slices with lemon juice. Arrange individual portions of each fruit on lettuce-lined serving plates.



Gerald Campbell likes spinach
 "in any way, shape or form"
 — so for him a Caesar salad
 isn't complete without it.

Caesar Salad

Salad greens (about 6 cups)
 romaine, endive, spinach leaves
4 tbs olive oil
2 tbs lemon juice or vinegar
1 tsp Worcestershire sauce
1 coddled egg (1½ minutes
 in boiling water)

½ tsp dry mustard
.1 tsp salt
¼ to ½ cup French dressing
1 cup croutons*
2 or 3 tbs Parmesan cheese

Prepare greens as for chef's salad and tear into a bowl, rubbed with garlic. Just before serving, add the olive oil and toss well to coat each leaf. Beat the next six ingredients in a small bowl, pour over the salad and toss lightly. Sprinkle with the croutons and cheese. Serve garnished with fillets of anchovies and snipped chives, if you wish. Serves 6.

* Cut bread into $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch cubes. Heat 2 or 3 tablespoons butter or oil in a frying pan with $\frac{1}{2}$ clove crushed garlic or $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon garlic powder. Toss in the bread cubes and stir-fry until crisp and golden.

The Dressings Men Like

VINAIGRETTE DRESSING: For those who like potato salad but not mayonnaise, we suggest this deliciously sharp dressing. It must be added to the cut-up potatoes while they are still hot. Quantity is for six medium-size potatoes. Heat together $\frac{1}{3}$ cup white wine vinegar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon celery seed, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon dry mustard and pour over the potatoes. Stir in two tablespoons chopped onion or chives and let mixture cool. Add 2 tablespoons salad oil and the same amount of chopped parsley.

ITALIAN DRESSING: Steep $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon oregano or sweet basil in $\frac{1}{4}$ cup vinegar for about an hour. (Use sprigs of the fresh herb when possible.) Strain into a jar and add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup olive oil, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar (optional), onion flavoring and black pepper. Shake thoroughly before using.

ROQUEFORT DRESSING: Use the Italian dressing for a base and add 1 or 2 tablespoons of crumbled Roquefort cheese.

REMOULADE SAUCE: Combine 1 cup mayonnaise with 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon capers, 1 or 2 tablespoons chopped olives, then add tarragon or horse-radish to taste.

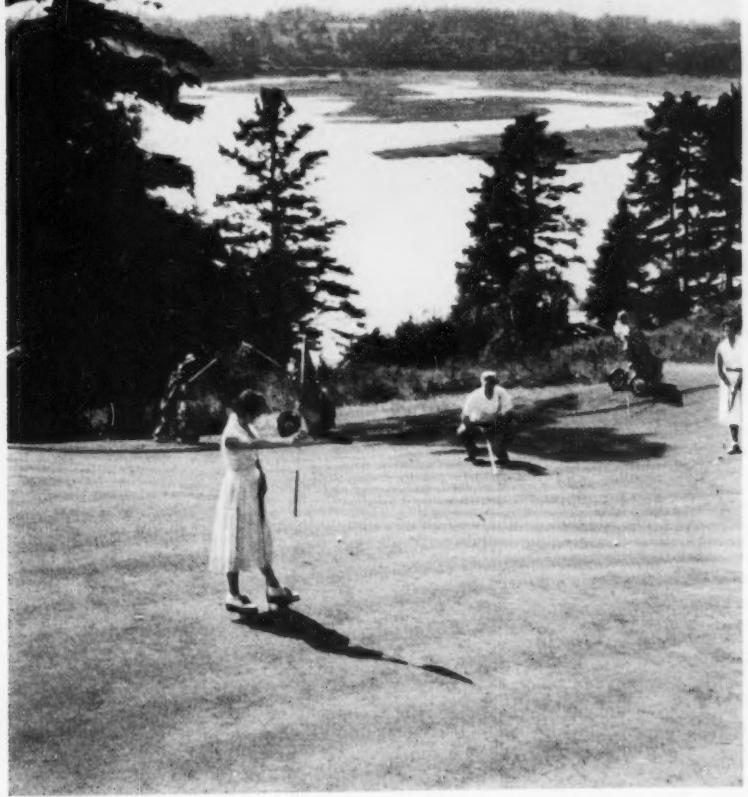
QUICK RUSSIAN DRESSING: Combine $\frac{1}{2}$ cup mayonnaise with 2 tablespoons chili sauce, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sandwich spread or tartare sauce. Flavor with lemon juice and Tabasco.

END



Holiday plans start here for

The Scenic Seaside Maritimes!



FREE MARITIME VACATION PACKAGE
Box 130, Dept. A, Halifax, Nova Scotia. M-III

Please send Maritime Vacation Package to:

NAME _____

PLEASE PRINT

ADDRESS _____

PROVINCE _____

Here's Nature's Pure



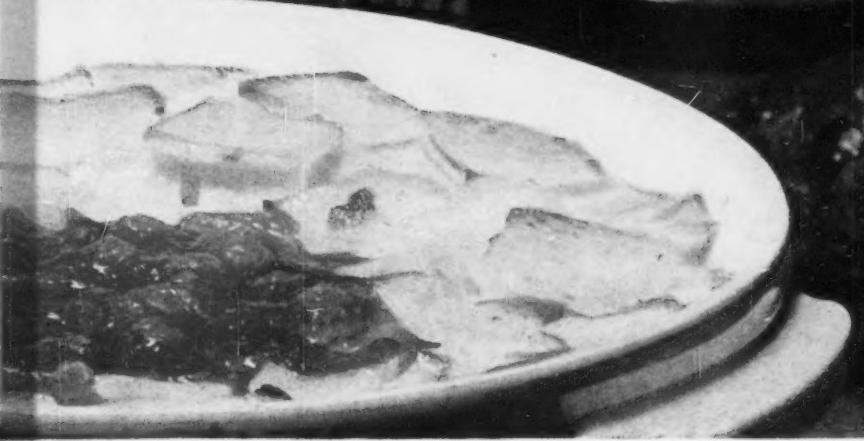
... and here's how you can create these wholesome, savoury potato treats in minutes with New Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes. This little booklet from General Foods Kitchens, "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats," was especially prepared for you. You'll find these delectable-looking, delectable-tasting potato dishes, easy, time-saving and delicious. Golden potato puffs, savoury potato pancakes, fluffy mashed potatoes... whip them up in mere minutes with new Minute Mashed Potatoes! Crisp home fries, creamy scalloped potatoes, tangy potato salad... prepare them to glorious perfection with new Minute Sliced Potatoes! Today, enjoy nature's pure potato goodness—*without* peeling, slicing or mashing. It's a happy day when you discover new Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes.

Potato Goodness...

MINUTE SLICED POTATOES

for... HOME FRIES
POTATO SALAD
CREAMED POTATOES
BROWN POTATOES

*Twelve Tempting
MINUTE POTATO
Treats...*

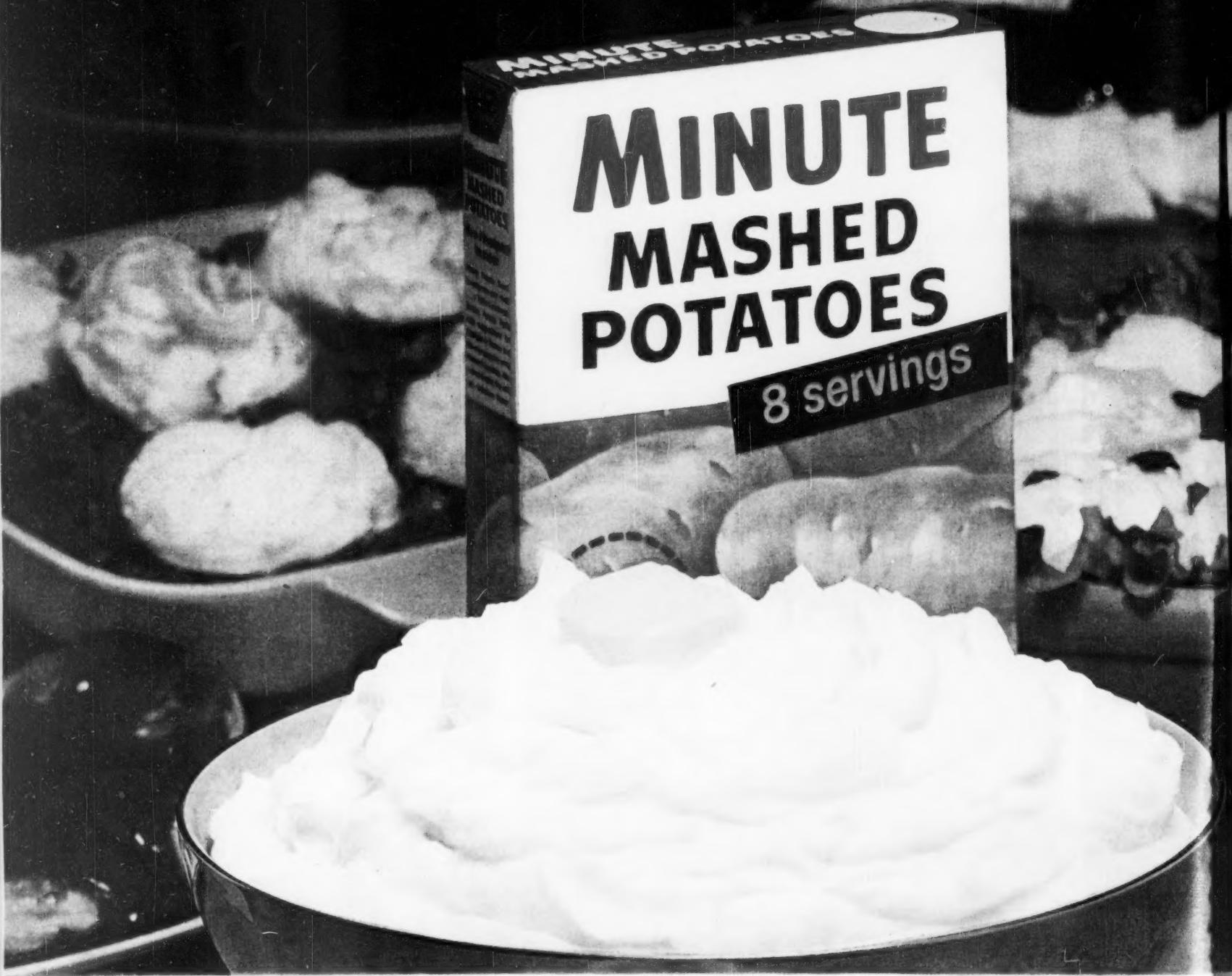


*This is your copy
—zip it out now!*

These "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats" from General Food Kitchens have been tested, made and remade exactly as given here—and found to be delicious, time-saving and practical for today's homemakers. Brighten your family menus . . . get both varieties of new MINUTE POTATOES, today.



Here's Nature's Pure



... and here's how you can create these wholesome, savoury potato treats in minutes with New Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes. This little booklet from General Foods Kitchens, "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats," was especially prepared for you. You'll find these delectable-looking, delectable-tasting potato dishes, easy, time-saving and delicious. Golden potato puffs, savoury potato pancakes, fluffy mashed potatoes... whip them up in mere minutes with new Minute Mashed Potatoes! Crisp home fries, creamy scalloped potatoes, tangy potato salad... prepare them to glorious perfection with new Minute Sliced Potatoes! Today, enjoy nature's pure potato goodness—without peeling, slicing or mashing. It's a happy day when you discover new Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes.

the Potato Goodness...

MINUTE SLICED POTATOES

There are literally dozens and dozens of delicious potato dishes you can prepare quickly and easily with MINUTE MASHED and MINUTE SLICED POTATOES. They are tasty, time-saving and practical for today's home-maker. For your convenience, we have selected a few that were created and tested right in our own General Foods Kitchens. We are sure you will enjoy trying them, and that many will become favorites with your family and friends.

Betty Kirby

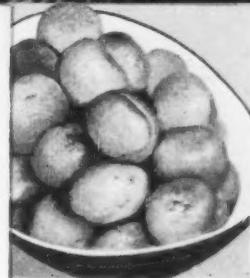
GENERAL FOODS KITCHENS



POTATO PANCAKES

2 eggs, slightly beaten
1 1/4 cups milk
1 1/4 teaspoons salt—Dash of pepper
1 envelope (1/2 cup) Minute Mashed Potatoes
1 tablespoon minced onion
1 teaspoon minced parsley
1/4 teaspoon baking powder

Combine eggs, milk, salt, and pepper in a bowl; mix well. Gradually add Minute Mashed Potatoes, stirring constantly. Add remaining ingredients and mix well. Spoon onto a hot heavily-greased griddle or frying pan. Cook until browned on both sides, turning once. Makes 20 to 24 small pancakes.



GOLDEN POTATO PUFFS

1 1/4 cups water
1 teaspoon salt
1 envelope (1/2 cup) Minute Mashed Potatoes
1 tablespoon butter
1 egg, slightly beaten
1/4 cup flour
1 teaspoon chopped parsley

Bring water and salt to full boil. Remove from heat, gradually add Minute Mashed Potatoes, stirring constantly. Blend in butter. Cool potato mixture.

Then add egg, flour, and parsley; mix well. Drop from a tablespoon into about 1-inch of hot fat (about 350°F). Fry until browned, turning once. Makes about 24 puffs.



POTATO SOUP

1/4 to 1/2 cup chopped onion
2 tablespoons butter
2 cups milk
1/2 cup light cream
1 1/2 cups water
2 teaspoons chopped parsley
2 teaspoons salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 envelope (1/2 cup) Minute Mashed Potatoes

Cook onion in butter until tender. Add milk, cream, and water; bring to a boil. Add parsley, salt, and pepper. Then gradually stir in Minute Mashed Potatoes and serve. Makes 8 to 10 servings.



Here's Nature's Pure Po



... and here's how you can create these wholesome, savoury potato treats in minutes with New Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes. This little booklet from General Foods Kitchens, "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats," was especially prepared for you. You'll find these delectable-looking, delectable-tasting potato dishes, easy, time-saving and delicious. Golden potato puffs, savoury potato pancakes, fluffy mashed potatoes... whip them up in mere minutes with new Minute Mashed Potatoes! Crisp home fries, creamy scalloped potatoes, tangy potato salad... prepare them to glorious perfection with new Minute Sliced Potatoes! Today, enjoy nature's pure potato goodness—*without* peeling, slicing or mashing. It's a happy day when you discover new Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes.

Cook
ocean
teaspoon
and
Pine
add
Potato
mou

Bri
from
with
mix
A
into
pat
Ser

Potato Goodness...



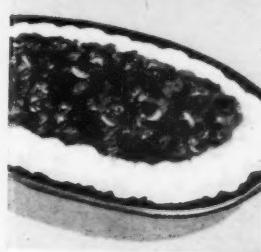
BEEF CREOLE PIE

1 pound ground beef
 ½ cup chopped onions
 ¼ cup chopped green pepper
 1 cup canned tomatoes and juice
 1 ½ teaspoons salt
 ¼ teaspoon pepper
 ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce
 1 envelope (½ cup) Minute Mashed Potatoes

Cook beef, onions, and green pepper over low heat, stirring occasionally, until beef is browned. Add tomatoes, salt, ½ teaspoon of the pepper, and the Worcestershire sauce. Cover and simmer 10 to 12 minutes to blend flavors.

Prepare Minute Mashed Potatoes as directed on package, adding ½ teaspoon pepper.

Pour meat mixture into a casserole. Spoon potatoes in small mounds on top of beef mixture. Serve at once, or broil until potatoes are lightly browned. Makes 4 servings.



CORNED BEEF HASH

1 envelope (½ cup) Minute Mashed Potatoes
 ½ cup chopped onions
 ¼ cup chopped green pepper
 ¼ cup butter
 3 cups chopped cooked corned beef
 ½ teaspoon salt
 ¼ teaspoon pepper
 ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce

Prepare Minute Mashed Potatoes according to package directions. Sauté onions and green pepper in butter. Add corned beef. Season with salt, pepper, and Worcestershire sauce. Cook until meat is lightly browned.

Stir the meat mixture into the prepared potatoes. Makes 6 to 8 servings.



TUNA PATTIES

1 ½ cups water
 ¼ teaspoon salt
 1 envelope (½ cup) Minute Mashed Potatoes
 1 cup (7-ounce can) tuna fish, drained and flaked
 2 eggs
 2 tablespoons grated onion
 Dash of pepper
 Melted butter

Bring water and salt to a full boil in a medium saucepan. Remove from heat. Slowly add the Minute Mashed Potatoes, stirring with a large spoon, or beating at medium speed of an electric mixer until potatoes are thoroughly moistened.

Add the tuna fish, eggs, onion, and pepper; mix well. Shape into cakes, using about ¼ cup mixture for each patty. Sauté patties in butter until golden brown on both sides, turning once. Serve with creamed peas, tomato sauce, green pea sauce, or creamed egg sauce, as desired. Makes 10 to 12 patties.



POTATO SALAD

2 cups Minute Sliced Potatoes
 1 teaspoon salt 4 cups water
 2 teaspoons sugar 2 tablespoons vinegar
 2 tablespoons salad oil ¼ cup chopped celery
 ¼ cup chopped green pepper
 3 tablespoons chopped onion
 1 tablespoon chopped pimento
 Few drops Tabasco sauce
 Dash of pepper
 ½ cup (about) mayonnaise

Add Minute Sliced Potatoes and salt to water in saucepan. Cover and bring to a boil. Then boil 15 to 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain.

Meanwhile, dissolve sugar in vinegar. Pour salad oil and vinegar over hot potatoes. Mix well and cool to room temperature.

Add vegetables and seasonings to cooled potatoes. Add mayonnaise until of consistency desired and mix lightly with potatoes. Chill. Serve on crisp greens with garnish of parsley and tomato wedges or radish roses. Makes 6 servings.



Here's Nature's Pure P



... and here's how you can create these wholesome, savoury potato treats in minutes with New Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes. This little booklet from General Foods Kitchens, "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats," was especially prepared for you. You'll find these delectable-looking, delectable-tasting potato dishes, easy, time-saving and delicious. Golden potato puffs, savoury potato pancakes, fluffy mashed potatoes... whip them up in mere minutes with new Minute Mashed Potatoes! Crisp home fries, creamy scalloped potatoes, tangy potato salad... prepare them to glorious perfection with new Minute Sliced Potatoes! Today, enjoy nature's pure potato goodness—*without* peeling, slicing or mashing. It's a happy day when you discover new Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes.

Place
Spring
Com
Pour
for 2
Bake
about

M
slice
heat
Mal
HAS
dire
bro
cris

Potato Goodness...



EASY SCALLOPED POTATOES

2 cups Minute Sliced Potatoes
3 tablespoons flour
1 ½ teaspoons salt
Dash of pepper
3 tablespoons finely chopped onions
1 tablespoon butter
1 ½ cups water
1 ½ cups milk

Place Minute Sliced Potatoes in a greased 2-quart casserole. Sprinkle with flour, salt, pepper, and onions. Dot with butter. Combine water and 1 cup milk and heat just to the boiling point. Pour over potato mixture. Stir well. Bake in a hot oven (400°F.) for 20 minutes. Then add remaining ½ cup milk and stir well. Bake 25 minutes longer, or until potatoes are tender. Makes about 4 servings.

HOME FRIED POTATOES

2 cups Minute Sliced Potatoes
1 teaspoon salt—4 cups water
¼ cup butter—½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper

Add Minute Sliced Potatoes and 1 teaspoon salt to the water in a saucepan. Cover and bring to a boil. Then boil 15 to 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain.

Melt butter in a medium-sized frying pan. Add cooked sliced potatoes, remaining salt, and the pepper. Fry over medium heat, turning to brown on all sides—takes 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 3 or 4 servings.

HASH BROWNED POTATOES—Prepare Home Fried Potatoes as directed, pressing potato slices together with spatula when evenly browned on all sides. Continue to fry without stirring until crisp on bottom. Turn out onto serving plate, browned side up.

CHEESE-TOPPED POTATOES

2 cups Minute Sliced Potatoes
1 teaspoon salt
4 cups water
½ cup grated sharp cheese
2 tablespoons butter

Add Minute Sliced Potatoes and salt to water in a saucepan. Cover and bring to a boil. Then boil 15 to 20 minutes, or until tender. Drain. Stir in ½ cup grated cheese.

Place in a shallow baking dish. Dot with butter and sprinkle with remaining grated cheese. Place under the broiler until browned—about 3 minutes. Makes 4 servings.

CLAM CHOWDER

2 tablespoons chopped onions
2 tablespoons butter
1 ½ cups clam liquor and water
1 cup Minute Sliced Potatoes
¼ cup diced celery
½ teaspoon salt
Dash of pepper
2 cups milk
1 can (10 oz.) baby clams, drained and minced

Sauté onion in butter until transparent. Add clam liquor and water, Minute Sliced Potatoes (right from the package), celery, salt, and pepper. Cover and bring to a boil. Then boil until potatoes and celery are tender . . . about 15 minutes. Add milk and clams. Heat until hot but not boiling, stirring occasionally. Serve immediately. Makes 4 servings.



GENERAL FOODS
KITCHENS

Here's Nature's Pure



Twelve Tempting MINUTE POTATO Treats...

... and here's how you can create these whole new potato treats with New Minute Mashed and Minute Sliced Potatoes! In General Foods Kitchens, "Twelve Tempting MINUTE POTATO Treats..." are prepared for you. You'll find these delectable, delicious, easy, time-saving and delicious. ♫ Golden brown, fluffy mashed potatoes... whip them up in minutes with Minute Mashed Potatoes! ♫ Crisp home fries, creamy scalloped potatoes... prepare them to glorious perfection with Minute Sliced Potatoes! Enjoy nature's pure potato goodness—with a happy day when you discover new Minute



More Potato Goodness...



If you would like additional copies of the booklet, "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats", please send your request to:

Minute Potato Recipe Book,
General Foods, Limited,
Dept. V, Box 130,
Cobourg, Ontario.

*This is your copy!
—zip it out now!*

These "Twelve Tempting Minute Potato Treats" from General Food Kitchens have been tested, made and remade exactly as given here—and found to be delicious, time-saving and practical for today's homemakers. Brighten your family menus . . . get both varieties of new MINUTE POTATOES, today.





Sweet eating for weight watchers...fresh from Aylmer!

Calorie-conscious? No need to cut out tasty desserts, tempting appetizers! Enjoy Aylmer Special Diet Fruits, specially prepared without added sugar—yet sweet and delicious. Peaches, Pears, all your favourites.

For sodium-restricted diets, enjoy Aylmer Special Diet Vegetables, Soups and Drinks.



Sunshine-fresh... that
AYLMER
flavour

SECRETS OF HAPPY FAMILY LIFE

Continued from page 20

years ago she went through the first baby stage that Alice is in now. Two years ago she was in the same boat Barbara is in today. Now she's had a third child and has moved into a new echelon of Fatigued Mothers. She's really had it: "I go to bed tired, I wake up tired, I'm always tired. Don't tell me I'm young and healthy. I know it. But just the same, my mother can do twice as much as I can."

It's the same old thing: fatigue.

It's the constant, dreary, repetitive limitlessness of work in the home that gets a mother down. There's no end to it. It's always with her.

But I have news for Carolyn: her kind of fatigue is easiest to cure. This is going to be a bracer for Barbara and Alice also, when they get to this stage.

Whether a mother has three children or ten, there are still only twenty-four hours in a day. The mother who stays home does have some control over how she spends those hours. First of all, the Carolyns must settle for the fact that they have too much to do, that they will not get really rested for several years, that, to some extent, they will always be tired until the children are in school. Then they can put their minds to learning how to control their lives. I know they can; I have seen it happen.

What a child needs most is a lively lovable mother. If his mother has enough energy to be enthusiastic, enough inner vigor to give off some semblance of a feeling of well-being, a youngster can get along without a lot of other things. Mother's real goal is to see that this need is fulfilled. To do this, she must learn how to keep her inevitable tiredness from getting too far into the fatigue phase.

The woman who is employed outside her home, and has a home to look after, has her life scheduled to such an extent that she has much less control over how she plans her day. But every woman, whether or not she works, should have a time-energy budget on her own particular "income" of both.

First, make a daily—or weekly—agenda of your duties. Establish the priority items, *including time for sufficient day rest*. Be as strict about this as you would about setting aside money for repairing the roof, or paying for the children's education. A

short rest at the time you need it is like money in the bank, only it will pay more dividends.

To do this, you will have to eliminate some nonpriority items, shift some activities from priority to non-priority categories, and rearrange or cut down time spent on others. You will say, as many of my patients have, that there is no time for rest for a busy housewife, mother or employed woman. If you will use your ingenuity, you can make it.

The mother with small children can get her rest after lunch, while the youngsters are napping. Never mind the ironing which you thought you'd get done while there was peace and quiet. You'll do it better later, even with interruptions and bedlam. If the children go to school, you have more of a choice in picking your time. If nobody gets home till dinnertime, you're in clover!

The working mother can get up a little earlier to have a more leisurely start on the day, and feel prepared for it. Some of my patients have tried this and found it relieved the work pressure.

Arranging a definite time to rest is a bit more tricky for the working mother, but she must have it. One of my patients found that if she relaxed a half hour when she first came home, it worked wonders for her.

"Operation Fatigue Control"

"It means dinner is a half hour later," she told me, "but the family got used to that. Now I think they like it—probably because I'm better able to carry on a conversation while we eat. That half hour seems to put things in perspective. It's a bridge between my work life and my home life. After dinner I find myself doing all sorts of things I'd thought of on the way home that should be done but I was too tired to do."

Timing is important. To combat fatigue successfully, a woman must rest before she gets completely tired out each day. Some of my patients have found, also, that taking short rests several times a day worked out better than taking one longer period.

Three basic rules for Operation Fatigue Control are these:

Look upon your rest period as time for yourself. Use it to read, think about or plan something that is important to you as a person.

Make up your mind that some days there is no point in trying to finish anything but the day!

Never delude yourself into thinking that you can make up at night for the rest you did not get all day. Many a well-launched attack on fatigue has foundered upon this mistaken idea.

Changing pace is a helpful technique for happy management of the stresses of life. Changing pace means changing stress. Every woman, if she is to cope with the fatigue problem, needs recreation and some way to express her creative talent. In my first book I wrote this advice to women: "Stop being just a housewife." Even a routine type of activity that gets a woman out of the house a few hours a week will break the circle of monotony, give her something new to think about, put new zest into her life, make her feel more of a whole person. Every woman can and should find something to stimulate her mind and heart, if only because her home and family take on a new significance when she comes home with a new idea. The big questions are what, and how much to do? This is where an assessment is in order. There has to be enough to act as a stimulator but not so much that outside responsibilities worry her.

Sometimes added complications in household routine occur when a wife and mother must share her home with elderly relatives. "What are we going to do with the old folks?" This is a problem I hear a lot about from tired women, struggling against odds to make a happy family life. Sometimes an older woman or man is able to bring kindness, respect and real helpfulness to add to the family happiness. But very often there is a problem. Often it's a big thing, like the old person's requiring so much attention from Mother that she isn't able to give her children the kind of attention they need. This simply can't be. A mother's first responsibility is always to her husband and her children.

It's one thing to have Grandfather and Grandmother come to visit for a certain length of time; deciding to make a home for the old folks is quite another. This decision should be made by looking at the whole situation and asking: is it possible or not? If it's made without thought or real planning, the mother winds up in my office dead tired.

I don't think one can make any set rules about what to do about young people or old people, or when you should have children, or when a wife should work. I do think each big decision must be measured against the happiness of a home and a total fam-

ily. I do suggest that a couple should have six months to themselves before they begin their family.

A happy marriage does not depend on having children nor on financial success. It depends on the ability of the partners to make a home which will be for all members of the family a place to be re-created. For a real home is a resting place on the journey of life. It doesn't make the journey easier but it gives the strength to make the journey.

Should deaf have children?

What makes a happy family? You might say it takes two people in perfect health, to begin with. Yet I have a patient who has had a serious heart condition for years, and has had two babies and made a beautiful family life. She must take good care of herself, of course. But she has put so much of the love of God into her home that her family is one of the happiest in town. The family can revolve around sickness and take it.

Another of my patients is a deaf-mute and so is her husband. They have been trained to speak a little, but I can't understand them very well. Their six-year-old daughter acts as a kind of interpreter, so I have come to know her and feel what a happy little girl she is. Should they have had a child? Well, why not? They make a wonderful job of it. Should the heart patient who might live only six months or two years more have had her babies? Of course. Health is important and I don't minimize it, but it isn't the only thing, nor the most important ingredient in happy family living.

Love is what holds the family together. Anything that chokes off love or destroys it makes the family fall apart.

A happy bedroom takes on the attributes of a sanctuary to a married couple. Within these four walls, husband and wife reach the height and the depth of the expression of their life together. If they both feel that this is a resting place to keep returning to, their children will also feel it.

Every bedroom can be happy if a woman will learn where her happiness lies and that it comes about differently from the way her husband's does. This takes knowledge, search, patience, humor, and love. It is rare for a couple to achieve their dreams when they first marry.

What things detract from the happy bedroom? The first and most impor-



FORECAST FOR JUNE BRIDES: Showers followed by happy homebaking!

Isn't it just like the wisdom of womanhood to give a girl things for her kitchen? To the homebaking bride-to-be, no gifts could seem more wonderful.

All shiny and new, they hold the promise of a bright, happy future. The bride who homebakes brings a very precious skill to her marriage. With it, she can make the simplest meal memorable. She can express her love, create an atmosphere of warmth and affection that will strengthen family ties. And she will know the joy of creating, the satisfaction of accomplishment.

She will know, too, that every ingredient she uses is fresh and wholesome, of her own choosing, and to her own taste. And when she bakes with Five Roses Flour, she will have the satisfaction of knowing that the results she obtains are the finest she can possibly serve her family.

FIVE ROSES FLOUR

CANADA'S MOST RESPECTED NAME IN BAKING



BRIDES' BEST FRIEND! The famous Five Roses Guide To Good Cooking is full of practical cooking and baking information. Include a copy with your shower gifts . . . just 50¢. Send your name, address and 50¢ to Lake Of The Woods, Home Service Dept., Winnipeg, Toronto or Montreal.

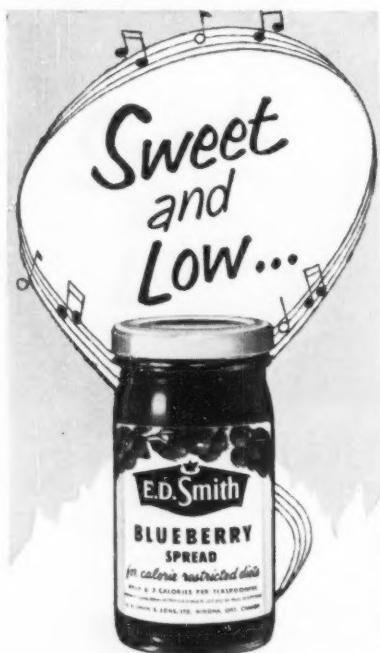
Improves all meals



*adds flavour to
meat, fish, eggs,
macaroni
soup and barbecues.*

HP
**CANADA'S
FAVOURITE SAUCE**

100



E.D. Smith
THE SYMBOL OF QUALITY FROM COAST TO COAST
LOW CALORIE SPREADS
Made Without Sugar
9 Varieties—Black Currant, Blueberry,
Damson, Grape, Orange, Pineapple,
Raspberry, Strawberry, Three Fruit
Ask your grocer to-day

100

tant is fatigue. No doubt about it, a happy sex life takes energy! When a woman is tired out, her emotional life is at a dead level. A sense of defeat and disillusionment follows when she begins to doubt her ability to love and make love.

Girls who are about to get married should understand this. Too often they are tired out from the beginning of their marriages, exhausted from the bridal showers, the shopping, the parties, and the many decisions which accompany this very important step in a girl's life. A tired bride is not a happy and energetic partner in love.

I believe in short honeymoons. For all its joy, it is wearing on the nervous system to learn about love-making and all the other things that go with this new way of life with someone. The learning should be interspersed with things that are familiar, where one feels at home.

"The doctor says I can't"

Later, if a girl is working and beginning to have a family, the demands on her energy multiply, and her fatigue deepens. Loving may become increasingly hard. Many a wife has a take-it-or-leave-it feeling about love-making. My own estimate is that at least half of the married women are not frightfully interested. Sometimes they really are unusually tired because of some worry or because of caring for growing children. Many younger women who are afraid of becoming pregnant because they don't want to give up their jobs or for some other reason will use fatigue as an excuse. Others, after ten or twelve years of marriage when the glamour has worn off, will develop symptoms to serve them in this way. I have had women bring me lengthy lists of symptoms, hoping they could tell their husbands, "the doctor says I can't."

On the other hand, many women have come to me to find out how they can get their husbands interested in a sex life again. This happens more often than you would think. Women are ashamed to admit it.

One patient complained, "Honestly, all he thinks of is his job and getting ahead. I want another baby so badly, but he seems indifferent."

Having a baby had been a wearing experience for this couple. After several years of trying, they had come to me for help. When she finally did get pregnant, she had an uneasy time of it and a difficult delivery. The husband adored their little boy, but it was easy

to understand that he might not want to go through such a trying time again very soon.

"Give him time," I counseled. "He had to go right on earning your living while you were having such a hard time getting the first baby. Work at keeping yourself in good shape and let him get his feet on the ground."

Eventually she did get pregnant again, and this time the whole thing went more easily.

It is sad to me that women note that

THE MOON-WATCHERS

The Japanese, at heart a simple people,

May cut one window just to watch the moon—

A silver lantern high in a fir-tree steeple,

An apple golden as the sun at noon,

A white jade cradle, a carved ivory face

Rainbow-wreathed, a pearly nautilus

Sailing the clouds, or just a misted place

That seems to glow a shade more luminous . . .

Let us now for a moment — do you mind? —

Turn off the lights, the television set,

Draw back the draperies and raise the blind

To watch an antique planet climbing yet —

A chalice, a lotus bloom serene and bright,

Not just a missile target for tonight.

BY ETHEL JACOBSON

Fatigue overtakes not only the married woman who is unable to find success and happiness in her love life with her husband, but also the unmarried woman who has no husband with whom to make love. I am in a position to know that each envies the other. When night falls after a long day of seeing patients, I sometimes have a fanciful vision: all the married women are busily thinking up ways to avoid making love, and all the unmarried women are just dying to get at it!

It is a fact that in the menopause women usually lose interest in sex relations. Most married women would like to announce it to their husbands that they are giving up their love life for a while.

But this is very unwise. Life goes on. And this indifference is temporary. Once a woman has passed the menopause, her interest in her sex life comes back, usually in all its glory and sometimes even more so.

A far more worrisome difficulty, as Professor Kinsey pointed out, is that when the husband comes to his period of decline, which is very like the menopause, his interest in sex life may continue to diminish, rather than reviving as the woman's interest does.

Whatever their fatigue and lack of interest, I urge women not to give up their sex lives during menopause. In the first place, this is a transient period. In the second place, a woman must hold together this important part of her marriage. No matter that it is not exciting to her. A continuing sex life is necessary to her as well as to her husband, for the simple reason that it preserves and nourishes the marriage at a time when she needs the security of that marriage.

In most marriages at some time, a wife or husband will withhold their love life from each other because they are distracted, hurt, or excited. This is a powerful weapon because it is the one that hurts the worst. It is a temptation to use it when a person feels personally wounded. But it is one of the things a marriage partner should never do. It is a sin against the spirit.

Another thing that often creeps in to destroy the love life of a couple is just plain boredom. A woman or man, particularly a woman, can be really hurt by the partner's being a dull, bored lover. A happy married life does not grow from doing the same thing in the same way at the same time. Feeling and fun must be kept alive. Both partners must keep pouring out their life and love to keep their marriage growing.

Every person who enters marriage comes to the point when at last she sees her mate for exactly what he is. (In the first months or years of being truly in love, no one can hear or see the truth of the beloved. And thank God for that!) Tough as it is, this situation has been faced by thousands of women before.

"But I don't respect him any more," one patient told me. "How can I respond to his love-making when I feel the way I do?"

Know your real husband

"Wait a minute," I said. "That's the silliest statement of all. Your respect for him when you married him was not based on any record of his achievements. You knew that he was a risk. You can't sit in judgment on him now. You have to accept him for what he is. You can't start remolding him now. Just a little while ago he would light up your eyes and your heart and your whole life — and he can still do that if you'll only shut your eyes to things he can't do: grow up and be masterful, take on the responsibility of a wife."

When she had been so ecstatically in love, she couldn't see the truth about her husband. Now that life was real, she couldn't feel the ecstasy. But, I told her, "You can know the finest love of all — compassion. You may ask me how you can respond to his love-making. But I say you can go further than that. You can soothe and comfort his distress, for he knows his limitations and he loves you."

I insisted on rest — I knew I must. As her friend, I felt she was worn out with thinking and judging, that she should be still for a while and let love catch her up again. She would find that a love full of compassion and giving would be a more wonderful, truer love because it would be built on real knowledge of her husband.

She had been expecting her husband to love her because she had been a good wife. It doesn't work that way. A woman loves her husband and children without stint or protection and, in so doing, inevitably makes her home a true resting place. Though there are hard days, she will have made it possible for her family to walk a little straighter, to know a small victory. They will not be afraid of life, for they will have the certain knowledge that they belong together.

Human beings can fail, but love can and will find the way. END



Family summer favourite... HEINZ SPAGHETTI *on the table in just 4 minutes!*

Lunchtime, suppertime, snacktime—anytime you serve up Heinz Spaghetti it's a sure-fire Summer meal success. Especially with the youngsters. Heinz Spaghetti has a special zesty flavour that does wonders to perk up appetites. Because only Heinz tomato-rich spaghetti sauce is sparked with 3 different kinds of cheese . . . and Heinz own thin-strand spaghetti is nourishing without being too filling.

And isn't it wonderful to know that you can serve the family a meal they like so much . . . a meal that's so good for them, without chaining yourself to the stove? You can have Heinz Spaghetti on the table in just 4 minutes!



Serve it often —
now being featured at stores
across Canada



RECIPE OF THE MONTH *Ham and Egg Pie*

2 tbs margarine
1 onion, chopped
1 green pepper, diced
2 cups cubed leftover ham
1 tin cream of mushroom soup
1 tin cream of vegetable soup

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup milk
2 tsp prepared mustard
2 tbs mayonnaise
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp black pepper
6 hard-cooked eggs, sliced
Pastry for pie top

Sauté onions, green pepper and ham in margarine until onions are transparent. Stir in soups, milk, mustard, mayonnaise and pepper and pour into casserole. Gently fold in eggs then dampen edges of casserole and press on pastry circle, trimming edges. Bake at 450°F for 10 minutes, then at 375°F for 10 minutes or until pastry is golden brown.

Meals of the Month

A MENU FOR EVERY DAY IN JUNE

Minute tips for flavor and fun . . .

Please the children with an apricot milk shake, combining $\frac{1}{2}$ cup canned apricot nectar with 1 cup milk, vanilla ice cream and almond flavoring to taste.

Candy yams or sweet potatoes easily by using caramel or butterscotch sauce for the glaze and sprinkle with nutmeg.

Combine fresh pitted cherries with diced rhubarb for a pie filling and add chopped candied ginger.

For a flavorful toast spread, combine equal parts of soft butter and instant chocolate-drink mix and add cinnamon to taste.

Did you know? You don't have to peel mushrooms — unless they are very dirty or the skins are very thick. Just wash them, pat dry, and they are ready to cook.

Dinners of the month . . .

FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY
3 Fresh Mackerel Lemon Butter Beets Potatoes Coleslaw Strawberry Pie	4 Sweet Pickled Tongue Hot Mustard Sauce Crispy Noodles Fresh Green Peas Spice Cake Sherbet	5 Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding Roast Potatoes Leeks au Gratin Fresh Fruit Cup	6 Cold Sliced Beef Potato Salad Tomato Aspic Relishes Hot Corn Meal Muffins Deep Rhubarb Pie	7 Fried Chicken Legs Red Currant Jelly Mushroom Fried Rice Green Beans Chocolate Sponge Roll	1 Barbecued Sausages Baked Potato Spinach Cherry Cobbler Whipped Cream	2 Liver and Bacon Fried Onion Rings Parsley Potatoes Green Salad Pineapple Bavarian
10 Baked Veal Kidneys Tomato Sauce Potato Puffs Mixed Vegetables Frosted Angel Cake	11 Sea Food Newburg Buttered Noodles Asparagus Peach Melba Chocolate Wafers	12 Baked Cottage Roll Spicy Raisin Sauce Rissole Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Strawberry Shortcake	13 Braised Beef and Mushrooms Fluffy Rice Broiled Tomato Crème Brûlée	14 Ham Croquettes Parsley Sauce Baked Potato Caesar Salad Fresh Fruit Cheese	8 Lamb Chop Grill Cranberry Mint Sauce Whipped Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cantaloupe à la Mode	9 Spaghetti with Meat Sauce Chef's Salad French Stick Lime Chiffon Pie
17 Stuffed Whitefish Egg Sauce Pan Fried Potatoes Green Beans Orange Chiffon Cake	18 Sweet 'n' sour Spareribs Parsley Potatoes Chef's Salad Fresh Fruit Sundae	19 Sirloin Steak Buttered Broccoli French Fried Potatoes Father's Day Cake Fresh Strawberries	20 Savory Pork Loaf Scalloped Tomatoes Whipped Potatoes Prune Whip Custard Sauce	21 Chicken Curry Fluffy Rice Spinach Crusty Rolls Butter Tarts	15 T-bone Steaks Stuffed Onions Creole Corn Spanish Cream Orange Sauce	16 Vichyssoise Cold Sliced Ham Macaroni Salad Tomatoes and Lettuce Date Cream Pie
24 Clam Chowder Assorted Cold Cuts Lima Bean Salad Chef's Salad Rolls Raspberry Pie	25 Fisherman's Catch Lemon Wedge Baked Potato Broiled Tomato Iced Cantaloupe	26 Baked Pork Chops Apple Stuffing Scalloped Potatoes Green Peas Chocolate Fudge Cake	27 Corned Beef Hash Spanish Sauce Baked Carrots Tossed Green Salad Blueberry Tarts	28 Cube Steaks Fried Mushrooms Parsley Potatoes Sliced Tomatoes Lemon Sponge Pudding	22 Broiled Beef Patty Mushroom Gravy Pan Browned Potatoes Cauliflower Bananas and Cream	23 Sautéed Sweetbreads and Bacon Potato Croquettes Asparagus Baked Rhubarb Crunch
					29 Hearty Vegetable Soup Chicken Salad Plate Relishes Hot Rolls Apricot Mousse	30 Fresh Pickerel Tartare Sauce Hash Browned Potatoes Buttered Chard Peach Pie

Breakfasts and lunches for every day . . .

SUNDAY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
Breakfast Broiled Grapefruit Ham and Eggs Toasted Fruit Bread Honey Tea Cocoa	Blended Juice Corn Flakes with Ice Cream Cheese Date Muffins Coffee Milk	Spiced Prunes Whole-wheat Cereal Broiled Bacon Chelsea Bun Tea Milk	Fresh Orange Juice Jelly Omelet Bran Muffins Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Fruit Cup Shredded Wheat Poached Egg Toast Tea Jam Milk	Apricot Juice Toasted Western Sandwich Chili Sauce Coffee Cocoa	Stewed Rhubarb Buttermilk Pancakes Sausages Toasted Scones Tea Milk
Lunch Bean and Bacon Soup Croutons Fruit Salad Plate Caramel Pudding Icebox Cookies	Tomato Juice Creamed Ham on Toast Points Lettuce Wedge Butter Tarts	Chicken Noodle Soup Open-face Tomato and Egg Salad Sandwich Coleslaw Fresh Fruit	Welsh Rarebit on Toasted Muffins Lettuce and Tomato Salad Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream	Asparagus Soup Corned Beef on Rye Sandwich Crisp Relishes Sliced Banana	Sardine and Lettuce Salad Vegetable Jelly Hot Biscuits Lemon Pudding	Blended Fruit Juice Spanish Rice Thick Bacon Slices Chef's Salad Date Squares

Recipes and snacks for the creative cook . . .

TUNA TETRAZZINI: Combine 1 can chicken gravy, 1 can mushrooms, drained, 1 can tuna, drained and flaked, 2 cups cooked spaghetti, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup diced pimento and 1 cup chopped cashews or peanuts in a casserole. Top with cheese crumbs and bake at 400°F until browned.

WHIPPED STRAWBERRY SAUCE: Beat $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft butter, $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups of sifted icing sugar and 1 egg white together until fluffy. Fold in 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups crushed strawberries and dashes of kirsch (or vanilla) to taste. Pour over uniced plain, angel or sponge cake.

END

Latest news! Salads made with Cheese!

June is Dairy Month... and that has given our Kraft cooks a timely idea: include cheese in your salads! Cheese adds fabulous flavor, and important protein, for nutrition. These two new salads are sure to please, when you make them with Miracle Whip, the dressing with the special lively lightness that no other dressing can match!



KRAFT MAYONNAISE, TOO, HAS A PLACE IN YOUR HOME.

Ever tasted it in chicken salad? Marvelous! Finest ingredients—lots of eggs and extra egg yolks—for fresher flavor and satin-smooth texture.



PINEAPPLE SANDWICH-SALAD

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------|
| 1 8-oz. pkg. Philadelphia Cream Cheese | 10 pineapple slices |
| 1 tablespoon maraschino cherry juice | Leaf lettuce |
| 2 tablespoons chopped maraschino cherries | Maraschino cherry wedges |
| | Miracle Whip Salad Dressing |

Add the cherry juice to the cream cheese, blending until smooth. Add the chopped cherries; mix well. Place 5 pineapple slices, each on a bed of lettuce, on a serving plate. Spread each of these slices with the cream cheese mixture; cover with another pineapple slice; place a spoonful of

creamy-smooth Miracle Whip in the center. Garnish each portion with cherry wedges.

CELERY AND CHEESE SALAD

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped celery | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Miracle Whip |
| 2 cups cooked peas | 1 cup cubed Cracker Barrel |
| Onion rings | natural cheddar cheese |
| | Salt Pepper Lettuce |

Toss together the celery, peas, and onion rings and add the Miracle Whip, to bring out the best in all these flavors. Fold in the cubes of cheese, and season to taste. Serve on crisp lettuce.

SERVE A SALAD EVERY DAY

New member
in the
family!



Look For The
Orange Spool

For many decades Coats Super Sheen has been a household word for the very best in thread.

Now, because of the demand for a superior thread for heavy fabrics requiring stronger stitching, there is new Coats Super Sheen Heavy Duty Thread. Mercerized and colour-fast, this quality thread is available at better stores near you.

For discerning homemakers — it's Coats / J. & P. COATS (Canada) LIMITED
6002

COATS

Super SHEEN

heavy
duty
mercerized
thread

chatelaine crafts

cool cottons

you can
knit or crochet
for summer

By Wanda Nelles
Chatelaine Crafts Editor



Such a quick-knitting glove pattern you'll want to make "a pair to wear, a pair to wash and a pair to air" as the saying goes. No. A-136, 25 cents.



Holiday sweater with a nautical air—in red or blue with white. Note the smooth-fitting middy-style collar which is really a yoke. A-137, 25 cents.



Crocheted blouse with inset linen yoke band and collar. Trim and cool to wear with matching linen skirt or suit. A-138, 25 cents.

Chatelaine's new Crafts Catalogue is ready now, giving you patterns of items to make for the home, for yourself and family. And you will find it invaluable for bazaar items. Just send your name and address—there is no charge for it.

Order from Wanda Nelles, Chatelaine Crafts Editor,
Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

Enclosed is \$..... for item No.

Name

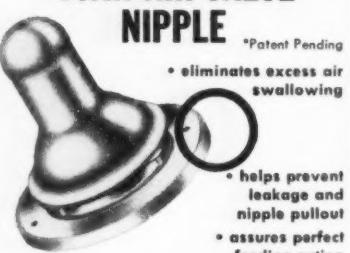
Address

City Province



NEW from evenflo PERFECTED SURE SEAL® TWIN AIR VALVE NIPPLE

*Patent Pending



Unique new Sure Seal feature makes this the greatest nipple advance in years! Raised-rim design locks nipple into place . . . helps prevent leakage . . . and assures perfect action of famous Twin Air Valves.

As a result, formula feeds continuously without spurts or stops . . . nipple collapse and excess air swallowing are eliminated . . . baby nurses with ease.

Available at baby counters everywhere

**Harold F. Ritchie
& Co., Ltd.**

Distributor
Montreal, Vancouver,
Toronto, Winnipeg.

Send for free Formula
Preparation Booklet

evenflo® RAVENNA, OHIO

More mothers use Evenflo than all other brands combined . . . according to independent surveys.



"Party"
indigestion
needn't keep
you awake

Stomach upsets often follow too much eating, drinking or smoking. To get fast relief, just eat one or two pleasant-tasting Tums tablets. Tums begin instantly to relieve heartburn and acid indigestion. You never need water—take Tums anywhere!

T
U
M
S

TUMS
FOR THE TUMMY
Get the 3-roll economy pack

THE INN OF NO
YESTERDAYS

CHATELAINE
BONUS
NOVEL

Continued from page 26

roadhouse, standing where it had always stood, the traffic flying past it on its way to the coast except when it stopped outside.

Not that he had ever been aware of the countryside round Chisling. He had been too busy for one thing, his energies and attention devoted exclusively to the running of The Cherry Pie.

The very lie of the land here was different to what it was in the south. Here it was as though the counterpane of the ground had been shaken in the wind which still ruffled underneath it when it was spread out again. A few lambs lay, scattered like daisies, in fields near farms. Even they were different from their English cousins, because they had black faces. Instead of fences or verdant hedges, stone walls divided field from field.

JACK LETHAM. He sat bolt upright in his corner seat. Why had he never thought of him? Of course that was who it would be. He had combed through every one of their friends — or rather, acquaintances. They really had no friends; he supposed living at a roadhouse was responsible for that, with its constant flux of people, coming to go. But he had not remembered Jack Letham until this moment, when he walked into his mind out of nowhere and took possession of it.

He was the man for whom his wife had thrown him over — Jack Letham. His mind blacked out for a moment or two while he adjusted himself to the realization. When it began to function again, he dug in upon his memories of the other man, tearing at them as though to uproot them: Jack Letham vaulting the fence at the foot of the tea garden (he had not noticed then that this display was for Vivien's benefit), Jack Letham in the cocktail bar before dinner, talking too much and too quickly even before he had a drink or two. He remembered Vivien saying to him that Jack Letham was clever.

Deliberately he slowed down his thoughts that he could recollect her voice, how she had looked when she made that remark. They had been alone when she had made the remark about Jack Letham. He remembered that now with diabolic clarity. Only he was pretty sure he had spoken about him first, but that proved nothing. The last thing a woman, interested in another man, would do was to bring up his name to her husband.

It had been the second-last time Jack Letham had been at The Cherry Pie, he remembered; he had been locking his cheque away and had remarked, "Jack said he nearly made it out to The Cherry Bye!" Amused, she had returned, "He's clever of course." Why the of course? What had she meant by that of course? Of course, why had he not known at once that it was for Jack Letham she had left him?

He remembered noticing, when she made the remark about Jack Letham, the silhouette of her figure against the background of the garden they had never had time to enjoy. He thought of the garden for the first time now it was no longer theirs — he had hardly noticed it when they had lived with it at their windows for years.

He had not known then that she had planned to go away with Jack Letham. Neither twinge of suspicion nor flicker of intuition had warned him. When he had returned from London, after seeing the solicitors about The Cherry Pie's finances, it was to find her letter prop-

ped against the mirror on her bean-shaped dressing table.

Slightly dazed, he stared through the window, remembering where he was, in a train that was carrying him to a place called Drochet, a place of whose existence he had not known until last week. He found his hand in his pocket was holding her letter. Sentences from it clung to his mind, unsatisfactory, to be disposed of as ghosts after the body has been coffined. "You have driven me away from you because of your fiendish temper. You have made it impossible for me to live with you any longer."

He felt veins in his neck he had not known he possessed begin to swell. She knew why his temper had been fiendish, he was not by nature a bad-tempered man. It was hellish to make out she was leaving him for the very thing for which she, and she alone, was responsible. It was the kind of thing Vivien would do.

He made himself remember their bedroom although every instinct he had urged him to obliterate it from his mind, pretend it had never been.

The Cherry Pie had a few bedrooms for guests, otherwise it could not have had a seven-day license. Theirs, his and

Vivien's, had never lost the impersonality of an hotel, perhaps because its fittings and furnishings were exactly the same as every other bedroom in the house. Yet he would have thought that Vivien's untidiness alone would have stamped theirs with an individuality of its own, but it had done no such thing. Theirs looked like all the others except that it was in a perpetual mess. Vivien was forever complaining of the lack of room but her clothes hung outside the two fitted-in wardrobes more often than in them, and she never put her shoes away in the cupboard he had had spe-



SPAM ITALIAN LOAF. Hot 'n' hearty! Cut into slices but not way through, loaf of french bread. Butter every 2 slices. Sprinkle SPAM slices with garlic salt, oregano; top with slices of Mozzarella cheese. Thrust into loaf to form sandwiches. Spoon tomato sauce over SPAM and cheese. Heat loaf in 400° oven 15 to 20 minutes.



SPAM-BOATS. Fun to launch at a party! Slit unsliced wiener buns lengthwise, across top. Butter . . . then tuck in all kinds of good things: cheese, egg slices, lettuce frills, tomato quarters . . . and of course, rosy triangles of tender SPAM, the meat that gives you sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham in a matchless blend.

Which SPAMwich is top winner?

These are the three winning SPAMwiches, as indicated in a recent survey. But which one ranked first? (Answer below)



SMÖRGÅSBORD SPAMWICH. Inspired by the fabulous open-face sandwiches of Copenhagen. Makes a "has-everything" luncheon sandwich or party snack. Spread buttered rye bread with softened cream cheese. Top one slice with anchovy fillets, stuffed olive rings. Top second slice with flavorful slices of SPAM, then a generous dollop of mustard-spiked mayonnaise. Serve with varied and pretty garnishes . . . all the plate can possibly hold!

THE WINNER: flavorful "Spam Italian Loaf" was first, followed closely by perky "Spam-boats" and then by Danish-inspired "Smörgåsbord Spamwich". Three good ways to enjoy a Spamwich. Try them all!

What's SPAM made of? Nothing but sweet juicy pork and mild tender ham . . . carefully selected, superbly seasoned.



THE ONE AND ONLY
SPAM
... MEAT OF 1,000 USES!

BURNS 

GOOD FOODS FROM THE GOLDEN WEST



wicker bag

A smart wicker handbag with genuine leather trim. Roomy interior is topped with rope handles. Choice of two colors: white and natural. Suggested retail price: \$5.00. Others available from \$2.95.

accessories
from the
fashion centres
of the world

DU-VALL
DISTRIBUTORS
500 King St. W., Toronto

Handbags



Umbrellas

PICK UP A NEW Welgroom to-day!

Our bet is that you... or
someone in your family,
needs a new Welgroom
Comb right now!

Welgroom is Canada's
greatest Comb value...
gives you Smoothest
Combing ever.

Pick up Welgroom
unbreakable Nylon
or Welgroom Styrene
Combs for all the
family.

At Five and Ten,
Drug, Tobacco, and
Department Stores
everywhere.

welgroom Combs

M. WINTRON & SONS CANADA LIMITED, TORONTO

cially designed for them. He remembered once saying to her, "Only a centipede could wear so many shoes."

His eyes winced and narrowed with tiredness.

To think he had survived a major war for this—to be sitting in a train on his way to a job as manager of some twopenny-halfpenny hotel in the backwoods of Scotland. How she would laugh when she heard that—no, smile. He could not remember Vivien laughing, now he came to think of it, but he could remember that amused, contained smile that flicked up one side only of her mouth.

She knew he couldn't live without her. She might go off with another man but that did not automatically make the other man her husband. He, Dick Sadler, still was, whether she liked it or not. That was the only hold over her he had.

She would want a divorce of course; women of Vivien's type could throw over their husbands without a thought, but they always "liked" to marry the man for whom they did it. Their class, his and Vivien's, who only entered a church when they wanted it as an appropriate setting for their wedding, or to attend one of their friends'. Vivien always said she expected her mink cape to break into the wedding march by itself when she removed it from the wardrobe. They had been invited to a great many, he supposed on the strength of The Cherry Pie, which made a feature of catering for them.

Yes, that was the only card he had left to play, and nothing would induce him not to play it. She would never get him to divorce her.

THE RASP OF the carriage door opening saved mercifully through his thoughts when he saw it was a ticket collector, cutting him off from his past, leaving him denuded of everything but the present moment—a man sitting in a train.

"Change of scenery," he remarked, nodding his head toward the window.

The inspector contemplated the passing scene before replying.

"She's a wee thing late, but not so late that she'll not be able to make it up before she comes to Norgour."

By she he was obviously referring to the train, as a sailor did to his ship. Dick watched him push shut the door behind him. Scots of course; not only his voice but the phrasing of his sentence told him that.

Some men from a Scots regiment had shared the landing craft in which he had sailed to France for D day. One of them had given him the piece of heather he still had. He could remember his hands, blackened like his face, when he had broken it off from his own sprig that he could have a bit.

Their shared destiny had bound every man in the landing craft to his fellows as though they were blood brothers. "Thanks, Scotty," he had said as he took the twig of heather.

Those were the days. And he had imagined his chief impulse had been to get through them that he could return and marry Vivien. Now he knew he had been living then as he had not lived before or since, at the top of his bent, because the present had had a really problematic future could hold.

The train had stopped at a station and the solitary porter was calling out it was something-or-other junction. They were obviously approaching a town of some dimensions, the usual crop of council houses and prefabs with television aerials like signals branching from their roofs. He was surprised they had television so far north. The Cherry Pie had run a champagne luncheon and dinner on Coronation Day, with television thrown in. He must be a good

head taller than Jack Letham, he thought.

He knew what was happening: the train was stopping, and not stopping to be whistled on again. It had come to the end. This was Norgour, where he got his connection.

He stood up before he felt the carriage shudder as they drew to a dead stop.

"You winna get your connection for forty meenits," the porter said to him, "so you'll just have time to get a cuppie tea at the hotel."

"No, thanks," replied Dick. Food meant little to him, perhaps because living at close quarters in the supercharged culinary atmosphere of The Cherry Pie, where food meant everything, had destroyed his sense of taste and satiated that of smell. Vivien had no appetite either: drink stood her in the stead of food. The Cherry Pie had been the last place for her, he supposed, because there was always someone around with whom to have a drink. They were to have run the roadhouse together, between them, and as things worked out, he had found himself with everything to do. He remembered shouting at her, during one of their rows, that the only thing she had ever done

HOT SPELL

Tiger-striped with sun and shade,

The day begins. All unafeard,
We sally forth, unarmed, to meet

The playful rush of summer heat

That, subtly growing hour by hour,

By noon will have attained such power

The town will cower, stark and white,

Beneath a jungle leap of light.

BY R. H. GRENVILLE

for The Cherry Pie was think out its name. Some name. "I nearly made it out to Cheery Bye." The mild joke rang hideously in his ears now he knew Jack Letham was the man who had betrayed him.

The northern air was so strong it had penetrated the grey vaulty station. He found an out-of-the-way seat and slumped down into it, suddenly feeling physically tired, all out. The air smelled overpoweringly of the sea. He was overwhelmed by it.

Drochet wasn't at the sea, it was still farther on, it was even more cut off. This at least was a town of some importance, but Drochet sounded at the end of everywhere. Just where he should go, feeling as he did, at the end of everything.

HE MUST HAVE dozed for a little; he heard the shunting of trains as distant as though he were listening to them over from his childhood.

His gaze was drawn to the round face of the station clock. He stared at it as it stared at him. The next instant he was on his feet. In three minutes' time his connection would have left.

His hand trembled slightly as he lit another cigarette, one of the penalties of oversmoking. He glared at it until it stopped. Manager of the Drochet Arms had been the only opening to present itself. The Land's End of Scotland.

It was Mr. Spencer, the partner of the firm of London solicitors to handle The Cherry Pie's finances, who had asked him, when everything was over and done with, what he was going to do. It was Mr. Spencer who said a friend of his, a Mr. Gunn of the Drochet Arms, required a manager for his hotel. Its disadvantage of being so far north was an advantage to Dick; he agreed to meet Mr. Gunn.

He hoped he had been grateful enough for the introduction. After all, it was a comedown for him, after running his own business, to run another man's, for an employer to turn employee. But why should Mr. Spencer bother about him at all? He, Dick Sadler, was nothing to him but a client who had failed to make a success of his business, yet he had taken the trouble to ask him what he was going to do, and to suggest the introduction.

His prospective employer had a red face and a white mustache. The mustache must be what gave him that old-fashioned look, for it was bushy, not clipped in the modern fashion. In the redness of his face, his eyes appeared very blue. His heightened color had the freshness of a man accustomed to outdoors. He looked amiable, an amiability that, allied to some deliberation in his manner, might give the impression of stupidity to an impatient person. Because he wore his good navy suit as though it were mufti, he looked retired, although probably he was more accustomed to wearing tweeds than uniform.

Sitting in the railway carriage, Dick tried to think back to the interview. Now he was nearing his destination, the more he knew about the Drochet Arms the better. But he had been oppressed by a ghastly mood during those few days he had spent in London when he did not seem to be registering properly.

It now struck him that Mr. Gunn was as little used to interviewing a man for the post of manager as he was to being interviewed for the job. He had remarked that he, the proprietor, had always done his own managing up to now. That, at least, was something to go on, for it meant he, Dick, would have to make the post for himself, which would be rather a different proposition from taking over one ready-made. The old codger, although virtually retiring since he wanted a manager, was going to remain on at the hotel. That was one question Dick had had the sense to ask him. To manage a hotel where the proprietor still lived meant he would be liable to back-seat driving, remote control. But what did it matter? He couldn't care less.

"I am thinking you will be thirty-four or thirty-five."

He had been startled by the question because it was personal; he found the other was considering him and quickly effaced from his mind his faint feeling of patronage lest he should communicate it.

"I'm as near thirty-five as I am thirty-four," he said glibly. "Dead at the milestone between them."

He would have to be careful. Those blue considering eyes had given him a jolt; they were the eyes of a man who was summing him up.

Vivien's eyes were blue as gentians. He had never seen anything like them for color and depth, they were what gave her beauty, her eyes fringed with their long smoky-looking lashes.

He forced his thoughts back to the man sitting opposite him in the lawyer's office. Mr. Gunn's eyes were not like gentians, but the more ordinary blue of forget-me-nots, faded in his case, a little glassy.

"I'm thinking you would be in the army during the war," he said.

"Yes," Dick replied, "I was."

Chatelaine • June 1960

He usually was more loquacious, but that afternoon he had felt unlike himself. He would forget her, surely he could forget her, he must forget her. It was these sudden incursions of memory he found so disturbing, that made it impossible for him to keep his balance. Had Vivien cleared out before the crash came or would there have been a crash if things had been all right between them? He felt it would help him if he could only settle that point.

He could date when things began to come to pieces, over two years ago, when the cooking began to fall off. The clientele had changed of course from when they had started, then they had catered for choosy people, who knew about food and drink. But when the head chef left on a flare-up of temperament, everything had become more ordinary, including the atmosphere in the kitchen.

It was just about then that Vivien had begun to play him up to the top of her bent. When he thought of what he had had to stand from her—and he still loved her, would go back tomorrow to the hell they were living together, as long as he could be with her . . .

"Drochet! Drochet! Drochet!"

The name cut in upon his thoughts but it was a second or two until he recognized this as his destination. The noise of the shaky train that had accompanied him all the way left him unprepared for the silence and stillness that now greeted him.

TWILIGHT WAS beginning to thicken and through it he saw Mr. Gunn. Dick felt inordinately glad to see him, as though he constituted the remaining link between him and life as he had known it. Mr. Gunn shook hands with his new manager and drew his attention to a hotel porter, in an unobtrusive uniform, behind him, whose name he said was Hector and who would carry Mr. Sadler's cases for him. The hotel was not far, so they would walk.

"The air's very strong, isn't it?" Dick remarked, brightly conversational, to hide that it had been a blow to learn the hotel was in the village street, next door to the station.

This was a village, no one could describe it as a town. He found himself in a little stone square. Some of the windows looking onto it were lit, but that did not serve to make the small habitations any the less secretive. A clock struck the hour, so loudly that it startled him. He traced it to a church which stood dumped in the centre of the square. In the stillness their footsteps rang out, as though their feet were spurred.

"Yes," Mr. Gunn agreed reflectively beside him, "you'll find it strong. Folk from the south always do. It's mountain and moor air, with a whip of the sea to it when the wind's in the east."

He was aware of them although he could no longer see them, he could feel their presence gathered round this place, he knew that in daylight every one of these short grey streets would be blocked by one. The mountains had come as close to him as that.

"You had a bad winter, hadn't you?" he asked gamely.

"We had a power of snow," replied Mr. Gunn. "The golf course is winning clear of it only now."

Dick felt his heart sink. At least there was a course, he tried to cheer himself; even although he didn't play golf, that somehow was a relief.

"You won't be busy," he heard himself assert.

"We're not full at present," returned the proprietor, "but we're booked out until the end of the season from next month."

Not for the life of him could Dick



June is Dairy Month when really cool living begins!

STRAWBERRY SUNDAE CAKE (Makes 8 to 10 servings)

The Cake: Combine 1 cup desiccated coconut and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar. Turn into a 6-cup ring mold which has been brushed with $\frac{1}{4}$ cup soft butter; press firmly around sides and in bottom of mold. Make up 1 package yellow cake mix; two-thirds fill prepared pan—any left-over batter may be baked in cupcake pans. Bake in moderate oven (350°F) 25 to 30 minutes. Let stand 10 minutes. Turn out on cake rack; cool.

Strawberry Sauce: Combine $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons cornstarch and $\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar in saucepan; stir in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup water, 1 cup mashed ripe strawberries. Cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Cover and cook over low heat 5 minutes longer. Stir in 2 teaspoons lemon juice and, if desired, red food coloring. Press through sieve. Cool. Fill cake centre with strawberry ice cream. Garnish with fresh berries and Strawberry Sauce.

Write for your free copies of Marie Fraser's recipe booklets including the new ice cream booklet.

ICE CREAM is the best friend you and summer ever had. Ready to eat, low cost per serving, there's fresh, natural goodness in every spoonful! Have fun with ice cream clown faces, delight in luscious milk shakes, go gay with this glorious, easy-make Strawberry Sundae Cake. In June, and all summer long, enjoy the fine foods of Nature . . . make dairy foods daily foods.

Dairy Foods Service Bureau

DAIRY FARMERS OF CANADA

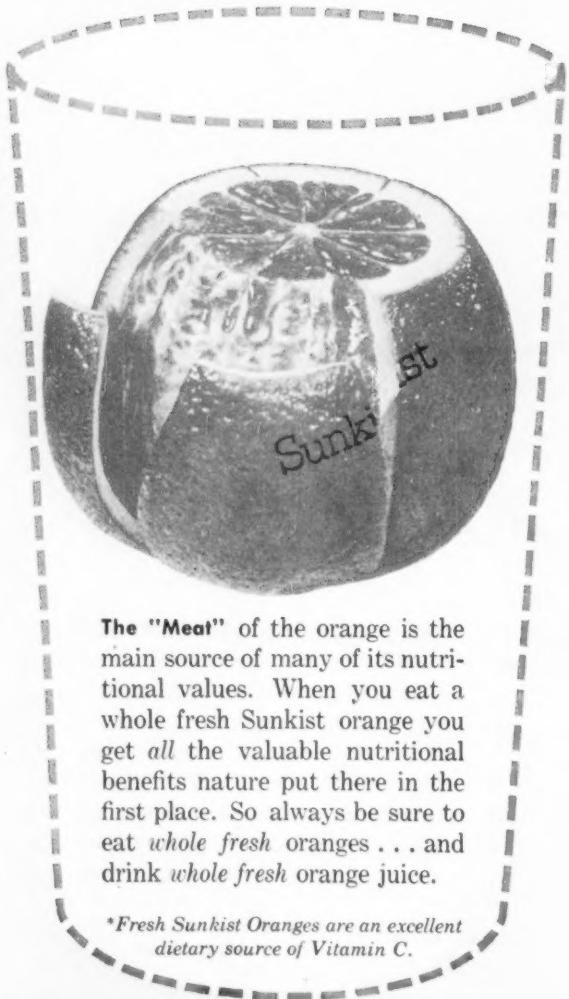
409 Huron Street, Toronto, Ont.

Eat your orange juice



It's the only way to get—

- all the "Meat"
- all the Juice
- all the Vitamin C*
- all the Pectins
- all the Bio-flavonoids



The "Meat" of the orange is the main source of many of its nutritional values. When you eat a whole fresh Sunkist orange you get all the valuable nutritional benefits nature put there in the first place. So always be sure to eat whole fresh oranges . . . and drink whole fresh orange juice.

*Fresh Sunkist Oranges are an excellent dietary source of Vitamin C.

Sunkist

Trade Mark Registered

The Sunkist Trade Mark stamped on the fruit is your guarantee of the finest from California-Arizona. Accept nothing less.

see who would book out even a small hotel in a forsaken spot such as this.

"What is the clientele?" he asked clumsily. "I mean, what do people find to do here?"

"Fishing at this time of year," said Mr. Gunn. "We have three fishers with us at present. But it has been too cold for them this season so far."

"I should think it would be," Dick agreed from his heart. "Funny kind of pleasure, isn't it? Standing waist-high in a stone-cold river as a form of enjoyment!" He had noticed one or two from the train.

"I was not referring to the fishers," Mr. Gunn said mildly. "I was referring to the fish. They have come no higher than Falla, but if this warm spell continues they should reach Drochet waters by the end of the week."

If Mr. Gunn called this a warm spell, Dick would not like to know what he would describe as cold. Through the gathering darkness, he saw dimly a road that led over a bridge. To their left was an island of grass from which grew six or seven giant trees; what it was doing in the middle of a thoroughfare he failed to see. There was a seat, and two stumps of trees that had blown or been cut down.

He saw it when they crossed the road to the island. It stood on the banks of the river, vanquishing the twilight because it was whitewashed, a large, three-story building: its steep roof peaked with dormer windows. "Drochet Arms" appeared on a board above the porch.

"Why," he exclaimed involuntarily, "it's big."

Much bigger than he had imagined it would be. His gaze took in three groups of oriel windows at the side. It was old-fashioned and had obviously been added and built onto in the past, the whitewash making it a whole.

HE WAS AWARE of it the moment he crossed the threshold, the house. Never before had he been conscious of a building as he was of this one, as though it had a presence of its own. It must be its oldness which made him conscious of it as an entity. It even smelled old, yet the smell surprised him, for it was not of must and damp and earth which made you think of graves, but a fragrance more than a smell, like the bouquet distilled not from wine but from long-past summers.

Peat! They would burn peat here, that must account for the smell—and everything else. He felt suddenly reassured, thinking of this as a solution, and remarked, as though seeking corroboration.

"You burn peat here, don't you?"

"We would in the past," Mr. Gunn replied in his reflective way. "But not now."

He realized that when the proprietor said we, he did not mean he, he meant those before him. The familiar way he spoke made them sound as though they were still living. He had the curious feeling that this man was still linked to his forebears, as he had the feeling that the fragrance which imbued his house would not grow any fainter with the years, that it would remain when there was no longer a house.

"It's very old, this building, isn't it?" he heard himself demand. He felt confused and sounded on the defensive.

"It has been standing more than a year and a day," admitted his host. "There has always been an inn here, past memory of man, before Drochet was heard of. It's on the route of the old drove road you see; and being at a ford of the Tark." He had the patience of the unhurried person which is more contentment. "Then they built the bridge." Dick remembered the bridge outside, leading into darkness.

"The drovers usually slept with their beasts, lest they tried to return home in the night, but the cottage at the end of the hotel is still called the Drover's Bed. When we rethatched the roof, we came upon evidence of a still earlier one that had been fastened with wooden pegs." Again Dick had the impression that the evidence of the still earlier roof had not been found in his day. "Take Mr. Sadler's cases to his room," he told Hector, his voice undeviating, "then come downstairs for your meal," he said to the new manager. "I am thinking you will be hungry after your journey."

Dick followed the boy up the narrow, breakneck stairs which creaked like a ship. It was the bones of this house of which he was conscious, not its trapplings, for it had none. Everything was plain, unvarnished, even bare.

Hector opened a door; he might as well have taken the cork out of a bottle, for at once Dick found himself submerged by the sound of water. Once inside the room he noticed it had a hungry-looking grate and a square, rather high window.

"That's the river you hear," he remarked to Hector.

"Yes, sir," the lad replied, "the Tark's yonder." Dick smiled to him and the boy smiled back. As manager, he would have to deal with the staff, so supposed the sooner he got to know them the better. He never had any difficulty with such contacts: they liked him because he liked them. But tonight everything was an effort; he had to concentrate upon what in the past had come as second nature to him.

"This isn't the hotel proper, is it?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Hector, "this is the house. But if the hotel overflows, you'll be turned out of here and have to go to the farm."

"Does the farm belong to the hotel?"

"Yes, sir," said Hector. He sounded proud of that fact.

Dick had not known there was a farm: come to think of it, he knew nothing about the Drochet Arms. "But the hotel won't often overflow," he stated more than enquired. The river sounded so near, he found himself wondering if it ever did.

"Times," said Hector. And, "Are you sure you can find your way down?" he asked before he left.

Dick assured him. He threw his dispatch case on the bed which was already turned down. It was a good expensive case which might grow old but not shabby—Vivien's last present to him. Everything he had reminded him of her, not because she had given it to him. Vivien was not a particularly lavish giver, but because everything he possessed reminded him of some phase of their life together.

He found he had a headache like a hangover, and he had still more of this interminable day to live through. He looked about to see where he could wash his hands and was surprised to find a washbasin with hot and cold. The plumbing effort to establish it in here must have been considerable.

HE WENT downstairs, knowing which room to enter because the door was open. Mr. Gunn was already there, and the table in the middle of the floor was correctly set for dinner for two. The room had a sunk look; it faced the front of the house and was slightly below road level. He noticed from the window sill how thick the walls were.

"This is Gracie—Gracie McCombie," said Mr. Gunn, when a young waitress entered to serve them. "She is from these parts. Her mother and her three sisters served here before her. I always say the Drochet Arms is the McCombie's marriage bureau."

Gracie was young enough to blush as delightedly at this jest as though it were the first time she had heard it.

Dick became aware of the food on his plate.

"You have a chef, haven't you?" he asked absently when they were alone. He had better find out what his duties were, at least appear to take an interest. If only his head would stop banging him about.

"We have two cooks. I do not call them chefs. Mrs. Taggart is the head one."

With an effort Dick concentrated his whole attention on what they were discussing.

"Does she make up her own menus?" he enquired.

"She does, but she has never liked doing it. I would like you to undertake that for her."

"Yes, of course. Of course, I will," he said, hoping by show of willingness to hide his complete lack of interest.

"I'll take you over the hotel tomorrow," his employer was saying.

Tomorrow. To think there had to be a tomorrow, when he did not know how he had lived through today.

"About nine-thirty," Mr. Gunn was continuing, "when the fishers are away. I will have, too, to introduce you to the various shops where we get our stores. You buy direct. All farm produce, of course, is supplied by our own farm, but you will make out the lists of what is needed. You can take your time to take over. But I want to be relieved of all that, of all the business side."

He rose while they were having coffee, to say good-by to a guest who was catching the night connection south. To London, where Dick had come from, London which reminded him of the time he and Vivien had spent there. Everything served to remind him of her, every blessed thing. The longing for her was worse than hunger or thirst; it tore at him and would not let him be. He stretched his mind, to try to rid it of its folds and thus expunge her from it.

He realized he was staring at the large photograph of a young man in uniform. He continued to stare at it, as though for lack of something better to do. An unusual rather than a handsome face, his brows very straight across his eyes which gave it an angular look, his hair fair and straight as a boy's.

He would be old Gunn's son, of course. The slow tick of a clock behind him rocked the room like a cradle. No, he corrected himself uneasily, he had been old Gunn's son. He did not know how he knew, but he could swear that the man looking at him levelly from below his straight brows was dead. He rose to his feet, as though to move out of his radius.

"Is that Mr. Gunn's son?" he asked, nodding to the photograph, when Gracie came for the coffee tray.

"Yes," she replied, pausing on her way, her voice gentle with sighs. "He was killed—at the very back end of the war."

"Did you know him?"

"Oh, dear no," said Gracie, "that happened long ago, before I came."

"That happened long ago"—the end of the war would of course be long ago to a girl of Gracie's age. The thought struck him that he, the new manager, would appear quite old to her. He flung himself back into his chair, to face the photograph again. He and that fellow up there were no longer the coming generation. The fellow had had it, and Dick had had about as much as he could stomach.

What wouldn't he give to be dead and gone like him. He heard the flicker of flames from the fireplace; in the dead silence, the subsiding of a log sounded akin to a crash. Why couldn't they change places? He could bet he would

give a lot to be down here like Dick, alive. Perhaps it was staring at him for so long but he felt he almost knew him by this time. He had loved life, wanted life, needed life, just as Dick had done at the very back end of the war.

Funny to think of it, but Drochet wouldn't be the end of everything to that man on the photograph, it would spell home, the beginning of everything.

Only he had not returned—for good. If he had, it would be most unlikely that he, Dick Sadler, would be here; old Gunn would not have needed a manager had his son been there to take over from him.

It was Mr. Gunn's suggestion that he should go to bed now, he must be tired after his journey. It struck Dick as early; he and Vivien never went upstairs until the small hours of the morning which meant she began every day by sleeping in . . . He cut his thoughts short, and bade his employer good night, glad to bring the day to an end at last.

He smiled grimly as he switched on the light in his room, remembering Mr. Gunn's firm injunction to sleep well. He felt as though he could never sleep properly again. The silence in this room had a deafening effect upon him. He was accustomed to the companionable sounds of traffic passing the roadhouse, the rip of a motorcycle, the swish of a private car, the reverberation of long-distance trucks and buses traveling by night. That blasted river out there—would it never stop? It increased, gave voice to the silence rather than broke it.

What the hell was he doing here? He would leave tomorrow and that was not soon enough. He had been mad to come to a place like this, plumb crazy. If only he had known what he had let himself in for. But he would leave tomorrow—as soon as he could.

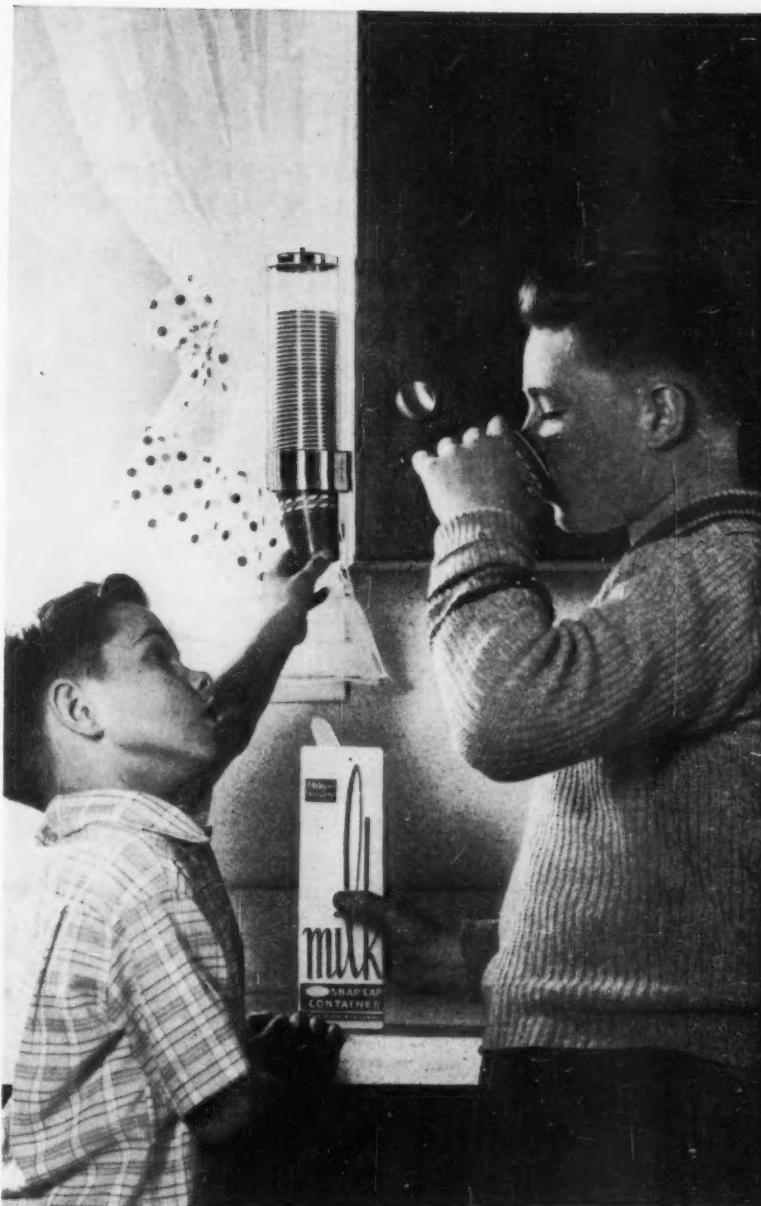
HE AWOKE to find the light streaming through the flimsy curtains at his window—it must be another day as bright with sunshine as yesterday had been. But when he pulled them back, he discovered it was quite dull outside. The northern light must be much brighter than the southern; this surprised him, for he would have thought it should be the other way about.

Every instinct he had urged him to leave this place as soon as possible, but in the uncompromising light of morning his determination to leave that very day struck him as excitable and highly strung, what he was forever telling Vivien not to be. No one could fly off the handle or a tangent quicker than Vivien.

Would Jack Letham be able to give her that feeling of security he in his irritability had tried to do? "He's clever, you know." How long would it be before she would begin to play him up as she had played up her onetime husband? When she was sure of him, when he could not live without her. But he, Dick Sadler, was still her husband, whether she liked it or not. He knotted his tie as though he were going to choke himself with it. Yes, whether she liked it or not, he was still her husband.

He could scarcely go charging south today just because the back-of-beyond was quite different from what he had expected. For one thing, what excuse could he give to old Gunn which wouldn't make him sound like a frightened schoolgirl? He would have to stay a month for he would have to give a month's notice, so he must tell old Gunn sometime today. All he could think of saying was that he didn't feel he was cut out for the Drochet Arms, that he thought a restaurant or roadhouse was more in his line.

He opened his door to go downstairs. For a moment he stood on the landing,



Kids and mother love Dixie Cups

Use Dixie Cups in the popular Dixie Home Dispenser with the gleaming gold or silver cap and base. Absolutely hygienic, and Mother, no wash-ups, no broken glasses. Adds a colourful decorative note to kitchen and bathroom. And be sure to keep a supply of Dixie refills always on hand for thirsty days ahead.

Whatever beverage or food you serve, it is more inviting, more convenient, in gay, colourful Dixie cups, plates or containers. Follow the happy habit of more and more smart housewives — use disposable, time-saving Dixie Cups!

Not all paper cups are

DIXIE CUPS

T.M.R.

...just the best ones!

DIXIE CUP CO. (CANADA) LIMITED
BRAMPTON, ONTARIO



Look for the colour-matched team of Dixie Cup Home Dispenser and Dixie Refills at your grocer's.

Why So Many Decide To BECOME CATHOLICS

Every week... all over the world... thousands of people are received into the Catholic Church as converts.

In some cases, they are prominent, even famous people, and newspapers and magazines will interview them to ask: "Why are you adopting the Catholic Faith?" Usually, however, these converts are just average people and nobody bothers to ask them "Why?"

Yet the reasons which prompt the average person to become a Catholic are tremendously impressive. They are worth the most careful study of all who seek the salvation of their immortal souls, and who search for spiritual truth in a world of confusion.

It isn't easy to become a Catholic. It involves more than a mere declaration of faith and regular attendance at a nearby church. Thorough instruction in Catholic beliefs and obligations comes first, and a firm and fervent conviction must be demonstrated. The Sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Penance and Holy Communion must follow. And these are only the beginnings of Catholic life and Catholic obligations.

Nobody would undertake to meet such rigid requirements out of mere curiosity, or as a passing fancy. It may be assumed, therefore, that the average person who is thinking of becoming a Catholic has been moved by some strong reasons to feel this way. Is it merely because he has friends and neighbors who are Catholics... because the Catholic Church spans the earth and dates back to the Apostles... because in the Catholic Church there is unity of creed and worship, authority and a distinctive form of ritual?

Any one of a hundred reasons may be responsible for the initial interest of a Catholic convert. But what is it that prompts so many of them to investigate Catholic beliefs and teachings, and then say to themselves: "This is it!"?

The answer comes from the lips of



numerous average people who were not originally Catholics but are today. They tell in a clear and understandable way what they found when they looked into the teaching, worship and history of the Catholic Church with an open mind... and into the life and teaching of Jesus Christ. They answer questions which may linger in your mind in a way which any non-Catholic can easily understand, for they too once stood on the outside and, in some cases, were even antagonistic to everything Catholic.

An interesting pamphlet which you cannot obtain elsewhere... describing the experiences of average people who were originally non-Catholics but are now devoted members of the age-old world-wide Catholic Church, will be sent you in a plain wrapper. And nobody will call on you. Write today for Pamphlet No. CH-27.

FREE
MAIL COUPON TODAY

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 Sherbourne St., Toronto 5, Ont., Canada
Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled "Why So Many Decide To Become Catholics" CH-27

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____

SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
582 SHERBOURNE ST.



TORONTO 5, ONT., CANADA

Your Guarantee of Quality Products

Any product that bears this Seal has been used again and again in Chatelaine's own housekeeping department. Every part of it has been carefully examined in the laboratory under Chatelaine supervision. Only those products that give a satisfactory performance in *all* the tests are granted the Seal of Approval. For they must be practical and easy to use as well as scientifically sound. Look for this seal next time you're shopping.



his hand on the wooden rail of the balustrade, as though to take his bearings. Again he was reminded of a ship, but of a ship that would weather any storm, that stood anchor sure. As he slowly descended the stairs, pausing on every step as though to put off beginning the day as long as possible, he smelled strong country smells of flower and tree and earth. The door by which he had entered last night was open and the wind from outside whirled into the house, tapping the men's hats and caps on the hallstand, stroking the sleeves of a coat and banging gently a picture on the wall, as though, since it had been given free entry, it did not make too tempestuous a guest.

And suddenly Dick thought of the boy in the photograph. When he was alive, he would have rattled down those stairs, a cavalcade in himself, feeling the wind through the opened door upon his face with the gladness of a shout, smelling the outside smells reinforced with those inside, of toast and porridge and bacon and egg.

It was almost as though he, the living, were passed by the dead, who was more alive than he was. Not that Dick saw anything or anyone, but he felt someone. Or rather, the house was so full of the stir and movement of wind that for a moment it had made him think of someone passing him, someone in a hurry.

MR. GUNN, in the morning light, looked so much himself that he appeared slightly bigger than life-size and a feeling of complete unreality took possession of Dick as he stood in the unfamiliar room. A feeling all the more curious because he knew he was the unreal element: this was all sane, sound, perfectly normal. It was he who was not correctly tuned in to it.

"I thought we would have breakfast together today," said Mr. Gunn, "then I can take you over."

A certain excitement was communicated from the older man to the younger: it was a big day for old Gunn starting off his new manager on his duties. The soonest Dick could say his piece about a restaurant or roadhouse was this evening. He would have to give himself at least a day in which to come to this considered opinion, and as he would have to offer his employer a month's notice, he would need to know his duties while he served it.

"I'll handle the mail?" he asked.

"Yes. Miss Shields, she is the head receptionist, will have opened it. Dispatch leaves Drochet at twelve-forty-five, so it is important letters are dealt with early on the day they arrive."

"Of course," Dick agreed dutifully. He must remember this hotel would mean well-nigh everything to the man who owned it—as The Cherry Pie had meant to him. His hotel must be about the only thing the old man had left.

"The most important part of your duties," Mr. Gunn was saying, "is the welcoming of the guests, and seeing them off. Always be there when they come and go." He spoke as though his new manager were here for life; little did he know, Dick thought moodily, that he had only come to go.

"I'll take you through to meet Miss Shields now," Mr. Gunn said after breakfast. Dick could see he was anxious to begin showing his new manager around. He led him along passages into a businesslike-enough room with modern green steel filing cabinets. "This will be your office," he told him. Dick noticed a large mirror so tilted that it could be seen if any visitor were standing, waiting for attention, on the other side of the counter in reception beyond.

"This is Miss Shields, Mr. Sadler," Mr. Gunn introduced them. "She is from Glasgow, nevertheless she man-

ages to survive separated from the comforts of the Saltmarket."

Dick noticed the first thing anyone would notice when they met Miss Shields—she was plain. Instinctively he adopted his most disarming manner, to conceal his first reaction. He always took trouble with unattractive women—what Vivien called his facile charm.

"I'm so glad to meet you, Miss Shields," he said, "because I'm from even farther away than the Saltmarket—I'm from over the border."

"We won't hold that against you," promised Miss Shields, the warmth of his greeting making her discard her reserve with the abandon of the ultra-shy.

"Be careful, Mr. Sadler," Mr. Gunn warned him. "Miss Shields is a rabid Scottish Nationalist."

"Mr. Gunn," protested his receptionist, "I'm nothing of the kind. A Scottish Nationalist, perhaps, but not rabid I hope."

"You can't be a Scottish Nationalist and not rabid," Mr. Gunn informed her good-humoredly, "as Mr. Sadler will discover to his cost sooner or later. It's like a wife saying she doesn't know what her husband feels when she keeps him waiting. But Mr. Sadler, not being a married man, won't know anything about that."

Dick stared at him. He had taken it for granted that Mr. Spencer would tell his employer he was a married man whose wife had left him, but obviously Mr. Spencer had done no such thing. Mr. Gunn should certainly be told Dick was married. He opened his mouth to say so.

"Good morning, Gunn," a guest greeted him from the other side of the counter. "What does your private weatherglass say it's going to do? Everyone has tapped the hotel one so often that now there's nothing else for it but to point to changeable."

He was elderly, with a spare face; and his voice was mellow as an old organ. Mr. Gunn left reception to speak to him, when they were joined by a third man.

"That's Lord Merchiston—he's a judge," Miss Shields whispered confidentially to Dick. "The other one is his brother-in-law."

Funny, Dick thought as he looked at the three men, old Gunn was perfectly at home in this company. He might have been Lord Merchiston. It was he, Dick Sadler, who felt wrong, almost natty.

Where was the point telling his employer he was married when he was going to be here for so short a time? None at all that he could see. Besides he could kid himself as much as he liked that he was still Vivien's husband, but he knew perfectly well any comfort he took from that was hollow.

"You'll like Mr. Gunn," the woman beside him was saying, "he's nice. He doesn't interfere. Lets you get on with your work in your own way."

He looked down at her. She was small and her dumpiness and the self-effacing black dress of the receptionist made her appear even smaller. He realized she was talking to him about Mr. Gunn to make contact about something they held in common—their employer.

"I'm sure I will," he agreed willingly. "I do already. Have you been here long?"

"At the Drochet you mean?" She was spinning out the conversation as long as she could. "I've been here for seven years. I came when I was twenty-one, in Miss Ross's day. Then last year, when she went home to nurse her mother, Mr. Gunn made me head receptionist."

She had told him how old she was because she was usually taken for older, the penalty the plain woman pays for being plain. He thought he would have

guessed her as his contemporary had he considered her age, which he hadn't. It was women who wanted age-tags stuck onto everyone. It had even begun to affect Vivien. "I'll die when I see my first grey hair," she would say as though she meant it.

He saw instead of gentian-blue eyes looking back at him a pair of grey ones made slightly protuberant by strong rimless glasses.

"You're young to be head receptionist," he said pliantly, to make up for thinking of someone else while talking to her.

"Oh well," she demurred, overanxious in her Scots way not to sound conceited. "I got into it—being under Miss Ross for so long. When she went away, I just took over. Mr. Gunn wouldn't have put anyone over me. He's not that type."

"He must have known he couldn't have found anyone better," he said gallantly.

She dropped her gaze and he looked down on the top of her head. He supposed she was right to have her hair cut

electricians tried to bore through them for their wires," remarked Mr. Gunn, "but they had to give it up." They passed, from room to room, through stalls like a stable.

This was where they cut up the salmon — "I'll have to teach you how to do that," Mr. Gunn said, his ruminative blue eye upon him, and guiltily Dick tried not to think of the notice he was giving in that night. There was a cell so cold it was a natural refrigerator. Another stored barrels and casks piped to the stillroom. The blue fierceness of electric light penetrated every corner, revealing the solid buttressing of walls, the cobbling of floor, the roughness of ceilings just above their heads, everything bare as a foundation stone.

It was a relief to Dick to leave the basement and find himself on the first floor again. How Vivien would hate this place, as much as he did. He could hear her saying, "It's corny, Dick, the whole setup's corny. Let's get out of here as soon as we can." Only it was Jack Letham to whom she would be saying, "Let's," now. He wondered how he was ever going to become used to that knowledge, to be able to bear being by himself, without her.

HE FELT MOST at home with Miss Shields, which was only natural. As head receptionist, he could meet her on equal footing, and she was more or less his contemporary.

"That wind," he exclaimed when they sat in his office going over the mail, "how it blows." The pane thudded, as though an inflated bolster had been thrown against it. "Does it do this often?"

"Do what often?"

"Blow . . . storm," he replied, a little taken aback by such literalness. "Heavens, you would think there were stones in it from the sound, wouldn't you?"

She looked at the window shaken by the unseen wind, and he looked out at the clouds like geese with outstretched necks streaking across the sky.

"Yes," she agreed, "it's high today. You get used to it and don't hear it after a while."

He knew if he lived here to be a hundred, he would still hear the wind, listen for it. He could never become so accustomed to this place that he could take it for granted. It was as though for the first time in his life he were being forced to use his ears and eyes to their fullest extent.

"What did you feel like when you came here first?" he enquired of Miss Shields. It would be interesting to hear her, anyone's reactions. "You must have been young — didn't it all strike you, coming from a town, as a bit odd, cut off?"

"It wasn't my first place," she answered, correcting the word place immediately she said it to job, because she felt place made her sound like a servant. She wished she had said position. "I liked it better than being in a big city hotel, where you're one of many."

Everything about her was round, her head, eyes, nostrils and mouth. Five Os penciled in a large circle and you could catch her likeness on a piece of paper.

"I'm so glad Mr. Gunn has put in a manager." She had been anything but glad until she saw the manager. "You see it's difficult in a way for me being here—since Miss Ross has left, I mean. And even when she was here, she was years and years older than I am. I find myself terribly much by myself, if you know what I mean."

Inarticulate as a rule, she became enmeshed in her own loquacity, and he hastened to her aid.

"I know what you mean," he said, "there's no one you can talk to, off the record, as it were."

Continued on page 104

QUICK-TRICK

Instead of dirtying my dishcloth to wipe up surplus flour after baking, I use a double facial tissue over a dampish dishcloth. The flour is cleanly picked up, the soggy tissue peeled off into the garbage, and my cloth needs no washing out.

Mrs. McGregor,
Cold Lake, Man.

so short, women knew about that kind of thing, but he could not help thinking that a slightly longer style might have been kinder, particularly as her hair appeared to be her best point. She certainly had no other. He felt sorry for her because he knew nothing much had ever happened to her in her twenty-eight years.

MR. GUNN showed him only unoccupied bedrooms. When he opened each door, the atmosphere inside seemed to give, as though waiting banked behind it for this moment.

"People come back every year," said Mr. Gunn, "so you must always be particular to give them the room they had before, as they take that for granted. They now look upon it as theirs."

"I understand," replied Dick. The room they were in was a large comfortable double. "Yes, that is important." He asked himself why he was making a mental note to remember that. This time next month he would be back south, the Drochet Arms a thing of the past.

"The fishers usually have a private sitting room," Mr. Gunn told him, showing him one. "This is Lord Merchiston's. Hector will have the fire lit for him by the time he returns."

With its red carpet and good solid furniture, it had all the charm of a print in an old book. The atmosphere that pervaded the hotel part of the building was that period, yet there was nothing nostalgic about it. It was too vigorous to have dated.

But it was when Mr. Gunn took him downstairs that Dick liked it least. The thickness of the walls in some places was like the thickness of a castle. "The



"TEA on the ROCKS"

INGREDIENTS: Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea Bags
Boiling Water
Ice Cubes
Sugar to Taste

METHOD: Make double strength tea in the usual fashion (Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea Bags in a warmed pot, pour briskly boiling water, allow to steep for five minutes), pour tea into glasses piled high with ice cubes. Garnish with lemon wedges and mint leaves.

**Blue Ribbon Red Label Tea Bags
are full weight!**

products of
BROOKE BOND CANADA LIMITED
Saint John • Montreal • Toronto • Winnipeg • Vancouver

SQUEAKY Skates?

Hush 'em Quick with 3-IN-ONE!

3-IN-ONE OIL

How To Hold FALSE TEETH More Firmly in Place

Do your false teeth annoy and embarrass by slipping, dropping or wobbling when you eat, laugh or talk? Just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. This alkaline (non-acid) powder holds false teeth more firmly and more comfortably. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Does not sour. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH today, at drug counters everywhere.

Incomparable **ALBERTA** CANADA the Sunshine Province



FOR A WONDERFUL VACATION!

See Alaska, U.S.A.
Visit Alberta on the way!

Paved highways take you deep within the heart of the Canadian Rockies to bring the finest landscapes within easy reach of your camera.

SEND COUPON TODAY

	ALBERTA TRAVEL BUREAU Legislative Bldg. Edmonton, Alberta, Canada
Please send: TRAVEL INFORMATION to:	
Name _____	Address _____
	U.S. 91 WY 89 CANADA 2

Continued from page 103
"That's it exactly." In her eagerness to be understood her face appeared to dilate, even her pores. "I knew you'd know without my telling you. It's going to make all the difference in the world you being here." With the enthusiasm of the beginner, she was covering the ground that usually stretched between her and the opposite sex in bounds. "My name is Jenny."

"Jenny Shields," he repeated, adroitly handling this gush of confidence without appearing to do so. "Yes, it suits you." Because he, the handsomest man she had ever seen, said that, she felt she would rather be called Jenny Shields than any other name in the directory. "But of course you must always be Miss Shields to me while you are on duty." His glance flickered up at the mirror. "There's someone at reception," he told her.

He would let her blow off steam to him as much as she liked. That would do him no harm and her a great deal of good. But he was glad he was only going to have a short time of this. As the day drew to a close, he wondered how he was going to live through a month at the Drochet Arms.

There were two arrivals, no departures, some passing motorists for afternoon tea. The fishers returned, and a gillie brought in a salmon one of them had caught. Hector took it downstairs to be weighed, and brought it back in a huge ashtray which was placed in the hall for all the world to see.

Lord Merchiston and his brother-in-law had disappeared in the direction of the stillroom hatch; perhaps he should make some attempt to appear useful. He heard the two men's voices as he approached.

"What's Gunn thinking of taking on a man like that as manager?"

"What I was wondering. More like the Metro at Harborough than the Drochet."

He stood where he was feeling the skin creep on his face. As he turned to retrace his steps, he thought, I'll be glad to see the last of this place.

He made up his mind he would tell old Gunn immediately after dinner. He found he could not do it during the meal, when he felt he was more a guest than an employee.

When Mr. Gunn rose from the table, he prepared to say it, opening his cigarette case to give him something to do.

"You should smoke a pipe instead of cigarettes," remarked the older man, taking his from the rack at the fireplace, and Dick suddenly became conscious of his nicotine-stained fingers. "One has to take time to smoke a pipe. That is what you must learn. Mr. Sadler, to take time." He sat in the worn armchair and took out his tobacco pouch. "I noticed you hurrying today when you answered the telephone. Never hurry in the hotel, because it gives the impression something is wrong. If something is wrong, the guests must be the last to know."

"I'll be careful and pipe down," said Dick, trying to hide how staggered he was. He obviously gave the other the impression of being at the trigger; since old Gunn was his employer he was perfectly entitled to tell him what he didn't like about him. But if Dick hadn't got his skates on. The Cherry Pie would not only have run down long before it had, but it would simply not have got moving in the first place.

He looked at his employer puffing his pipe alight. Although he was elderly, the younger man noticed he had scarcely a line on his face. He suddenly wondered what kind of old men he and his generation would make. Without moving his head, he glanced at the son's photograph — he of course would simply have filled his father's shoes.

It was only when he was in his bedroom that night that he realized he had not given in his notice. That would have to wait until tomorrow now. He must tell Mr. Gunn first thing in the morning, before breakfast, and be done with it.

Not only tomorrow but tonight gaped before him. The hotel guests retired shortly after ten and he was in his own room well before twelve. This time, at The Cherry Pie, they wouldn't have gone upstairs. Was Vivien in bed now? He shouldn't think of things like that, but he had to, because he had so much time at his disposal. His thoughts tapped in his head like Morse code no one was picking up, or like the ticks of an overwound clock.

In the silence of the house he heard tiny pricking sounds, like bird's feet. Time — what was he going to do with the time, incessant as toothache. Mr. Gunn had told him to take?

He could not remember sleeping like this since he had been a boy. He remembered the nights in London before he had come north, those he had spent by himself at The Cherry Pie, when he had wondered if day would ever come. Nothing had altered for the better since he had crossed the border, the memory of Vivien still nagged behind every thought, so the fact that he could sleep must have something to do with the quiet and the strong air.

HE WAS NOT going to give in his notice to Mr. Gunn that morning before or after breakfast. He found his mind made up on that point. He had arrived in this place and might as well stay — at least for the present. After all, he had no future, only a present, and he was as well here as he was anywhere.

Relief that he would not need to do what he was finding increasingly diffi-

cult, transiently lightened his spirits. For the first time, at breakfast that morning, he was natural, himself with his employer, and when he rose from the table he felt better than he had felt for a long time. He realized this was because for the first time since the crisis about Vivien he had been absorbed only by the present moment.

"Fancy you having your meals with Mr. Gunn," Miss Shields remarked to him one morning. "I felt sure that you'd have your meals in the dining room. Everyone else thought so too." He realized at that moment that the advent of a manager had raised the liveliest speculation behind the scenes at the Drochet Arms. "It's not as though he knew you before you came, is it? I mean, the first time you met him was when he engaged you, wasn't it?"

Jenny did not need to ask either of these questions as she had already elicited the answers from him, but he noticed she often asked questions although she knew the answers. Today, however, he paid little attention to her, for what she had told him made him feel distinctly uncomfortable.

Frowning, he tried to push back his mind to his first morning at the Drochet Arms when he had come downstairs. Had Mr. Gunn not said, "I thought we would have breakfast together today"? Dick felt pretty certain he had. That implied they would not always have it together, yet Dick had turned up every morning, accepting that they would.

Mr. Gunn came in while he was finishing lunch that day, and sat down in his chair at the fireplace. Dick was now growing accustomed to his employer's turn of mind. Mr. Gunn did not think it necessary to talk for talking's sake. Oddly enough Dick was beginning to find this quite restful; instead of his own thoughts gyrating to keep conversation

BAFFLED ABOUT CHOOSING A FRAGRANCE?



Chatelaine's Beauty Clinic has prepared a perfume quiz that will help you discover the scents that will match your personality and individuality.

If you would like to know how to choose a perfume that is right for you, send now for a personal beauty analysis. Chatelaine's beauty analysis is really a whole course in beauty — you'll learn how to manage your hair, how to choose a becoming make-up from up-to-date color charts, how to care for your skin, and much more. Fill in the coupon below and mail it to us. We will send you a detailed questionnaire. Then simply fill in your questionnaire and return it to us with \$1 for your complete beauty analysis.



CHATELAINE BEAUTY CLINIC, 481 UNIVERSITY AVE., TORONTO

Please send me a beauty questionnaire to complete for my personal beauty analysis.

Name

Address

going, they slowed down as though trying to find the older man's tempo. But today he had too much on his own mind to take advantage of someone else's untroubled one.

"Mr. Gunn," he said, his voice jerky with awkwardness, "I feel I have gate-crashed on your privacy. Of course, after this I'll have my meals in the dining room."

"If I didn't want you to have your meals in here," replied Mr. Gunn, "you wouldn't be sitting where you are now."

Half-smiling Dick raised his head to look at him. Yes, that was true, he thought wonderingly. This man could not easily be imposed upon. His simplicity was not the simplicity of a simple but of a strong person.

"I overheard Lord Merchiston say he wondered at your taking me on as manager," announced Dick, "that he thought I looked more like the Metro at Harborough than the Drochet Arms." He had not had the faintest idea he was going to say that; now that he had he realized the learned judge's summing up must have been more of a judgment than he had imagined.

The other man considered this pronouncement as he considered each and every remark made to him; it eased something in Dick to think of its being turned over in the quiet of Mr. Gunn's mind.

"It's the clientele who have spoiled the Metro," he said at last, "the wrong people go there nowadays. The best Dover sole I ever tasted was at the Metro at Harborough. Fish was their specialty in the old days."

Dick felt as though something that had lain crumpled up, to be made as small as possible, had been so well smoothed into proportion it was no longer there.

He did not feel alone in the room when his employer rose to leave it. Why had he received the post of manager at the Drochet Arms? He found he was looking at the photograph of old Gunn's son, as though expecting it to supply a solution, which it did. He remembered his employer's two questions in Mr. Spencer's office, "I am thinking you will be about thirty-four or thirty-five," and "I'm thinking you would be in the army during the war." The father had wanted to give a chance to a man of his son's generation, to a man who had been in the army as his son had been.

It must be a good photograph, what was called a speaking likeness, for the camera had caught the precipitate eagerness of one living at the top of his bent. So alive did he appear that Dick found himself addressing him in his thoughts, "Do you mind — my being here?"

As if embarrassed, he rose from the table when he realized what he had done. As though one could speak to a picture. And of course that man would not mind him being here, his father would not have engaged him if he had.

HE WALKED quickly out to reception. The hotel door quaked when it swung behind someone who had entered. She was not one of the guests but she knew her way about, for she came forward without hesitation — a girl in a dark-green jacket and kilt, which gave her a mossy look. Dick did not think he had ever seen anyone so fair before. Her hair had neither the silken aluminum sheen of the platinum blonde nor the butter blondness of the Nordic type, but the fair whiteness and fineness of a baby's first hair. Her features were regular and her brown eyes so placed under her brows that their setting looked three-cornered. This lent a certain piquancy to her face which the brownness of her eyes, unusual in a fair person, made even more captivating.

Continued on page 108

Know the type?



Picky Pet: a real pet, except at mealtimes. A "picky" eater, but never turns up that button-nose at mild golden Velveeta! Loves it!

Downtown Lunch-Skipper: says "Too busy" at noon, instead of eating. At home, tho, it never skips your delicious Velveeta dishes!

Dungareed Beanstalk: grows an inch a day . . . and never stops eating. All Beanstalks need the good protein in Velveeta, to grow on!

How you can feed them right!

Velveeta Custard Pie

3/4 lb. Velveeta Pasteurized Process Cheese	Dash freshly ground pepper
1 1/4 cups milk	10 slices crisply cooked bacon
4 eggs	1 9-inch unbaked pie shell

Melt the Velveeta in top of double boiler. Gradually add the milk, stirring constantly

until smooth. Beat eggs. Slowly add the hot Velveeta sauce, blending well. Add pepper. Crumble 4 slices of the bacon into this mixture. Bake pie shell in a hot oven, 450°, for 10-minutes. Pour Velveeta mixture into the partially baked shell. Bake in a slow oven, 325°, for 45 minutes or until set. Garnish pie with remaining 6 slices of bacon. Serve hot.



Kraft's good milk protein cheese

TEEN TEMPO

In which Susan discusses two serious problems:

mixed-religion dating, and the girl boys gossip about By SUSAN COOPER



If the boy's another faith

Dear Susan:

Can you help me concentrate better? I sit down to study

and go off into daydreams. What's wrong?

— JANICE

one people or one religion. While you naturally hold fast to your own beliefs, it is wise to study and try to understand the faiths of others. In the meantime, why not try making friends in your own young people's group?

Dear Susan:

We're having a receiving line at our spring dance. Who goes through the line first, boy or girl, and who gives their names?

— MILDRED

Dear Mildred:

The girl goes first. Usually each gives his own name to the various people along the line. At a very formal affair someone at the head of the line takes your names, in which case the boy gives both.

Dear Susan:

I can't tell my mother this. Once my boy friend and I got into a very heavy necking session. I worry about it all the time. Would he tell the other boys? If someone asks me out now, would that be why? — SHIRLEY

Dear Shirley:

I think you know the answer. Yes, it's very likely he told. You can be almost sure if his friends, who haven't asked you out before, suddenly start asking. Don't refuse and don't freeze, but try to be more circumspect than ever.

Be gay, be fun, but be firm. Don't panic. Calmly ward off the advances. You can't change the past, but you can the future.

Dear Janice:

Nothing's more normal than daydreaming. Everybody does it. But keep dreams and reality clearly defined. Set yourself a daydreaming time to look forward to—perhaps just before you go to sleep. Then set yourself a strict study time. Get everything ready on your desk — books, paper, pen, good light — and keep at it till the job is finished.

— JANE

Dear Jane:

Talk the whole question over with your minister. Don't be ashamed of your parents. They are trying to protect you. Believing as strongly as they do, no doubt they think you might get into unhappy situations, especially later when you reach marrying age, by dating boys of other faiths.

Goodness is not confined to one group or

Write to Susan Cooper, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2. Pseudonyms only will be published.



Brief lines on bathing suits

Go down to the sea (or the swimming pool) in a two-piece suit this summer. Adapted from the famous French Riviera bikinis, these styles leave lots of room for tanning and look their best on a streamlined young figure (clever beach belles do some pretanning before beach-ing). At left: Navy and white striped cotton knit by Catalina. Boned bra has halter tie-or-tuckaway strap, red buttons on bra and shorts front. This style is kind to thigh-heavy figures, doubles for play shorts, too. Sizes 32-36, about \$14.95. Right: Briefest bikini by Jantzen (for secluded sunning). Bra has detachable straps, dependable boning. Black-grey-white check, in sizes S, M, L, about \$18.95. Swimmer seated wears two-piece swimsuit by Rose Marie Reid. Ties at sides loop from top to bottom or from the middle, depending on the coverage you want. Blue cotton plaid, sizes 9-15, about \$14.95. NB: Two-faced sport wears Jantzen's conversation-piece cap, about \$3.95.

END



that formfit feeling!

Triumphant me!...in Confidential, the world's first strapless bra with no wires at all!

Q. Which is the bra that's strapless yet carefree?

A. Confidential by Formfit!

Only in Confidential...the high, round caress of cups that cling, with no old-fashioned wires to press you, pinch or distress you.

Only in Confidential...Formfit's exclusive "cuddle-stays" imbedded in wafer-thin foam, to mold and hold you with gentlest persuasion.

Only in Confidential...elastic batiste back that curbs the cups, each time you stretch, holds them nearer and dearer.

Q. Now what's the delicate extra dividend you get with Confidential?

A. The cotton cups are enhanced with embroidery, to pamper you a little!

Q. No wonder a Confidential Bra CAN'T help giving you...?

A. That Formfit Feeling!

There's a Formfit fashion to give every figure
That Formfit Feeling.

Confidential Bandeau #385
32A—38B. White Cotton.

\$5.00

Longline Model #383 — \$7.95
32A to 38C.

Brassaliere Model #393 — \$8.95
32A to 38C.

THE FORMFIT COMPANY • TORONTO • PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • CHICAGO



**HURTING STOPS, HEALING STARTS
FAST WITH UNGUENTINE**

The moment it touches injured skin, Unguentine fights germs, relieves pain, starts healing and forms a protective dressing as no other cream or liquid can! Never stings, never stains, great for the whole family! Recommended for cuts, scrapes, scratches, bruises, burns and chapping.

GREASeLESS STAINLESS

ANTISEPTIC FIRST-AID DRESSING
UNGUENTINE
WITH DIANESTOL™ An Effective Pain Reliever



Dragged down by constipation?

You'll be warbling a new song soon if you "chew your troubles away" with Feen-a-mint, the minty-flavoured chewing gum laxative that sweetens the breath as it relieves constipation. Feen-a-mint is easy and pleasant to take, gentle enough for children, yet it gives the fast effective relief most adults want. Keep a box on hand for all the family, and leave constipation blues "for the birds".

BOX OF 6, 21¢ BOX OF 16, 49¢ JAR OF 36, 87¢

Feen-a-mint

"Chew your troubles away"

Get Feen-a-mint at your nearest drug counter today!



THE INN OF NO YESTERDAYS

Continued from page 105

"Is Mr. Gunn in?" she asked Dick, who was nearer her than Jenny Shields.

He had the ideal manager's manner, easy, suave, restrained and slightly reassuring at the same time, but he found something so disconcerting in the directness of this girl's gaze that he was at a loss how to answer her. To make matters worse he noticed that she was completely poised.

"Mr. Gunn," he managed to say at last, "no, I don't think he's here." Why should he say he didn't think when he knew he wasn't beyond him.

"Mr. Gunn's at Norgour. Miss Thain," he heard Jenny Shields say behind him. "He has gone to the dentist, as a matter of fact. Yes, certainly, I'll tell him you called."

Dick, now fully recovered, watched the girl as she spoke to the receptionist, the play of expression lively upon her face. Her brow was smooth, with the smoothness of serenity rather than blandness, it was the spacing of her features that gave her the beauty of aptness.

"That's Fiona Thain," Jenny informed him after their visitor had left. "She's Sir Ninian Thain's eldest daughter. They've had to give up Thain," she said, and he knew from the exulting way she said Thain, it had been a castle or an ancestral home, "between the two wars. Now they just live in a house on the estate all the year round. They've no London home or anything. He may be the laird but he has lost most of his land. They're really just like everyone else now."

Amused, he looked down at her. Just like everyone else — that was just what that girl wasn't. As though sensing his criticism of her criticism, Jenny said strenuously, to prove her words. "You'll never guess what, but they say Fiona Thain was in love with Hew Gunn and he with her."

Alert with interest, he looked at her. "Hew Gunn is Mr. Gunn's son?"

"He was," she replied, "but he was killed on the Rhine, just at the end of the war."

At the Rhine — strange to think that he, Dick Sadler, had also fought on the Rhine at the end of the war.

"But if Hew Gunn had lived," he remarked, thinking now of Fiona Thain, "he would be my age. When he died, that girl must have been a mere child. She can only be in her early twenties now."

He saw the pallor of Jennie's round face suddenly flame scarlet.

"She's nothing of the kind," she repudiated with the force of an explosion. "Fiona Thain's years older than I am. She must be in her thirties now. What ever made you think such a thing?"

"She did," he replied briskly.

He knew certain women were touchy about age but there was something so unbridled about her protestations that he felt she had unclothed herself in front of him. And how fantastic to make out that a couple of years practically put Fiona Thain into a different generation from her.

"It's her being so fair makes you think that," she said unhappily. "Fair women always look years younger than they really are — that's one time they score over we dark ones."

Desperately she waited for him to say something gallant about "we dark ones," something that would make her glad she was not fair, but she no longer existed for him. He was thinking of Vivien who was dark, vital. He heard himself sigh sharply.

"You see, I was right when I said the Thains were just like everyone else," she said insistently. "Everyone says Fiona Thain would be married to Hew Gunn if he hadn't gone away and been killed."

She did not mean it, of course, but he was as affected by the crudeness of the way she expressed herself about Hew Gunn as though he were his brother.

"And how does that make her like everyone else?" he asked lightly, to hide his feelings.

"Well, I mean, surely you must see, when all's said and done, he was only the son of a hotel proprietor. It would have been a comedown for her." All her slang was dated.

"I don't see where the comedown comes in, marrying the man you love."

"I know, I don't either" — she was becoming worked up again — "no more comedown for a woman marrying a man she loves than a man marrying the woman he loves. But in the eyes of the world it's one."

"I shouldn't think Fiona Thain would



QUICK-TRICKS

A dish drainer makes a handy file for children's coloring books and story books. The silverware compartment can be used for crayons, rulers, pencils, etc. A dish drainer, too, provides excellent storage for pot lids and pie plates.

*

Cellulose tape, wrapped around the floor casters will keep them from scratching the floor.

Mrs. C. R. Isnor, Halifax



give two hoots for what the world thinks or doesn't think."

"She doesn't," she agreed warmly. "The Thains don't care what people think, and never have. That's their style. You'll never guess what their motto is. 'Abune All.'"

Surely the amusement she saw splintering his dark eyes was directed at the Thains and their high-hat ways, there was nothing to be amused at over her. "Abune's the Scots for above," she explained, to make everything abundantly clear. "Did you ever hear of such conceit? Well, they're not abune any more. They're just like everyone else."

He did not give her the satisfaction of replying, and she felt she had been left with a lot of ends and pieces, out of which she had been unable to make anything.

I WAS ON the phone to Miss Thain." Mr. Gunn remarked that evening to him. "They are the laird's family. One of her brothers — he is her stepbrother, to be exact — comes of age next month, and they are thinking of giving a dinner and dance for him. They want the Drochet to do most of the catering. I was saying to her I would place that in your hands, so you are to go to The Law tomorrow night."

"Right," said Dick. "How big do you think it will be?"

"I shouldn't think very big. It is for the Roderick one, and he is not the heir. He is the eldest son of Sir Ninian's second wife. Ninian is the heir, and he is much older than his stepbrothers and -sisters. He and Miss Fiona are full brother and sister. About twenty for

dinner. I should think, and more of course for the dance. The Law is about three miles away, three Scots miles that is, on the Falla road."

"The Law," Dick commented, "funny name for a house."

"It has nothing to do with legal law," Mr. Gunn told him. "It is called that because of a hill it is built beside, a hill like a mound. Law is another name for hill in Scotland."

"It will be an old house then?"

"Not particularly. But that piece of ground has always been known as The Law. These fairy hills were probably barrows in the days before fairies or elves took shape."

"And what's a barrow?" demanded Dick.

"A mound raised over graves in olden times."

Dick knew by now that the mound had probably been raised in the morning of the world. Mr. Gunn, sitting in his chair at the fireside, thought nothing of covering centuries, millenniums he took in his stride, and spoke as familiarly of prehistoric man as though he had lived yesterday.

The Falla road was a back road which the River Tark accompanied through the glen. Dick drove beside it to The Law the following evening.

As he drove up to the house, he noticed an upstairs window open with the fair heads of two small children looking out of it. Their movement was restricted somewhat as the window would only go up sufficiently to permit their heads through, but they used them to attract his attention to such good effect that they might have been gesticulating with their whole bodies.

Smiling, he looked up at them. Their bodiless heads were two of the prettiest he had seen for a long time, with their flaxen hair and faces pink with excitement. The boy had managed to stick out his hand, Dick saw his pyjama cuff. He opened it to release a folded piece of paper.

Three pairs of eyes sportively watched the evening breeze make a little ship of the note. It sailed buoyantly hither and thither before it dipped sail, when Dick managed to snatch at it. He unfolded it to read in bold letters:

DEAR MR. GUN PLEASE WILL YOU SEE WE GET ICE CREAM FOR RODDY'S PARTY NO LATER THAN 5 OR WE WONT GET IT FROM GRAHAM AND SHEENA WE LIKE THE STRIPPED KIND BEST.

He stood well back that they might see him better and made the V sign, vowing to himself to think out for them the Neapolitan ice of their lives. He heard the bubble of their delighted laughter; the next moment the heads disappeared with startling suddenness.

The room into which he was shown appeared full of grown-up Thains, feminine Thains. There was Lady Thain. Two minutes in her presence made it clear to Dick why her stepdaughter had undertaken the arrangements for her brother's coming-of-age, for Lady Thain was as haphazard as she was indecisive. If she had a mind of her own, she did not appear to know what to do with it, and was amiability itself to anyone who made it up for her. There was Mrs. Ninian Thain, the heir's wife, so like any other pretty girl that Dick did not look at her twice. And there was Fiona Thain.

His interest in her had deepened since he knew about her and Hew Gunn. She gave him a contained, collected feeling, as though she were very much a unit, on an island by herself, an island Hew Gunn would once upon a time have shared.

"We shall supply everything of course but the food," Lady Thain remembered to tell him. He had worked out several specimen dinner menus and she shuffled them like an inexpert person shuffles

NIVEA CREME with Eucerite—
in jar or tube—moisturizes deep
down where beauty begins

LIQUID NIVEA for those who
prefer Nivea in liquid form.

NIVEA HAND LOTION for softer,
smoother, lovelier hands.

SUPERFATTED
NIVEA
BASIS SOAP

NIVEA SOAP delicately scented,
ideal for baby and you.

NIVEA SHAMPOO gives your hair
the natural sheen of beauty.

NIVEA SUN TAN LOTION
nourishes the skin while giving a
beautiful golden tan.

NIVEA SUNFILTA

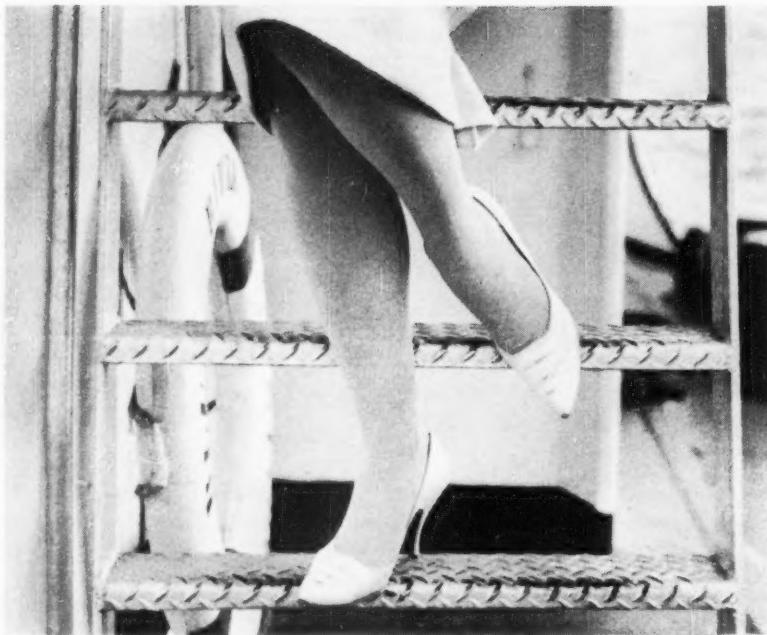
NIVEA SUNFILTA, the ideal
sun tan cream . . . combining an
anti-burn filter with the finest
foundation cream.

NIVEA is a registered trademark

Beauty begins with **NIVEA...**

...and there's a NIVEA product for every beauty need. Make NIVEA a regular part of your beauty routine. Whether it's NIVEA Creme for a whisper-soft complexion or NIVEA Hand Lotion for soft, smooth hands . . . or any of the fine NIVEA line . . . you'll know the same care has gone into its preparation. Indoors or outdoors . . . NIVEA has become synonymous with beauty. Start being a NIVEA girl today.

*Every day—
all year 'round—
a girl's best friend
is NIVEA*



SHEER SUPPORT

FOR VARICOSE VEINS—No one ever need know you have varicose veins. Bauer & Black have perfected hosiery expressly to help you keep the secret. *Elastic hosiery . . . so sheer, so elegantly fashionable. Hosiery to conceal varicose veins . . . to relieve the pain as only all-rubber elastic hosiery can! A style for every occasion. Ask for Bauer & Black Elastic hosiery at drug, department or surgical supply stores.

*That is all-rubber nylon-wrapped threads with built-in "Snapback" action for the long lasting full support your doctor wants you to have.

THE KENDALL COMPANY
(CANADA) LIMITED BAUER & BLACK DIVISION



Married women are sharing this secret

. . . the new, easier, surer protection
for those most intimate marriage problems

What a blessing to be able to trust in the wonderful *germicidal protection* Norforms can give you. Norforms have a highly perfected new formula that releases antiseptic and germicidal ingredients with long-lasting action. The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful protective film that guards (but will not harm) the delicate tissues.

And Norforms' *deodorant protection* has been tested in a hospital clinic and found to be more effective than any-

thing it had ever used. Norforms *eliminate* (rather than *cover up*) embarrassing odors, yet have no "medicine" or "disinfectant" odor themselves.

And what *convenience!* These small feminine suppositories are so easy and convenient to use. Just insert — no apparatus, mixing or measuring. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

Your druggist has them in boxes of 12 for \$1.50 and 24 for \$2.50.

Mail the coupon TODAY



FREE informative Norforms booklet

Dept. CH-60, Norwich Pharmacal Co.,
36 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario

Send me the explanatory Norforms booklet in a plain envelope.

Name _____

(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

Province _____

cards. "Fiona dear, what do you think?" He heard what their own cook would prepare. At no time was any reference made to cost. The laird came in before he left, a tall silvery man, the glory of his former good looks clinging to his overthin body like the shreds of a banner.

"Delightful, Mr. Sadler," he exclaimed good-humoredly letting his glance run over the menu finally chosen, "and not one item there dare I take."

That was why he was so thin of course, because he was ill. Nevertheless he had that spontaneous animation, and Dick remembered the two flaxen heads at the window, that all his children possessed, as though their stimulus came from within and not without.

The moon was up when he left. Its sheen fell upon everything, revealing what was hidden by day so that night might have turned the world outside in.

WHEN HE RETURNED on the day of the birthday party, sunshine tossed into the rooms through the squares of windows, and excitement thrilled through the house.

The first thing he had done on arrival was to hand a large pineapple to the butler. "With Mr. Gunn's compliments," he said, "For Miss Sheena and Master Graham. Mr. Gunn desires particularly that it is given to them no later than five." When he was in the dining room, the two children entered.

"How do you do, Mr. Sadler," said Graham, approaching him down the length of the room with such decision Dick felt he was a delegation in himself. "We want to thank you for what you did."

"It was perfect," breathed Sheena, her face shining with the memory of it.

"The first time I've ever had enough ice cream," Graham complimented him.

"We thought you'd forgotten," said Sheena. "We might have known you wouldn't but we didn't. It was terrible." She looked quite haggard at the recollection.

"Then we lifted the lid off the pineapple and found the ice cream inside." His voice whooped. "It looked too good to be true."

He had not known children like them existed, so simply brought up they were quite unspoiled, accepting as a treat of treats what any city child would take for granted.

"We won't forget you," promised Graham.

"No," agreed Sheena, "we know who're our friends."

They looked at him brightly.

"We're allowed to have who we like to tea," said Graham. "We'd like to have you. The day after tomorrow would suit us beautifully, if it suits you."

"The day after tomorrow," repeated Sheena to impress it on his memory. "You're sure you won't forget?"

"Of course Mr. Sadler won't forget," scoffed Graham before he could reply. "He'd never dream of forgetting us."

WHEN THE DAY after tomorrow came, Dick motored himself to the Law in the afternoon.

He found Graham waiting for him in the hall.

"I'll take you upstairs," he said breathlessly, as though there were not a minute to spare. "Everything's ready. You're beautifully on time."

The first thing Dick noticed when he entered the room was Fiona Thain. Her presence there was so unexpected that momentarily he felt thrown off his balance.

"We've asked Fiona," announced Graham, "and this is our sister Anne. You don't know Anne, do you?"

She was about fifteen, dreamier and shyer than her brother and sister. He found himself shaking hands with her

while Sheena told him: "I know you, Mr. Sadler. Graham and I do, don't we? So does Fiona."

They exchanged looks of complete understanding, which now included Anne.

The room they were in was the children's, the nursery or schoolroom. He noticed no toys lying about, but books stacked in a case, a rigged ship on the mantelpiece, paintbrushes sticking out of a workmanlike jam jar. An insect spun against the window. The whole summer seemed encompassed in that second when its zither sounded abnormally loud as it came in contact with the glass.

Did it remind Fiona Thain of summers when she had been Sheena and Graham and Anne's age — and Roderrick's? Hew Gunn must have known this room, noticed how the light had bleached the wooden shutter, and where the carpet was worn by the tread of

Write to

CHATELAINE
for these booklets



23 Fashions in Crochet Cotton: sweaters, blouses and accessories. Price 15 cents.

104 Crochet Favorites: everything from doilies to bedspreads and tablecloths. Price 29 cents.

Write to: Wanda Nelles,
Chatelaine Crafts Editor,
Chatelaine,
481 University Avenue,
Toronto 2.

feet. Had he and Ninian and Fiona knelt at the window seat where she now sat, their elbows on it while they dreamed into the boundless distance and told each other how far they could see?

A table was set for the right kind of tea, a sitdown tea, and he was placed next the handsome remains of Roderrick's birthday cake. It was very much His Day. Anne, flushed with the importance of the occasion, poured out tea, standing to do so. She could manage better that way, she said. Plates were passed round with the rapidity of a juggler's ball.

"Are you an Episcopalian, Mr. Sadler?" enquired Graham.

Dick must have looked thoroughly alarmed at this question, for he heard Fiona laugh.

"Me, what? An Episcopalian." He had to think what that was. "No. Why?"

"You can't be Presbyterian," said Sheena, "or you'd come to our church. And we've looked out for you, but Mr. Gunn's always by himself."

"Your church is the one in the middle of the square?" said Dick, resorting to deploying tactics. "What a noise your bell makes every Sunday morning! Do you know this, we hear it, in certain winds, as far away as the Drochet."

"It's not a pretty bell," said Anne, she was much less shy now. "No one could call it a pretty bell, but I like to hear it all the same. It makes the day sound like a Sunday, as well as feeling like it."

He looked from one to the other, these people who spoke as familiarly of other worlds as though they were in the next room, with no walls between.

"Our bell has to be loud like that," said Graham, "to keep upsides with the Free. It makes such a clamor nothing else could get a sound in unless they made a bigger one."

"You won't be Free, Mr. Sadler," said Sheena, "being English of course."

"You have to be something," said Anne, looking at him hopefully.

"Yes, you have to," agreed Sheena. "Nobody's nothing. You just couldn't be nothing could you, Fiona?"

"You have to remember," said Fiona, laughingly coming to his aid, "Mr. Sadler is a stranger here."

WHEN HE LEFT, they all accompanied him, to see him on the road — that was called a Highland convoy, they said. They told him they would take him round the garden, and sped away, leaving him to Fiona. The garden was walled, and their voices calling to each other hung in the air, as though the atmosphere were the bell and their voices the clapper. His hands in his pockets, he walked beside Fiona Thain, stopping

when she stopped. He felt with her very much as he felt with Mr. Gunn, as though he had reached through the loose scattering of words to the unity of silence behind them.

"The bell is the only heather out now," she said. It was vivid, brilliant.

As he looked at the vivid patch she was pointing at, he heard in his thoughts the wind make a sound like the crowing of a far-off cock. He remembered when he had heard that sound, on the landing craft that had taken him to France for D day. A man with blackened fingers had halved his spray of good luck to share it with him.

He stood looking down at her, the heather at their feet.

"Did you once give Hew Gunn a piece of heather from here?" he asked her.

He saw her gazing back at him, her transparent face wondering. He knew from the ache he saw on it that she always remembered, when she passed this way, that she had.

"Yes," she replied, "I did. From here. Before he went away that last time." Her words seemed plucked from her heartstrings.

"I tell you why I ask," he said, taking a step nearer her. "In a boat I went over to France for D day, there were men from a Highland regiment." He took his wallet out of his pocket. "One of them gave me a piece of his heather, for good luck. All our faces were blacked, of course, so I couldn't recognize him as Hew Gunn. I suppose I could find out if he were one of those I went over with, but even then there's nothing to prove it was he who gave me the heather. But I'm not going to find out. I don't need to. I know. Not only from this, but from other things."

They wavered in his mind these other things, tenuous as gossamer threads, that disappeared at the touch of a

thought. He opened his wallet and put his two fingers down an inside pocket. They rejected the sharp edge of a snap-shot, and found instead a sprig. "Here it is back," he said, giving it to her, "from him."

She stood holding it between her finger and thumb. Her face looked blind as she gazed down at it, the smile on it making it tremulous as wind makes water, as though she were one of those who see with their eyes shut.

"I'll put it between Psalms and Proverbs," she said.

The frond of heather was lumpy, it would not shut close, like a pressed flower becoming no more than an imprint on the page. Her Bible would always open now of its own accord between Psalms and Proverbs.

ON THE WAY back to the Drochet Arms, he stopped the brake on the bridge.

He felt for what he wanted in his wallet but he did not look at it even when he brought it out. He knew it too well—his favorite photograph of Vivien, in her Wren's three-cornered hat which suited her so well. It had accompanied him everywhere, through the thick and thin of war.

He had liked to think, had anything happened to him, that her picture would have been found on him, the picture of his girl. His fingers felt very big as he tore it in two and dropped the pieces over the bridge into the river below.

The leaves of the trees outside the hotel were golden as though perpetually drenched with light, transparent as they spun and circled in the air. The Tark as it flowed past the hotel was green as moss, and he was reminded of Fiona Thain when he had seen her first and she had worn a green jacket and kilt. She had all the translucence of her native northern air which drew from

earth and stone, rock and bark of tree, coloring as rich as dye and soft as a bloom. Winds trumpeted in all the chimneys and what guests they had were no longer taken above the first floor.

It had been a good season and the Drochet had done well, but Dick knew Mr. Gunn was glad that things were beginning to slacken. He was glad too. He remembered wondering what there would be to do in the winter here, but he no longer felt it loom with emptiness before him. There would be plenty to do, for the hotel never closed, and all day to do it in.

"You'll never guess who's made a reservation for tonight?" Jenny Shields asked him one morning, fairly dancing before him in her excitement. "H. D. Reswick!" Even Dick, who was no reader, knew H. D. Reswick was the best-selling novelist. "I'll give them Number Nine, even though they're only going to be here one night. I think it was himself on the phone—he sounded most impressive."

If Dick had been asked for an explanation why he never noticed Jenny's plainness now, he would have said it was because he was accustomed to her. Whereupon he would have looked at her again and thought she was not as plain as he had once imagined her to be, which was true. For Jenny was in love, and love is its own beautifier.

He forgot all about H. D. Reswick until that evening when, in his office, he heard Jenny in reception greeting new arrivals and a man's sonorous voice. He went forward at once but in the doorway of his room he stopped, staring as though hypnotized. Not at the famous author, whose ponderous head was bent as he signed the register, but at the woman beside him. For she was Vivien.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN THE NEXT ISSUE

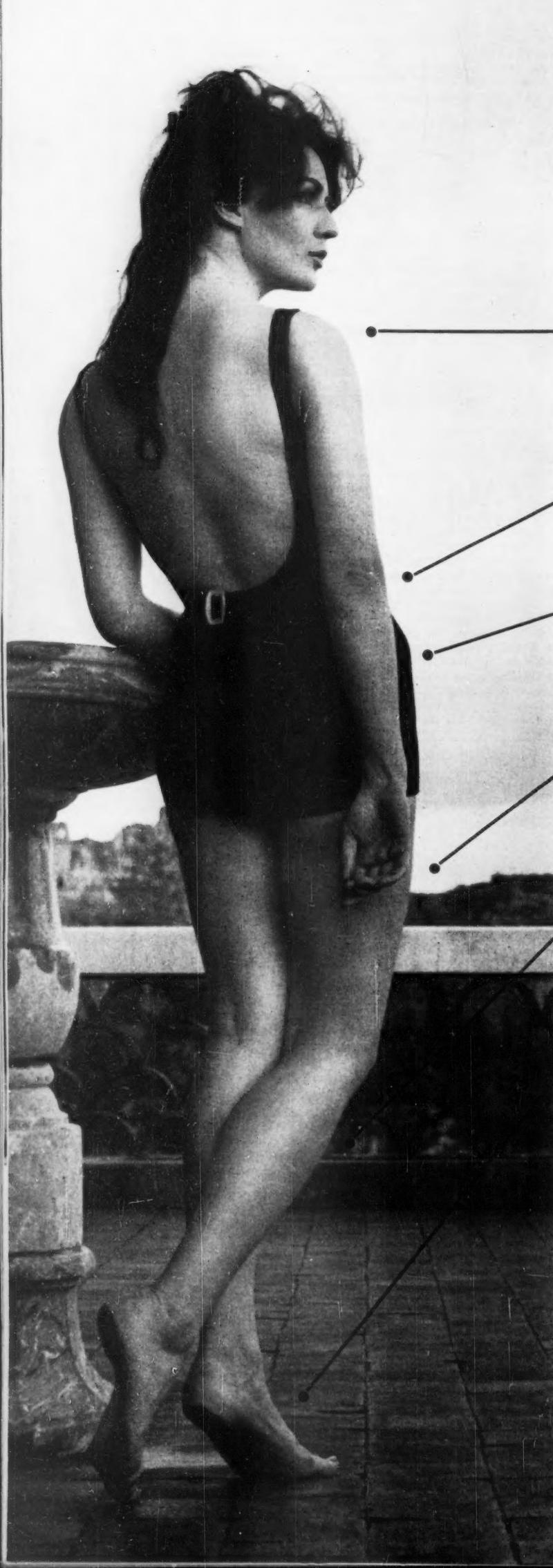
Nicest
way
to keep
a man
on hand!

POND'S

High
Lustre
LIPSTICK



You'll love "Rascal Red"—fiery golden-red, just one of the 10 ravishing POND'S High Lustre shades. The handsome swivel case is gold-colour metal with black base—just \$1.00. Smaller sizes, 49¢ and 29¢.



Here is a beauty plan of bending, stretching, and grooming that will put your figure in shape just in time for the bathing-suit season

30-DAY PROGRAM — for a swimsuit figure

- BEAUTIFUL BACK, PRETTIER SHOULDERS: Stand erect, put hands on shoulders, pull elbows into waist. Swing elbows forward and backward in a vigorous pumping motion. At each swing, be sure arms massage any roll underneath.

- FOR A NIPPED WAIST: Stand tall, feet together. Raise arms over head and step back with right foot. Sway body backward from the waist, then slowly bend forward, keeping your back straight and touch left foot with both hands. Swing up, bring feet together. Do six times. Reverse position.

- BE NEAT-HIPPED: You'll need props for this: a chair and a pillow. Lie on your tummy, across the chair seat. Balance so legs move freely, not supported by chair. Keep legs rigid. Kick up three times with each leg. Do six times.

- THIGH SLIMMER: Sit on floor, knees straight, toes pointed. Rest the weight on hands placed behind the body, palms forward. Slowly bend the knees, bringing them in toward chest. Keep toes pointed, head up. Stretch legs forward and up, head back. Slowly lower legs to the floor. Seven times.

- LITHE LEGS: (You can do this in bed.) Lying flat on your back, legs stretched flat, toes pointed, raise right leg. Draw the first six letters of the alphabet in the air. S-t-r-e-t-c-h. Reverse legs. Gradually work up to full twenty-six letters.

- BEAUTY RITES FOR BARED FEET AND LEGS: Foot balms smoothed on rub off dry, rough skin. Regular use of pumice smooths away "pump bumps." Toenails are most grateful for small attentions: pretty polishes, cuticle massaged with lotions, shaping with an emery board. While in Rome recently I learned a beauty tip devised by a leading beautician and practised by famous movie stars: to keep legs smooth and pretty, work a natural bristle brush from ankle to thighs in a circular motion. Follow with a soothing rub of body lotion or bath oil. Do this daily before your bath. Damp salt massaged into skin and rinsed off thoroughly is another way to step up circulation, improving skin tone.

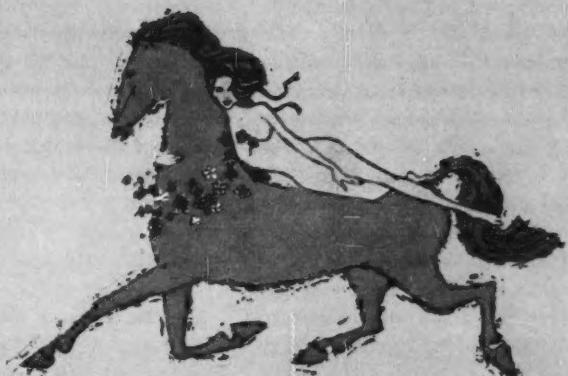
GOOD POSTURE: Practise standing flat against a wall. This tightens stomach, thigh and pelvic muscles, also forces your waist to the wall, flattens your back. Holding the position, take six steps forward, six back. Five minutes daily.

END

By Eveleen Dollery CHATELAINE BEAUTY EDITOR

Photograph by John Sebert; bathing suit by Catalina

For you, Lady of the Blue Grass,
all the days are summer



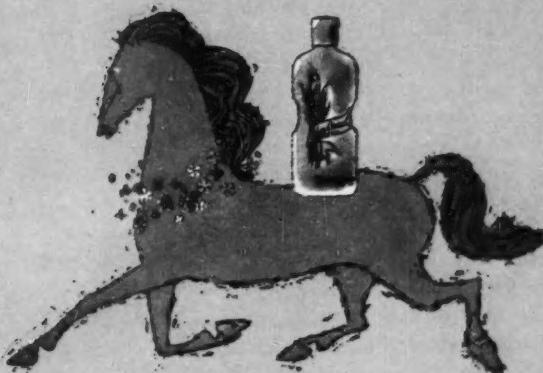
Blue Grass is a Mood



Blue Grass is a Perfume
from 6.00 to 45.00



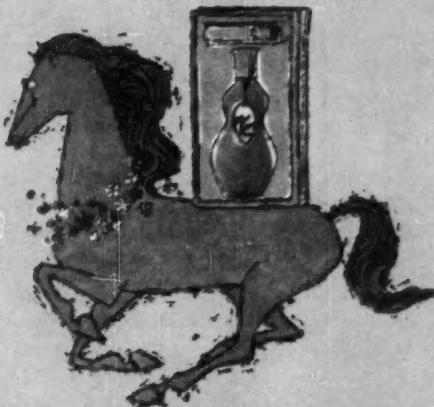
Blue Grass is a Fluffy Milk Bath
4.50, 10.00



Blue Grass is a Flower Mist
now 2.00 and 3.50 (regularly 2.50 and 4.00)



Blue Grass is a Dusting Powder
now 2.00 (regularly 2.50)



Blue Grass is a Fragrance Set
of Perfume and Perfume Mist now 5.00 (regularly 8.50)

You'll be carried away by Blue Grass in the great romantic tradition

Elizabeth Arden

London • New York • Paris • Toronto

BEAUTY TECHNIQUES FROM A HOLLYWOOD EXPERT'S FILES

Continued from page 33



When you have your lip make-up just right, says Hollywood's Clay Campbell, make an imprint of your mouth on bond paper and file print away for future reference. Left, Campbell with some of the 2,000 lip prints he refers to constantly.

make an impression of your mouth on a piece of bond paper. Referring to it from time to time will help you keep your lips under control and looking their best. Campbell himself employs this system to guide him in making up the stars. In his files are more than two thousand lip prints, to which he refers.

"Full eyebrows are important," says Campbell. "They can be plucked and shaped, but must not appear to be. Most women make their brows too dark. They should be only slightly darker than the hair in most cases. Making them the same shade is wrong, since their smaller area makes them seem lighter. Redheads must be particularly careful with brows. They should avoid straight auburn or light red, because natural eyebrows just don't come in a carotene color."

Watch eyebrow action

"No rule fits every face and, like good bridge players, women should learn to deviate for their own particular requirements. Rosalind Russell's eyebrows are very prominent and our first thought was to cut them down. But we took into consideration that she is tall, statuesque, and decided to leave them alone."

"Both Merle Oberon and Victoria Shaw have very high foreheads, accentuated by prominent brows. The solution to the 'Oberon forehead' is to cut the brows down toward the outer corner and build them up into the forehead at the inner. This stealing into areas that appear too large is one of our most useful tricks. To counteract this type of forehead, we also broaden the mouth, widen the

jaws with lighter foundation and further diminish the forehead with dark make-up, if need be."

Eyebrow action should also be kept in mind, Campbell advises. "If yours tend to be lively, go slow on darkening them. With Judy Holliday, who is so blond, I made her brows light because, with a width of twenty feet on the wide screen, dark ones would have been very distracting. And animated eyebrows have a similar effect when you're close to someone."

The eyebrows of a woman with jet-black or dark-brown hair are usually not only dark, but dense, which creates a problem if they are also animated. Jane Wyman had this to contend with during the early part of her career. To overcome the "lively" danger, she should reduce the density of her brows, thinning them out by "inside out" plucking. This means plucking individual hairs from all the area covered by the eyebrow, but more in the central section than along either top or bottom. Ordinarily, practically all plucking is done top and bottom, but where the shape is to be preserved and only the intensity of the hairs lessened, most of the plucking has to be done in the body of the brow — a sort of hunt and peck system that reduces the hairiness without altering the shape. Campbell admits that this is a tricky operation, but points out that it becomes easier each time it is done and is well worth the effort.

Normally, the eyebrow should start above the tear duct and extend to a point on a line drawn from the corner of the nose past the corner of the eye. If your eyes seem small, like June Allyson's, create an illusion of width

with a line drawn from the inner corner of the eye extending out beyond the outer corner, and heavier mascara toward the outer part of the lashes.

Campbell recommends two shades of the same color eye shadow — darker below, lighter above—blending the one used on the area just under the brow with the other applied to the upper eyelid.

However, eye make-up is changing and, in the current switch from the doe-eyed effect to the almond-eyed look, the reverse is true. You can achieve the full effect by making the upper area darker, extending the eyelid shadowing inward toward the nose and emphasizing the tear duct. The lower lid is then minimized with only a slight line, drawn with an eyeliner, and following the natural curve of the eye.

Campbell encourages experimentation with eyebrow pencil, trying for a natural effect, possibly using alternate strokes of two different colors. He advises women with very blond or grey hair against using brown pencil, suggesting different shades of grey, perhaps interspersed with black, instead.

Barbara Stanwyck, the first movie star he ever made up, started doing her own make-up after he gave her lessons. One of the things he taught her is that an ordinary, soft lead pencil will often work wonders with eyebrows. Since letting her hair stay grey, she's achieved what he thinks is

the most natural look of her career.

For reddish-blonds and redheads, Campbell suggests a very light auburn plus a dark brown, two strokes of dark to one of light.

With eye shadow, too, more than what meets the eye must be considered. Personality has a lot to do with its effectiveness. Betty Grable, for example, is not only more flamboyant in appearance than the average woman, but is also very vivacious. She can use variously colored shadows to good effect, but her favorite is pale blue with a slight dark line, plus grey eyebrow pencil.

Who should wear rouge?

Since the advent of the lighter cosmetics, a great many women have given up rouge. With light lipstick, enough natural color usually shows through the foundation and the skin appears so pale that rouge only results in a flushed look. Many brunettes still use rouge, because they also use dark lipstick, but it should be from the same color family. Lipstick and rouge should always be complementary.

There are several ways of determining the proper area on which to apply rouge. One is to define mathematically the cheek "cushion" by looking in the mirror, smiling widely, and dotting the three corners as a guide. Another is to follow the rule that it be no closer

Continued on page 116



Felicia Farr de-emphasizes a fairly prominent nose by stressing make-up of her mouth and by thickening her eyebrows above the nose area, and extending them. These make-up tricks help distract attention from the nose.



Victoria Shaw's high forehead problem is overcome by cutting brows down toward outer corners, building up into forehead at inner; expanding mouth, giving jaws an illusion of width with light foundation.

Creativity in the kitchen rewards you at your table

Your family smiles approval . . . and you know the meal is a success! The careful selection of ingredients, the preparation, the thought that went into it were all worthwhile.

That's the way our research people feel when they develop a new product or manufacturing process. It often takes months of painstaking work—measuring and blending different ingredients, testing at extreme temperatures—before they're satisfied with the results. This kind of skill and care in our kitchen enables

us to live up to the "CP" mark—Canada Packers' pledge of finest quality—so that you and your family can enjoy "good things to eat."

It takes no time at all to create an elegant air about every one of your meals. Serve delicious Maple Leaf bacon and tasty sausage in your best silver dish. Bring sausage and eggs to the table Continental style—in the skillet. And just to be different, put Maple Leaf bacon strips and a poached egg on toast, top with a sauce of Maple Leaf cheese, and voilà—Eggs à la Benedict!

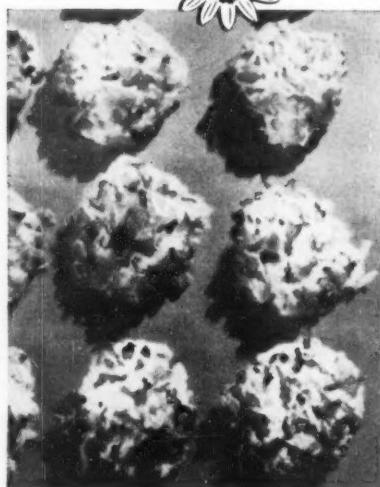


All delicious! All by Maple Leaf! Sweet-smoked bacon, pure pork sausage, farm-fresh eggs.

"No Sugar to add to this Eagle Brand Recipe"

says Elsie, the
Borden Cow

©TBC



10-Minute Magic Macaroons

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup (1/2 15-oz. can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
3 cups shredded coconut
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond extract.

Try my quick-mix way to melt-in-your-mouth cookies! The secret? Borden's Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk—ready-blended, nourishing milk and sugar pre-cooked to a creamy smoothness.

1. Mix Eagle Brand with coconut and flavorings. 2. Drop by teaspoonfuls onto greased baking sheet, about 1 inch apart. 3. Bake in moderate oven (350°F.) until a delicate brown, 8 to 10 min. 4. Remove from pan. (Makes about 30 cookies.)



Try Eagle Brand on cereal . . . in coffee

FREE!

Get Elsie's 28-page full-color recipe book



The Borden Company, Limited, Box 2164, Toronto, Ontario.

Please send me Elsie's free recipe book, *Borden's Eagle Brand 70 Magic Recipes*.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____



Continued from page 114
to the nose than the centre of the eye, no lower than the tip of the nose. While he re-emphasizes the value of deviating according to individual needs, Campbell strongly believes that rouge should usually go almost to the nose.

Blend it out almost to the inner corner of the eye, he says, because that is where white or blue will normally show, so "pinking" of that area is called for. The simplest procedure, he feels, is to apply the rouge mainly to a point just under the outside corner of the eye, diminishing it in four different directions — toward the temple, ear, lower jaw and nose.

Like most make-up men, Clay relies heavily on sketches and thinks it's a good idea for every woman to be sure she knows the shape of her own face. You don't have to be an accomplished artist. With the help of a friend, measure the length from hairline to chin, width across forehead, distances from eye to cheek edge, nose to lip and lip to jaw. You can then come up with a pretty accurate drawing of your face. And, while an oval is the most desired shape, bear in mind that it's a lot like the "Hollywood" figure — a perfect one is a rarity.

If you have a round, June Allyson face, you'll look babyish unless you define the triangular area of eyebrows, eyes and mouth, which should be highlighted. Broad cheeks and jaws can be minimized with foundation darker than skin tone applied over the usual base on the broad areas, and blended with a sponge. Eyebrows plucked high in the centre will reduce the roundness of the face.

Do what is best for you

A heart-shaped Jane Wyatt face, or a diamond-shaped one, calls for reversal of the process, with lighter foundation being used to expand the chin area. In both cases, corrective covering two shades darker or lighter should do the trick. Making up Miss Wyatt, Campbell uses three shades — highlight, normal and shadow. In his mind's eye he places an inverted triangle over the heart, highlighting up the centre and shading the outside portion to put strong shadow on the sides of the face.

While you may think you'd like to look exactly like a certain star, it's a mistake to copy anyone too closely. Clay Campbell's creed: do what is best for you. Kim Novak copied Theda Bara and, although it was dated,

there's no doubt that she added interest via dark make-up around her eyes. But Campbell had to hold her down on eyebrows, because she wanted an extremely fine line that just wouldn't have been acceptable today. Miss Novak proved a good student and, when he finally convinced her that she should maintain a more natural eyebrow, quickly progressed to the point where she was allowed to do her own make-up.

"In the swing from the ultraglamorous to the most natural," says Campbell, "things are sometimes overdone. I think there's a happy medium, where you look natural enough but aren't shiny or greasy. The natural look requires much greater care in applying make-up.

"For one of her recent films, all of Rita Hayworth's scenes were shot outdoors and she had to look anything but made up. Her lips and eyes are prominent and her face comparatively pale, which is the thing nowadays, but the sun proved to be a problem. We solved it with extra heavy moisturizer under the make-up — an important safeguard for any woman who burns or bleaches instead of tanning. Moisturizers are effective under all make-up as skin conditioners, and I recom-

mend a regular moisturizing plan, with the moisturizer being applied whenever the make-up is removed, leaving the face ready for the next make-up application.

"Faults" may be attractive

"There's also a tendency to overdo the covering up of what others may find are faults," Campbell adds. "On the screen Susan Hayward has her freckles hidden, but isn't as much her natural, individual self when they are. Doris Day has displayed more of her freckles with each film, and her popularity has increased in proportion. You may be more attractive with your so-called defects because they make you more distinctively you, rather than a carbon copy of someone else. I'm in favor of freckles showing. The average man likes them."

Campbell isn't against corrective measures, naturally, but urges that "faults" be considered in relation to other features. A large nose may not be a defect if it doesn't appear on a small face. Before Jan Sterling had hers bobbed, it could have been called a little large, but plastic surgery isn't always possible nor necessary. Instead,

Continued on page 118

ENTER CHATELAINE'S STUFFED-ANIMAL COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE

\$50

SECOND PRIZE

\$25

DEADLINE: JULY 25, 1960

Entries may be knitted, crocheted or sewn in any material suitable to the design—and may be built on a wire foundation. Maximum size: 18 inches at greatest height, 18 inches at longest length. Patterns and instructions for making must accompany each entry. Your entry will be judged on:

- * Quality of workmanship
- * Originality of design
- * Pose and facial expression

Mark entries CHATELAINE CRAFTS COMPETITION and mail to the Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, by midnight July 25, 1960.

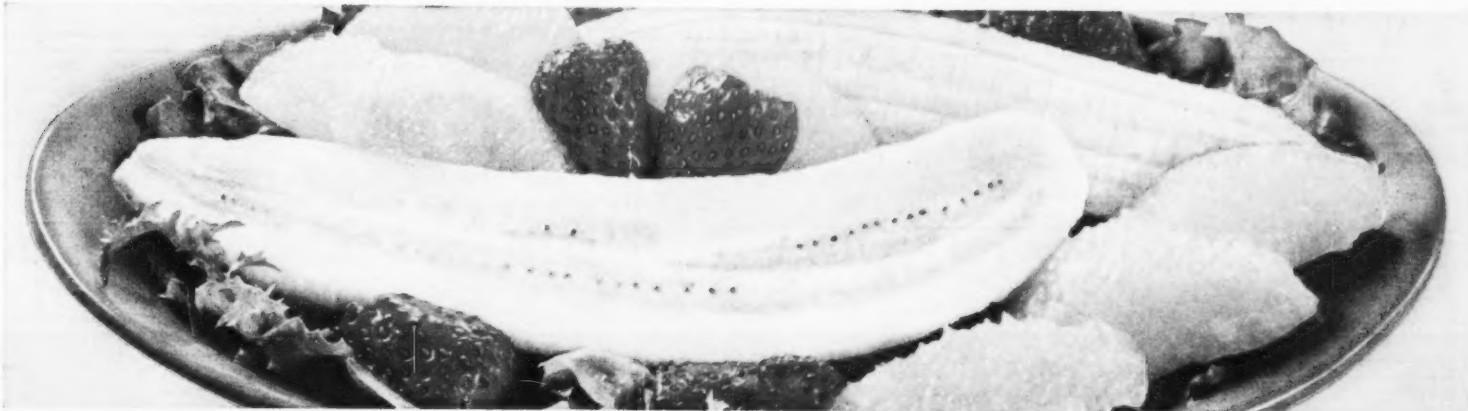
Chatelaine retains the right to feature prize-winning toys and instructions in the magazine before returning them to entrants.

Chiquita* Banana suggests—



Great taste idea: Bananas!

Try these 3 refreshing ways to enjoy life



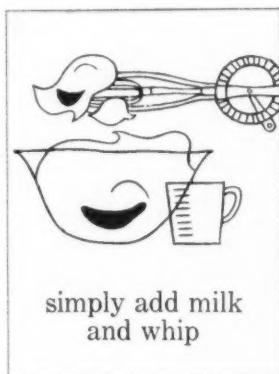
Split a medium-sized banana. Add a good and wholesome topping — fruit or cottage cheese or sparkling fruit gelatin. You've a wonderful-tasting salad treat, with nourishment in every bite. That 88-calory sweet-flavored banana brings you vitamin C, too. Gives you quick food energy and a quick pickup. Bananas belong in your daily diet!

* REGISTERED TRADE MARKS † COPYRIGHT © 1947, 1957 UNITED FRUIT COMPANY

CANADIAN BANANA COMPANY LTD.

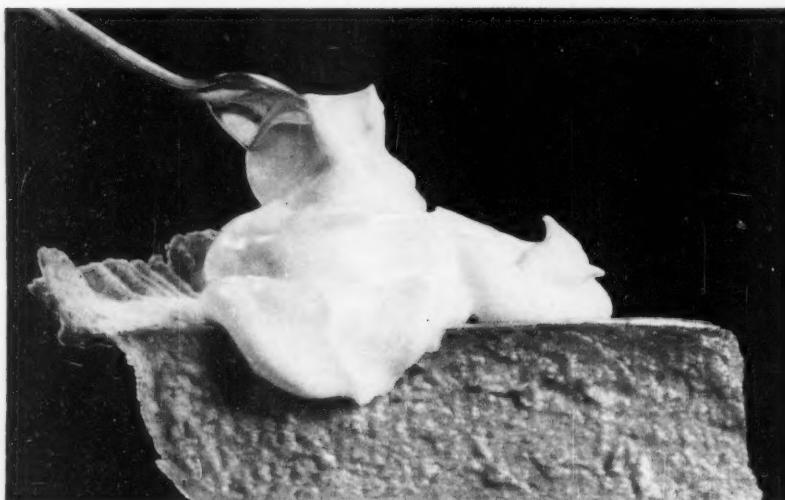
1980 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, Que.

This is NEW for you. Now you can make thick creamy whipped topping at a moment's notice. Just add milk to new Dream Whip and whip. You can buy Dream Whip now—use it any time—because the package keeps without refrigeration. After whipping, Dream Whip keeps its peaks for days, won't wilt or separate. It's low in cost. Low in calories, too! Look for Dream Whip in the Jell-O section of your store.



This is DREAM WHIP

thick creamy whipped topping (at a moment's notice)



Dream Whip makes any dessert more delicious—yet costs so little. You can enjoy all you want, too—there are only 17 calories per tablespoon.



Serve perfect parfaits—Dream Whip and berries, or cubed Jell-O. Any left over stays perfect in the refrigerator for tomorrow's desserts.



Holiday Jell-O—it's simple Jell-O, a high mound of creamy Dream Whip and candy cane pieces. It looks and tastes simply delicious.



Dream Whip makes thick creamy whipped topping—always perfect—any time you want it. Adds a glamorous crown to all your pies and cakes.

Jell-O is a Registered Trade Mark
owned in Canada by General Foods, Limited

Made by the makers of **JELL-O**

Continued from page 116
you can "cheat," as Campbell calls it, by accentuating other features and thus taking attention away from the nose.

Expansion of eyes, eyebrows and mouth tend to lessen the nose. If it's long but not wide, Campbell starts the eyebrows just a fraction of an inch outside the tear duct and avoids much of an arch. If it's simply a broad nose, he carries the eye shadow from the corner of the eye right onto the nose, blending it out "in a southerly direction" to make just a tinge of shadow on the nose, not a noticeable mark.

Some experts think brows should be thinned to shorten the nose, but Campbell claims this can't create the illusion because it makes another feature less noticeable, and the trick is to de-emphasize the nose by making it appear smaller in comparison to the other features. Therefore, they must be made more, not less, prominent.

Don't fill those wrinkles

Felicia Farr's nose is fairly prominent, and Campbell helps overcome this by making her mouth more noticeable and her eyebrows thicker where they start, as well as extending them. This has the effect of shortening the nose. Edmonton's Diane Foster has high cheekbones and hollow cheeks. Campbell provided a solution to this problem by highlighting the tops of her cheekbones, which lowered them, and putting shadow under them to fill out her cheeks. He also applied a little rouge to the lower cheeks, since this proved effective in her particular case.

In applying make-up, the older woman has a double problem. She must use more make-up, because she has less natural color and her skin texture isn't as fine. But, using more, she must use it much more delicately. Where a younger woman uses just a touch or hint of some make-up, the older woman will have to go further to achieve the same result.

Applying foundation more thinly, particularly along the jaw line, with shadow underneath, will give her a cosmetic face lift. If she's reached the age of wrinkles, she shouldn't attempt to fill them with foundation. Instead, she should accept them, try to keep them from increasing, but concentrate on making the most of everything else to compensate for them.

"While the older woman usually uses lighter make-up," says Campbell, "some think they look best with a

good tan. However, dark make-up would be preferable. Sun tanning is an aging process, toughening the skin, tanning it as you would a hide. Nothing makes you look older than dry hard skin. So, the older you get, the more potent moisturizer you should use. Vitamin and hormone preparations are things about which I say yes and no. You have to find out for yourself; it isn't something on which you can generalize.

"Great progress has been made in moisturizers," Campbell continues, "and there are now several designed to go under foundation to preserve the fresh look. They eliminate even a shiny nose and offer more than just skin protection by giving confidence that a rising thermometer won't cause a cosmetic reaction. Under more extreme drying conditions, an excess of sun or wind, lipstick can be kept fresh by covering it with a very thin film of Vaseline. It's as effective as many of the preparations designed for this purpose and won't appear greasy if the right amount is applied.

"Since wrinkles are callouses that come from constantly doing the same thing, skin care is much more important than cosmetics in avoiding them. One of the best facials is a wet salt treatment. Simply take moist salt, rub the grains well into the skin and rinse with cool water.

"I'm sold on soap and water," Campbell declares. "If soap irritates, it isn't the soap but the perfume in it, so substitute a soap without perfume. Soap and water is almost as good a moisturizer as anything; nothing's more moist than water. It doesn't have a drying effect on a normal healthy skin. If it tends to cause dryness, the trouble lies within and is probably a dietary problem. By cleaning and opening the pores, you allow the natural oils to flow more freely. Combined with the very beneficial massaging, it conditions the skin better than any strictly cold cream treatment.

"More than anything else," Campbell advises the woman who wants to look like a star, "I advise going easy on make-up. Even the greatest artist can fiddle and fuss beyond the point of no return. The average woman may do this unconsciously, because her face becomes more familiar to her day by day. It's a good idea to take stock often and, perhaps, start all over again a second time. But don't try to improve something that is good. And never listen to the advice of your friends — unless they happen to be beauticians."

END



ON A LOST CHILD

*A mother's tender lament
for her retarded child
whom she has had to place
in an institution.*

It did not matter when the learned prose,
With one by one and minus two, foretold
The fearful question passing time would pose,
The dreaded day unfold.
It did not slow me when, through every door
We passed, we came as wise without again.
When down the same dim hallways as before,
We pressed our way in vain.

Ah, but the shadow lengthened as we went,
The spectre of that death without a grave,
When neither rite, nor prayer, nor sacrament,
Nor mourner's tears I gave.
I took your little velvet hand in mine
And, down a hallway longer than the rest,
I led you from your home and gave no sign.
It was "all for the best."

Now, all your needs are filled, or so they say:
Kind, unknown hands that change with shifts will guide
You in your perpetual childhood's play,
The tower walls inside.
You will not miss the varied, lovely scents
Of freedom; of fish-laden winds that blow
From the sea, of stained books, rained-on pavements —
They say you will not know.

You will not know how I remember eyes
Blue as a hyacinth on a market square,
And listen still for your mourning dove cries
On the silent night air,
And search for something heavy I can hold
Sometimes, to fill my empty arms again —
Warm, my child, for you were never cold,
As in them you have lain.

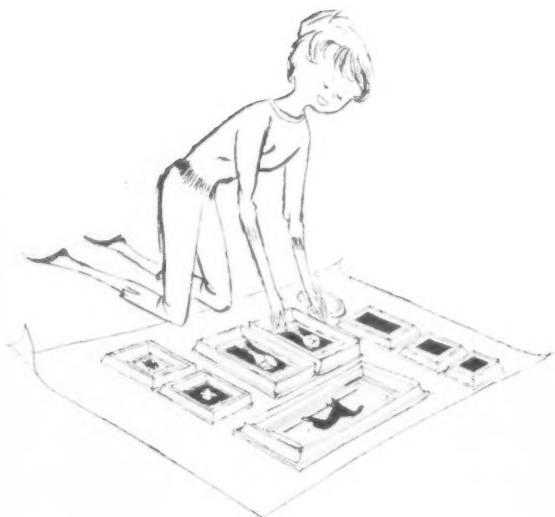
So I put down my load. Now starts the pain.
What can appease the fire within, once lit?
A little pass at fate is like soft rain
Fallen in Hades' pit.
A child in want or fear or in distress
That, in my vacant path, cries to be free,
Just for a moment gives in my redress,
My lost child back to me.

BY RUTH DOEHLER

A FOOLPROOF WAY TO GROUP YOUR PICTURES

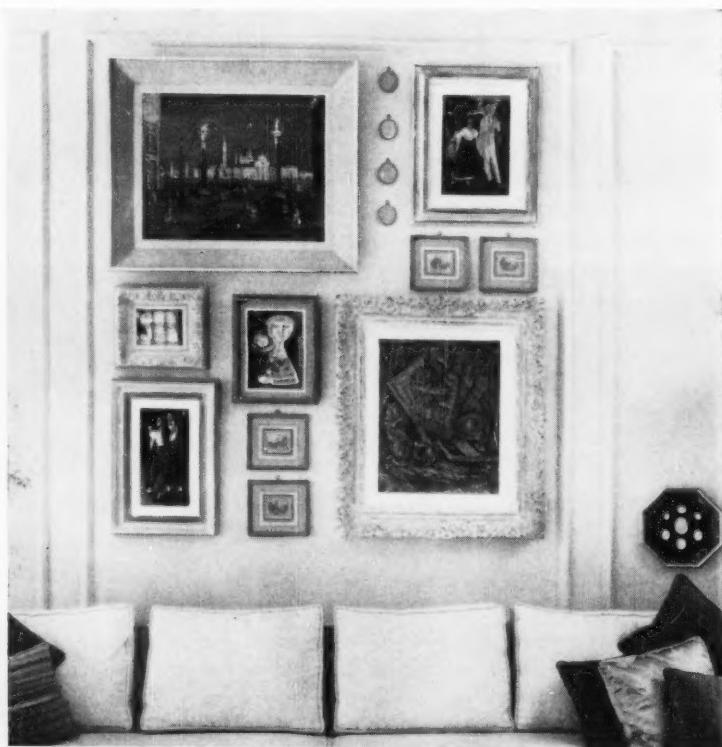
Here is a simple timesaving way to achieve a decorative picture arrangement without marking or damaging your walls

By BARBARA REYNOLDS Chatelaine Home Planning Editor



- 1 With tape or ruler measure the wall area where pictures are to be hung.
- 2 Cut some sturdy brown paper to that size and spread it on the floor.
- 3 Arrange the pictures on the paper — plus any other treasures you want to include. Remember, the pictures don't have to be all of one kind. Etchings, oils and prints can look effective when grouped together.
- 4 When you have the grouping you like, trace the outline of each picture on the paper; then set the pictures aside until you are ready to hang them.
- 5 Now, using masking tape, carefully fasten the paper to the wall area.
- 6 Hang the pictures on the hooks in their designated spaces; take them down again, then remove the paper, taking care not to dislodge the hooks. Replace the pictures and your grouping is done. *Continued on page 122*

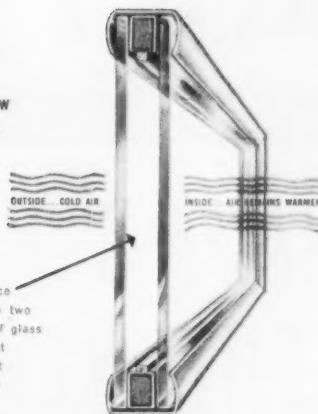
Beautifully balanced, this formal arrangement of prints mounted on tortoise-shell paper mats, around an antique barometer, accented with a collection of coins and medals, is framed by two stately lamps.



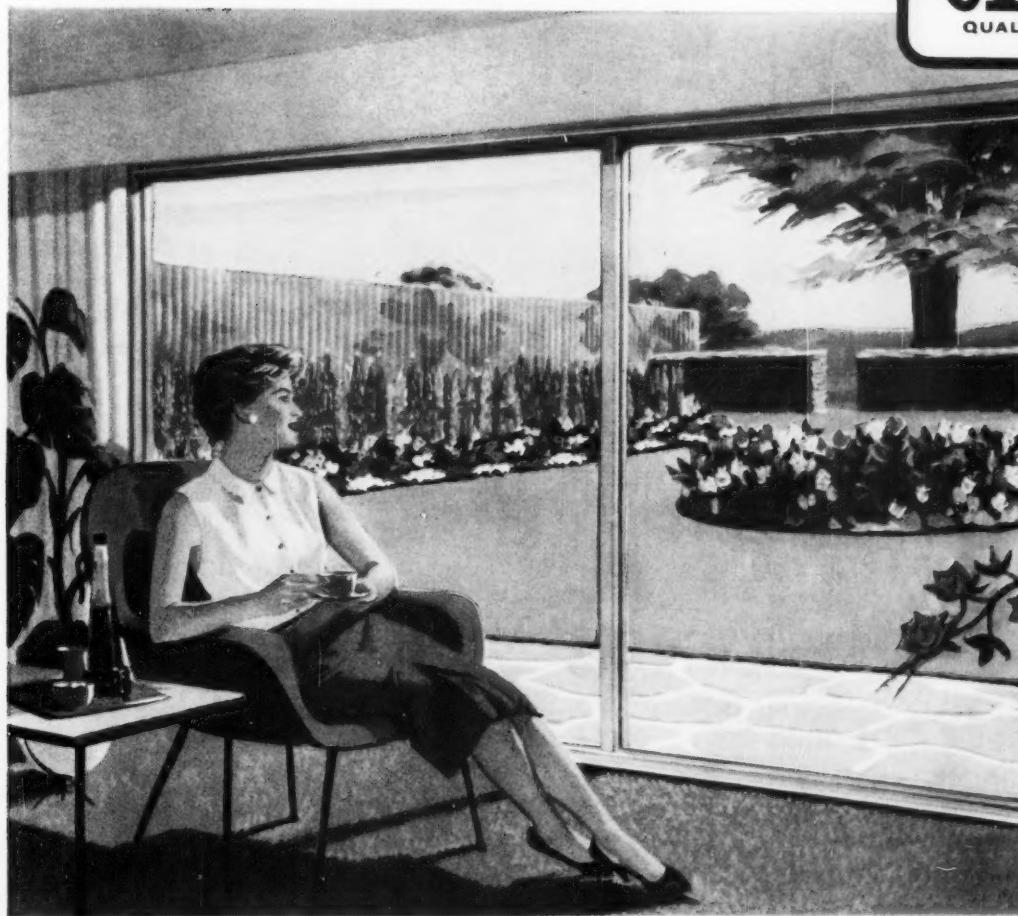
This majestic grouping in the living room of interior designer Edgar Noffke is arranged on an eggshell-tinted wall above an elegant eggshell-tinted sofa. The two most striking oils were placed in the strongest corners — always upper left and lower right because this is the way we read. Then the pair of smaller paintings were placed in the other corners. Between these, sanguine etchings and intaglios from Florence were placed for an over-all balanced effect.

Whatever the weather... you'll enjoy more outdoor beauty— more indoor comfort with Twindow

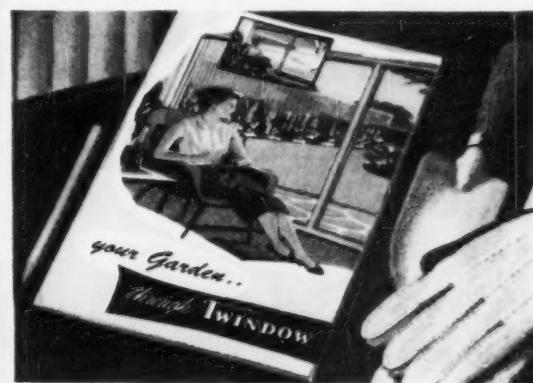
HERE'S
HOW
TWINDOW
WORKS:



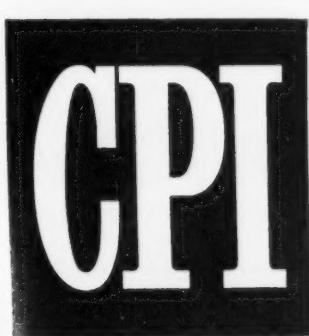
Twindow has twin panes of glass with a hermetically sealed air space between them. This air space provides perfect insulation winter and summer—keeps rooms warmer in winter . . . cooler in summer.



When the thermometer goes 'way, 'way down, CPI Twindow keeps your home warmer and free from chilling drafts. Virtually eliminates condensation. Twindow does away with storm windows forever and gives you a clear, crisp view of your outdoor winter wonderland.



This booklet is a complete garden guide. It will help you create an atmosphere of beauty around your home—a beauty you'll doubly enjoy with a clear undistorted view through Twindow. Send in the coupon below for your free copy of this booklet.



Genuine Canadian-Made

TWINDOW*
the insulating window

*T. M. Reg.

CANADIAN PITTSBURGH INDUSTRIES LIMITED

CANADIAN **PITTSBURGH**

INDUSTRIES LIMITED

48 St. Clair Avenue W., Toronto

Please send me a free copy of the booklet "Your Garden . . . Through Twindow" giving hints on the care and planning of a garden and showing how it can be doubly enjoyed through Twindow.

NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY..... PROV.....

C-6

TIME!

BEGINNING A NEW SERIES

CANADA'S PROVINCES IN THE NEW DECADE

No province places as few limitations on its citizens as Ontario. You can cultivate rice stalk in the sub-tropical summer, or hunt polar bear in the sub-Arctic winter. You can strike gold, capitalize on Shakespeare, make a million in real estate, and earn a dusty living in the contemplation of the Ming dynasty's monochromatic porcelain.

ONTARIO IN THE SIXTIES

As a new decade begins, Canadians in the nine other provinces are wondering whether in the next ten years Ontario will even more directly impose its influence over their jobs, and its tastes over their leisure. How much faster will Ontario grow? Will its people be earning more money? How many and what kind of people will Ontario have by 1970?

JUNE 4TH ISSUE

MACLEAN'S

Chatelaine • June 1960

A FOOLPROOF WAY TO GROUP YOUR PICTURES

Continued from page 120

More wall arrangements, rustic and formal, for you to use as a guide or simply enjoy



This simple arrangement of pioneer pine salt-box trailing ivy, with brass candleholders on either side, is accented by three beige and brown plates which bring out the warm hues of the pine dinette suite. Geometric yellow flowered wallpaper and accessories on the table highlight the rustic theme. (Grouping by John Downton.)



John Downton, a well-known interior designer, makes an interesting focal point of what would otherwise be a problem door, by treating it as the centre of two arrangements. Objets d'art and lamps can be effectively worked into groupings. Lamps shown here were made from Staffordshire dogs.



In the home of interior designer Edgar Noffke, the arrangement of accoutrements, including Mexican hurricane lamps on the buffet, complements the grouping of Bath prints, two smaller ones of the English theatre and a framed frontispiece from a rare book, arranged on the wall area between brass sconces.



Decorating by Simpson's.

Here antique carriage lamps with ruby glass decorated in a rose design combine with Early American folk art prints — "Fire Engine" and "Weathervane Rooster." Suitable for a hallway, or a man's study.

Have you a decorating problem? Let Chatelaine's experts help you to achieve modern comfort in room design. Write for your free questionnaire today.

CHATELAINE'S DECORATOR SERVICE, CHATELAINE,
481 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2.

Name

Street

City Prov.

Please send me questionnaires.



*Nestlé's Quik is a trade-mark registered in Canada.



Now Nestlé's Quik is doubly good for them!

because it contains vitamins C, D and Iron!

What a wonderfully clever way of giving children vitamins they need and the goodness of milk. And Quik tastes so yummy because Nestlé's world-famous chocolate flavour always comes smiling through. Quik mixes instantly, cleanly—never sticky or messy. Costs less per serving too! Buy a package of Quik today, and serve it to the kids as often as they ask for it.

Nestlé's Quik—the
chocolate drink
with vitamins
C, D and Iron



Buy Nestlé's Quik in the familiar 1 lb. size,
the ½ lb. trial size or the "I'm-glad-we-got-enough" 2 lb. family size.

NQ-6003

HOSPITALS FOR RETARDED CHILDREN

Continued from page 28

Because there are not enough nurses available to give constant individual attention to their patients, some children — like this little girl — must be bound and bandaged to prevent them harming themselves.

The public hears little, if anything, about the contemptible salaries offered to hospital personnel—so small that most specialists cannot afford to accept the jobs they are so needed to fill.

Most people do not know that, in Ontario, minimum-care requirements set by the welfare department are not observed by the health department, which administers the mental hospitals for children.

The public does not see nurses aids scrubbing floors because there is no one else to do the job, while the children who need their care must wait or do without.

The public seldom sees children who must be tied to their beds or confined in straitjackets lest they injure themselves, often because there are not enough nurses and ward helpers to attend to them. Or the children denied known treatments which might bring dramatic improvements, because there is not money for such treatments.

With the present rate of admission to our institutions (six children a week in Ontario alone during 1959), with the lowered standards which are the result of overcrowding and the snail's pace of building, by 1970 our hospitals for retarded children may become again the "asylums for idiots" of the nineteenth century.

The cost of keeping a child in an Ontario hospital school with a training program is five to six dollars a day, or about two thousand a year. (In some provinces this is paid from provincial hospital-insurance plans; in others it is paid by the parents on a sliding scale, usually up to one dollar a day, with the balance paid by



the government.) Yet many children now in institutions would not need to remain there indefinitely — if they were to receive proper training.

At present about twenty percent of the children admitted are being trained to support themselves eventually. This percent could be increased in time—or it could become smaller if overcrowding continues. Even now the facilities to train these "recoverable" children are bursting at the seams. Out of eighty-four public institutions in Canada caring for retarded children, only nine are classified as training schools. The others offer "custodial care" only, sometimes in adult mental hospitals.

What is Canada doing?

What is the picture across Canada? There are nine provincially operated hospital schools. Three of our provinces have none at all. Quebec, with a different setup from the other provinces, has five small residential schools for educable retarded children, plus Mount Providence Hospital which gives custodial care only.

In Ontario nearly five thousand children are housed in the province's two Ontario hospital schools (called training schools in other provinces)—at Orillia, a one-and-a-half-hour drive north from Toronto, and at Smiths Falls, in the extreme southeast of the province, near Ottawa. A few hundred more are housed in institutions which have no training facilities. A third hospital training school is being built at Cedar Springs, on Lake Erie, fifteen miles south of Chatham.

British Columbia cares for about fifteen hundred retarded children at

New Westminster. Saskatchewan completed its "village for retarded persons from infancy to old age" in 1950. It is situated near Moose Jaw and it has a population of twelve hundred.

Alberta recently opened a new hospital for adult retarded, Deerhome—near the Red Deer Training School which has just over seven hundred beds. Manitoba's provincial training school near Portage la Prairie has one thousand patients. Nova Scotia's training school provides one hundred and sixty-five beds. No training schools exist in New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island or Newfoundland. Adult mental hospitals must fill the gap. Prince Edward Island, however, plans to build such a school within the next year, and New Brunswick plans a two-hundred-bed hospital school.

Ontario was the first province to segregate, for training, retarded patients from other mental patients. Using existing conditions in Ontario as an example, let's see how the children in hospital schools are being cared for.

What is it like for a child who must live in an overcrowded institution? At Orillia hundreds of children sleep in cots, closely placed side by side and head to head, in row after row like shipping crates. These wards, built nearly eighty years ago, were designed to contain seventy beds each. Some now have over one hundred. More than nine hundred patients live in such conditions. The children wander or sit in bleak and barely furnished rooms and halls when confined by bad weather.

Against the background of overcrowding tragedy occurred this spring at Orillia's Ontario Hospital School. A five-year-old boy died hours after a scuffle with an older larger boy. It was their second encounter in two days. Plans to separate them had been thwarted by overcrowding. A hospital official explained why no staff members were present when the incident occurred: "They were all busy doing errands."

Ontario's newest hospital school, at Smiths Falls, has wards designed for thirty-six beds each. These now have forty-eight beds. Play space has gradually diminished for younger and "low grade" children who cannot leave their wards to take part in outside activities. Ignoring the experience of the older hospital in Orillia (which does provide separate dining rooms for each ward), the Ontario Department of Health planned the wards at Smiths Falls so that children

who cannot go to the central dining hall must take their meals beside their beds. Only very small nursery school-rooms are attached to the Smiths Falls wards. As beds are added, living space becomes smaller.

The Minister of Health of Ontario, Dr. M. B. Dymond, admits that "practically all Ontario hospital schools are overcrowded." He told a press conference in January that "only a small part of the budget could be allotted to new facilities," but he promised that a six-hundred-bed block of Cedar Springs would be opened "a year ahead of time"—in October 1960—to take in four hundred patients from western Ontario who are now in Orillia or Smiths Falls. Actually this training school had been announced again and again for the past ten years.

One bathtub—144 children

It should be pointed out, however, that while this may help improve conditions at the present institutions, it will not decrease the number of children now awaiting admission to training schools. If a child must wait beyond the age of sixteen he loses the chance of ever going to an Ontario hospital school.

Because of the numbers of children massed together — 2,100 in Smiths Falls, 2,600 in Orillia — infectious diseases continually break out. In Orillia's newer buildings, which accommodate 650 beds, babies are protected from infectious diseases behind glass screens. But on one floor in the older buildings there is one washbasin for 64 patients; on another, one bathtub, three showers and eight toilets to serve 144.

Wooden floors in Orillia's older buildings have, through the years, absorbed odors from sick and incontinent children. Despite frequent daily scrubbings, the smell remains. "It would be economically unsound," says Health Minister Dymond, to renovate these sections. Even when some patients are removed to Cedar Falls these buildings will be retained and continue to be used.

The hospital's laundry was designed to serve half the number of children now in the institution. A new laundry is to be built — but to accommodate it, the children's curling rink will be torn down.

Fireproofing of staircases and halls has gradually been taking place for more than a year at Orillia. Because of the danger of fire some small chil-

Continued on page 126

Another Robin Hood 'Sure-Fire Success' Recipe

Savoury Bacon-Cheese Pie



Here's a simple but sophisticated main-dish . . . a savoury bacon-cheese custard pie! Actually, this is a celebrated French dish called "Quiche Lorraine" (pronounced "Keesh Lorrain"). Our adaptation of it looks wonderfully professional but, as the recipe will show you, is very easy.



Step 1 The Pastry. 1 cup sifted Robin Hood All-Purpose Flour. $\frac{1}{3}$ teaspoon salt. Few grains garlic salt. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lard or shortening. 2 to 3 tablespoons cold water. (Note: Both pastry and filling may be made ahead of time.)



Step 2 Sift together salt, flour, garlic salt. Cut in shortening to size of small peas. Add cold water a teaspoonful at a time, while tossing mixture lightly with fork. Press together, flatten slightly, chill 10 minutes. Roll to fit 9" pie-plate.



Step 3 The Filling. 6 slices bacon. 3 oz. sliced Swiss cheese. 4 eggs, lightly beaten. 1 tablespoon Robin Hood All-Purpose Flour. $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt. $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon pepper. Few grains cayenne pepper. 2 cups light cream.



Step 4 Dice bacon, fry crisp. Drain, spread in pie shell, cover with cheese slices. Combine other ingredients, strain into pie shell. Bake at 400° F. for 15 minutes, reduce heat to 325° F. for 25-30 minutes more, until silver knife inserted in pie comes out clean.

And when you bake it with Robin Hood Flour, you know it will come out just like the picture. Robin Hood is specially milled from the nutritious hearts of wheat . . . and every batch is *bake-tested* before it's ever sold. So Robin Hood Flour is extra-good . . . in every possible way.



See our nice new bag?

It holds the same fine flour as always . . . the "faithful" flour that gives you prize results every time you bake. **Robin Hood is Bake-Tested TWICE... for best results**

Robin Hood



You'll be glad you tried Tampax!

Glad you discovered its comfort and freedom! *Comfort*, in anything you do! *Freedom*, to do what you like—even shower and bathe—as you would any other time of the month!

Freedom! No pads, belts, pins. No chafing and irritation. No revealing lines and bulges. No disposal problems. No odor problems. Freedom from all those annoying, embarrassing reminders.

And with this freedom comes the *poise*, the *confidence* that should be yours every single day of the month! So discover Tampax internal sanitary protection! Ask for it wherever such products are sold. Regular, Super, Junior absorbencies. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Invented by a doctor
—now used by millions of women

Continued from page 124

children were moved to newer buildings several years ago. Those who might be able to get out unaided were left. It is economically unsound to fireproof the wards, according to the health department. Because of the danger of fire, the night staff for one hundred and forty-four patients was recently increased from one attendant—to two!

According to one hospital official I talked to, Ontario's hospital schools at Orillia and Smiths Falls require at least fourteen doctors each. Each at present has seven. Five physiotherapists (specialists who help restore crippled limbs to use) are needed at each hospital. As this is written, Orillia has no physiotherapist; a physiotherapy room at Orillia has remained unused for years for want of a graduate therapist. Smiths Falls is served by one person who gives physiotherapy aid but is not a qualified specialist.

Are we freezing out skills

At Orillia there is one psychologist for twenty-six hundred patients. Smiths Falls, with four, has one psychologist to every five hundred patients. At least ten psychologists in each school are needed. Smiths Falls has one speech therapist and Orillia none, though at least half a dozen are needed in each. More classroom and workshop teachers, more lab technicians and other professional staff are needed as well. Four psychologists who had "entered this field" at Smiths Falls were forced to leave it in one year because of salaries which were one thousand or two thousand a year less than elsewhere. Orillia lost its dietitian and home economics teacher four or five years ago to the local high school. She was never replaced.

The Ontario government has never been willing to meet the salary minimum required by the Canadian Physiotherapists' Association: \$3,300 per year—less than \$70 a week. Industry pays biochemists from \$7,000 to \$9,000 a year. Ontario pays medical doctors—even if they are specialists—about the same amount.

In spite of the modest wages paid to ward attendants and nurse aids (about \$45 per week), the health department is unwilling to increase their number. Asked if there was difficulty obtaining this level of help, Dr. C. A. Buck, Director of Ontario Hospitals, said to me, "No. In towns like Orillia, housewives come in. They

don't need much education. It is their affectionate attitude toward the children that is so valuable. We've never had trouble getting them." I asked why they didn't have more of them. "At Smiths Falls we have about one staff member to every two patients. That's a very high ratio," he replied. A psychiatrist cautioned me about "ratios."

"They can be misleading, because they include everyone — chauffeur, gardener, furnace man, stenographers, and so on. They also include the executive medical staff who are not with the patients. Then, those people who are with the patients all the time are divided into three shifts as well. If a mental hospital has a ratio of five patients to one staff, the care is very poor. If it's one-to-one, the patients are well cared for. It's two staff to every patient, you know that research is going on there as well as care."

The size of our institutions discourages professional people. In smaller institutions more satisfactory conditions are possible, making a climate in which each staff member plays an important part. In the hospital schools, as they are set up by many provinces, staff and patient alike feel alone in a crowd.

One of the more surprising aspects of the care given to mentally retarded children in Ontario institutions is that standards laid down by one government department are not observed by another.

Minimum standards of care for normal children in charitable institutions were set by the Ontario Welfare Department in 1958 following the Mom Whyte investigations. These standards call for one attendant (actually caring for the children) for every five children. But in Ontario's own institutions for retarded children, usually more than ten young children have only one attendant, and six infants are in the care of one practical nurse. It is common to see three ward aids caring for all the needs of forty-eight young children at Smiths Falls where, Health Minister Dymond said in January this year, "Staff [is] considered very adequate."

All staff members must perform additional services. Child psychiatrists do general medical chores. Registered nurses sort and mend clothing. Nurse aids wash floors and walls. Teachers in some wards man the mops. To bridge the gap in professional services, some ward aids are given on-the-job training in physiotherapy.

speech therapy, psychiatric nursing. This good plan is offset by the fact they are not replaced in wards from which they are taken.

A registered nurse at Smiths Falls surrounded by clothing to sort, said to me, "We came here because we hoped to help the children. We had special training for the job and we love these children. But we are always kept from them by chores like this. Every ward should have a wardrobe woman for clothing."

"We are so discouraged, the result is absenteeism," another nurse commented. "Weekends are the worst when nurses take 'sick leave.' Sometimes one nurse can find herself alone with forty patients all day Sunday."

A case which illustrates the importance of staff numbers to an individual child is that of seven-year-old Simone. Brain-damaged and emotionally disturbed, she was admitted to Smiths Falls a year ago. Because there was no bed for her in the Special Treatment Ward, Simone was kept for months in the busy Admission Ward, where there were about ten patients to each nurse's aid. During this time Simone's arms were enclosed in a coverall night and day to protect her from sucking her fingers until they were raw.

At last a bed became available in the Special Treatment Ward where there is one attendant for every four patients. With the extra attention given Simone, the coverall was discarded, she was given a dress. Her arms freed, she began to progress in self-care.

Children tied to bedposts

Few are so "lucky." Out of twenty-one hundred and thirty-six beds at Smiths Falls, only thirty-two are in Special Treatment. Since it was set up in 1956, only eighty children have received the extra care this kind of ward can provide, though many more than this number need it.

In an ordinary ward in Smiths Falls or Orillia, busy nurses must bind the arms of small children when they are difficult to manage because there are not enough nurses available to give these children individual care. There are seldom fewer than three children in the "low grade" wards tied to their bed posts—on the floor if they are dressed, on the bed if they are sick.

"We hate to do this," one nurse's aid told me, "But we are so busy making beds, feeding bed cases, changing clothing, we haven't time to play with the children."

Tranquilizers have helped some of these children. Study of dozens of drug preparations is needed to help others. One drug research program was squeezed into the schedule at Smiths Falls in 1959. Others have had to be postponed again and again.

The community has a stake in developing any abilities its retarded children may have. There is a continuous waiting list of prospective employers seeking training-school graduates for work on farms and industry. These employers have learned that retarded children who are trained can be conscientious workers. If the professional staff and the workshops at Ontario's hospital schools were adequate, probably many more than the seventy-or-so per institution who now graduate every year could become self-supporting.

Some children have other talents worth developing. In one classroom at Orillia I saw a big, yet childlike, girl playing piano accompaniment to the children's singing. Her mother had taught her during the years she remained at home. In another ward, however, a young boy with musical ability sat staring at the unopened piano his mother had sent him. No one has time to develop his talent.

In Ontario hospital schools all children who require ordinary surgery—such as tonsillectomies, appendectomies, eye corrections and the like—receive it, usually on the premises. The operations are paid for by the Ontario Department of Health. Yet there is a lag in giving the institutionalized children treatments and therapy that could assist them to achieve a more normal life.

I saw two patients, side by side, at Orillia, with hydrocephaly, a disorder in which fluid accumulates around the brain. One lay helpless, unable to lift her head, enormously swollen. The other sat up, spoke a few words, played with toys normally. A doctor explained: "If the fluid is drained away by an operation using an implanted tube with valve the brain is allowed to develop fairly normally. It must be done in infancy." Although many hydrocephalic infants are now being admitted to our Ontario hospital schools, this operation is not being done in any provincially operated hospital.

Some children who now spend their lives as bed cases need not be labeled "hopeless." In cerebral palsy, for example, physiotherapy could help other parts of the brain take over the job of damaged cells to move arms,



Everything is where it should be on the exclusive

TAPPAN **'Fabulous 400'**

Only Tappan could do it! Everything's at your fingertips: oven and broiler at reach-in height, surface units low to let you see into pans. All cooking controls can be set without stooping. The oven is big enough to take a 24-lb. turkey; yet the range is small enough to fit in only 30 inches of space. The 'Fabulous 400' can be hung on a wall—or mounted on its own base cabinet for built-in convenience without the usual cost. Gleaming in brushed chrome, easy to clean as a china plate. There's a place for the 'Fabulous 400' in your new home—or new kitchen.

TAPPAN
CANADIAN TAPPAN LIMITED

GURNEY
GURNEY PRODUCTS LIMITED

380 STE. CROIX BLVD., MONTREAL 9, QUEBEC



PAUSE AND REFLECT...



EVERYONE
BENEFITS
FROM
PILKINGTON
VISION

This mirror has intrinsic value. A Pilkington mirror widens the horizons of each room . . . harbours excitement, reflects beauty and chronicles change. Put up a Pilkington Self Portrait Mirror and pause before it often. Its reflection is timeless because of an exclusive copper backing process. See them in your furniture store now.

55 EGLINTON AVENUE EAST, TORONTO

Pilkington
GLASS LIMITED

Mary's DULL
MENSTRUAL PAIN

Menstrual pain had Mary down but Midol brought quick comfort. Midol acts three ways to bring faster relief from menstrual distress. It relieves cramps, eases headache and chases "blues."

Mary's SHARP
WITH
MIDOL

WHAT IS SO RARE AS A DAY IN JUNE?

In Tune with this beautiful month? Or are you greeting Summer in spiritless exhausted fashion? That's so often what happens when embarrassing diarrhoea sets in. It's one of the most prevalent and annoying of ailments, and frequently accompanies changes in weather, diet or water. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, discovered 112 years ago, is still Canada's favourite way to check diarrhoea quickly and relieve the weakness and nausea that go with it. Do make sure you have a plentiful supply of Dr. Fowler's Extract at home, at work, or on holiday. Gentle and safe for children, too! A pleasant easy way to restore that important intestinal balance!

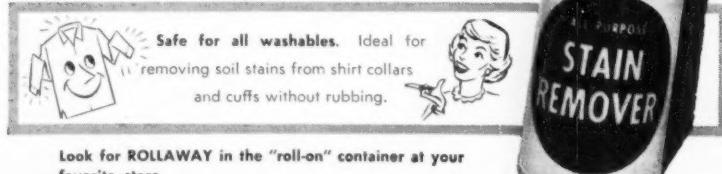
NOW YOU CAN.... ROLLAWAY STAINS

This amazing new stain remover, with the popular "roll-on" applicator, safely and quickly removes such common stains as:

INK
FOOD
SOIL

RUST
PAINT
GREASE

NAIL POLISH
LIPSTICK
BLOOD



Look for ROLLAWAY in the "roll-on" container at your favorite store.

Chatelaine • June 1960

legs and hands. Speech therapy could mobilize the organs of speech. Some children with possible normal intelligence are admitted only because no community facilities to help them exist in scattered, rural areas.

I saw one such little boy in Orillia. His doctor introduced him as Jimmy. It was the doctor's opinion that the boy had potentially normal intelligence. "He was sent here for rehabilitation. Yet here he lies—a bright child imprisoned by his crippled body for want of physiotherapy. He cannot walk, sit up or use his hands." Jimmy had no physiotherapy at Orillia.

Rounding a corner at Smiths Falls Hospital School one day, I was shocked to see, in a fenced plot of grass, a young girl pacing back and forth, shouting hoarsely, wearing a heavy straitjacket. The temperature was eighty-five degrees.

"A pity" — and a lesson

I asked a staff doctor why there were children in straitjackets. "These are mostly epileptics with severe emotional disturbances," he said. "Heavy sedatives keep the child too inactive and prevent learning. Our only resort is mechanical restraint. This underlines the need for drug research." More than ten percent of child patients at Smiths Falls are epileptic.

The practice of building mental hospitals in areas remote from the parents' homes and from cities is sometimes called a leftover from the past. Ontario now shows signs of learning from past mistakes of building "mausoleums" in isolated places. But other provinces with plans for building can learn from Ontario's biggest blunder—the 2,136-bed hospital school at Smiths Falls.

An institution was needed to serve the enormous northern triangle of the province. Without public discussion, a site was chosen. The site was Smiths Falls. A major fault was obvious from the beginning: the site is not centrally located in the area it serves, but instead is in the extreme southeast corner of that area. As a result many of the patients must come great distances from their homes and families. Some must be brought from as far away as the Ontario-Manitoba border, a distance as great as from Chicago to New York. Because of train schedules and connections, it can take visiting parents several days to make the trip—assuming that they can afford the considerable expense.

Many cannot afford either the time or the money. Once they have placed their child at Smiths Falls, many parents seldom see their children again.

The redeeming feature of the Smiths Falls location could have been the shoreline of one of the many Rideau lakes in the district. The summer program at Orillia with its own stretch of Lake Simcoe beach is well known. The Smiths Falls Hospital School, however, was built on an acreage of rock with no water on it or near it. It is hot in the summer, exposed to the sun, and children who are able must board buses to go to the municipal pool a mile away. Smaller and more handicapped children are never able to have this pleasure.

"We can't always get what we want," a department of health official told me. "It was a pity, building the hospital there."

A department of works official defended the choice to me. Admitting that there were no plans for a swimming pool (after thirteen years) he said, "When you build on rock, you don't get any cracked plaster." He omitted to point out that every cubic foot of the foundation of this building, which covers forty acres of rock, had to be blasted, and expensive terrazzo floors in the earlier buildings were permanently cracked.

Only public interest can prevent this kind of bungling from continuing. Public interest and protest prevented the building of another, unwieldy "mass" institution at Cedar Springs in southwestern Ontario. The minister of health changed the plans. Cedar Springs will be halved (with twelve hundred to fifteen hundred beds, instead of twenty-one hundred). Instead another six-hundred bed hospital school would be built in northern Ontario, and still another "somewhere else."

It was not an unqualified victory—no workshop or farm training facilities will be provided at Cedar Springs for another five years—but it demonstrated that, when the public stirs to protest, governments are quick to reconsider a faulty plan and seek a better solution.

But always the public must be alert and quick to speak out against its government's mistakes and the silence of opposition parties. It is a small price for each of us to pay when the welfare of helpless children hangs in the balance.

END



NEW Author and button-starter mower.

THERE'S BIG NEWS IN THE GARDEN

By Helen O'Reilly



NEW Contour birdbath sits on ground.

Sputniks are a bit more spectacular than fertilizers, but (until the first have wiped out all need for the second) it is a question which are more important. Scientists, bless their imperturbability, seem to give them equal priority, and right through the fabulous year of the new moons and missiles they have been plugging away at the production of better fertilizers and fungicides as well as new, more glorious flowers and fruits, better, handier gardening tools, and gayer gadgets for our short, intense Canadian summers. Here are some of the new flowers, bushes, trees and tools for gracious gardening in 1960 that particularly catch my fancy.

Highlights of each new gardening year are the All-America Selections, of course, and always at the top of my list go the roses. There are three winners in this class for 1960 — two floribunda roses, called Fire King and Sarabande, and a hybrid tea called Garden Party.

Fire King's flowers are bright vermillion, fully double, and two to three inches across; its leaves are deep green tipped with red. Sarabande has semidouble flowers whose brilliant orange-scarlet petals open wide to show their cluster of yellow stamens. Its compact, spreading growth make it perfect for a border or a glowing hedge. Garden Party is a wonderful cross between Peace and Charlotte Armstrong (both previous award winners). Its flowers are an enormous seven inches across, and its ivory petals are delicately suffused with rosy pink.

Before raving about the chrysanthemums, which rate a close second to roses in my book, a tip on the latest petunias. These are not awarders but they are the first *fully double* scarlet petunias



NEW Garden Party rose—7-in. bloom!



NEW Brilliant compact Sarabande rose.



NEW Garden torch, West Indian style.



Alex Dellow
NEW Colored plastic-covered fencing.



NEW Headliner mum, a shaggy beauty.

It's that time again, when the garden —
and the gardener! — comes alive.
Here are 1960's brightest
innovations for the back-yard brigade



NEW Huge yellow Mardi Gras mum.

known to man, and they are called Red Riches. The plants grow in mounds, twelve inches high and eighteen across and are covered with fluffy bright-red flowers, which (it's claimed) hold their intense color under the hottest sun.

The award winners in the chrysanthemum department are Headliner, Mardi Gras, and Pink Cherub. For me, the first two have the greatest appeal because Pink Cherub is a mauve-pink pompon of the very regular type that I find prim and stiff-looking. Headliner, it's said, is just the opposite—generous and shaggy. Its flowers grow outdoors to three and a half inches in diameter without benefit of artful disbudding. Its "recurved" petals open back in late September in a shade described as "terra cotta opening to walnut-coral."

Mardi Gras is a very large

Continued on next page



REMAIN YOUTHFUL

◀ especially

◀ if you are

◀ over 30

With this new kind of cosmetic—developed by Europe's leading dermatologists and cosmeticians—you can actually smooth away the tell-tale signs of advancing age. Placentubex has created a sensation at International Congresses in France, Switzerland and Germany. It contains actual skin cell reviving extract from placenta that can make you look years younger.

Placentubex makes the skin of your face, neck, and hands soft and smooth... ends puffiness, wrinkles... brings back the appealing freshness of youth. You'll find Placentubex at most hairdressers and leading drug counters at \$7.50 a tube. One tube lasts several months and gives amazing results. For free folder write to Silhouette Products Ltd., 579 Richmond St. W., Toronto.

Placentubex

smooths away signs of age in the skin

Mother's who own one tell us they love it!

THE EXCLUSIVE NEW *Lloyd* STEP-CLIMBING CARRIAGE

THIS AMAZING INVENTION—is available on all styles of Lloyd prams and 6-way convertible carriages. Up or down steps, the wheels of the Lloyd "Step-Climber" "change position" to follow the steps, while the carriage body rides level. The carriage is balanced for easy, sure control. If you wish to stop and rest, a light pressure on the pusher holds the carriage in place on the steps. SEE IT—TRY IT—YOU'LL BE AMAZED!

SEE THE NEW LLOYD "STEP-CLIMBING" CARRIAGES AT LEADING FURNITURE, DEPARTMENT, AND BABY CARRIAGE STORES ACROSS CANADA

Lloyd Carriages (aluminum or steel) are made in Canada by
HEYWOOD-WAKEFIELD COMPANY OF CANADA LIMITED
ORILLIA, ONTARIO

Continued from page 129



NEW The double Spun Gold marigold.



NEW Extra-tough, longhandle pruner.

NEW Canadian Landmark gladiolus.

(four-and-a-half-inch) cactus-flowered type of mum, opening red and gold and turning to golden yellow.

The other big news in outdoors chrysanthemums — and I mean big — is the Harvest Giant variety, which comes in the full range of autumn colors and responds to canny disbudding with flowers which are five to six inches across.

From the 1960 crop of All-America Selections there are three other winners which I can't resist and one is a Canadian first — it is Landmark, a rich, glowing, cream-colored gladiolus with delicately ruffled florets (twenty-two to a stalk with twelve or fourteen open at once). It won for D. W. White, of Ste. Therese, Quebec, the first All-America Award for a Canadian-bred gladiolus.

The only other glad winner this year is a miniature (thirty-two inches high) called Little Pansy because its pale violet florets have deep velvety blue pansylike markings. Then there's

a prize marigold combining large (three-inch) double flowers with neat stature (twelve inches in height). Its lovely name, Spun Gold, really describes its sunny color.

New trees and bushes don't pop up as regularly as new flower hybrids, so it is even more exciting when an "introduction" appears in that part of the garden. I'm all agog about the new forsythia, Beatrix Farrand, which comes this year from the famous Arnold Arboretum near Boston. It has been evolved with just such a chaney climate as our own in mind and — just listen to this — it is a two-to three-foot shrub with flowers two inches across in that ethereal, clear, pale yellow that spells spring.

From the United States comes a new locust tree called Skyline, which is tidier-looking than that Moraine locust, more symmetrical with darker leaves and as hardy and fast-growing.

Another intriguing invention is a climbing strawberry — imagine, no

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE — John Sebert (cover, 38, 39, 40, 41, 112), Alex Dellow (2, 36, 72, 75, 76, 78, 129, 130), Horst Ehricht (2, 29, 124), Clive Webster (3), Terry Waterfield (6), Jim Murray (8, 42), CBC TV (8, 32, 33), Marcel Ray (12), Miller Services (18, 133), Paul Rockett (25), Peter Croydon (37, 94), Ken Bell (120), Dennis Colwell (120, 122, 123), Everett Roseborough (123), All-America Selections (129, 130). **ARTWORK** — Tom Bjarnason (26, 27), Aileen Richardson (30, 31), Will Davies (34, 35, 60), Robert Turnbull (52), Eugenie Groh (106), Mary Woods (119), Walter Yarwood (120), John Thorne (136).

weeding, no mud-splashed fruit! — but there's a very slim chance you'll be able to lay your hand on the gem this year. It's an ever-bearing strawberry and it's called Sonjana after its German breeder's little daughter, Sonja. After tests throughout the U.S. it goes on the market there this spring.

Among grasses there's a new mixture called Parklawn which, they tell us, is better and faster than Merion Blue.

If you're looking for a new crabgrass killer, there's Pax, which must be applied right now (or this fall to catch next year's crop) because Pax is designated to check this pest in the germination stage. It's a slow poison in granular form, said to last three years. Two pounds will cover a hundred square feet. The price is about twenty-five cents a pound.

Power mowers are making two powerful bids for feminine admirations. Lawn-Boy's new "Quietflite" has not only rubber-mounted the engine and covered it with sound-absorbing glass fibre to give blessed relief from that dental-drill noise, but it has made the five cutting heights of the blade really adjustable "at the touch of a finger." Even I can operate it. The price is \$99.95.

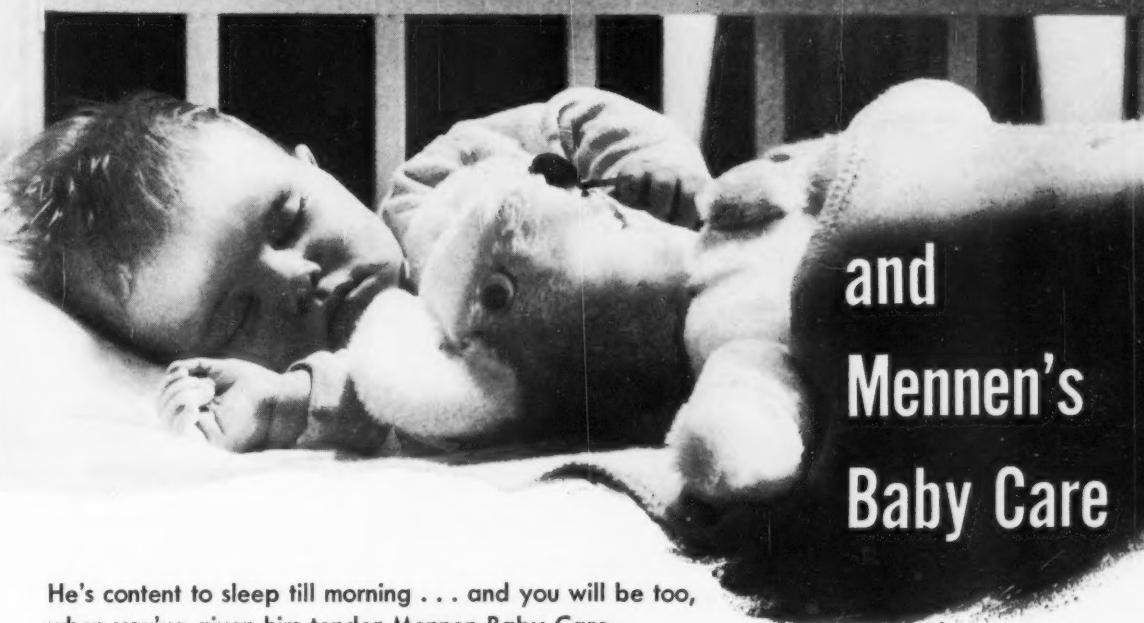
The Maxwell, the Gemco and both Teco de Luxe mowers have the new impulse starter which eliminates that exhausting cord-pulling: you wind up a spring starter instead with three or four turns of a handle, then push a button and presto! (all else being in order) away you go. These machines are priced according to the size of the cutting blade and all are under a hundred dollars. Lawn-Boy has the impulse starter in the form of a separate attachment, priced at \$12.50, and you may have it fitted to any Lawn-Boy model back to, and including, 1954.

Now you can buy aluminum trellis, fan-shaped for roses or upright for vines. It's indestructible, light to handle, and it needs no paint.

Another paint-and-labor saver is the new plastic-covered link-chain fencing, which comes in three-, three-and-a-half-, and four-foot heights and in colors that will take the institutional look from the well-fenced garden. The color range: coral, yellow, green and white.

The new sprinklers seem a little more than human. Melnor, which introduced the Swingin' Spray Wave type, now has a Square Sprinkler that looks like a small windmill and can be set to water a perfect rectangle any size from two to thirty-five feet square,

Tucked in so comfortably, with Mother's love



and
**Mennen's
Baby Care**

He's content to sleep till morning . . . and you will be too,
when you've given him tender Mennen Baby Care.
Mennen's as soft as his Teddy Bear, as comforting as a gentle
hug . . . and it soothes him the whole night through!

Mrs. D. Mageehan, Toronto writes . . .

My baby was so uncomfortable because of a diaper rash that I took a friend's advice and tried Mennen Baby Powder and Mennen Baby Magic. The rash cleared up so quickly and completely, I was delighted. I really appreciate these wonderful products and I recommend them to other mothers.



BABY MAGIC: Soothing lotion prevents diaper rash—in convenient squeeze bottle.

BABY POWDER: Anti-chafing formula gives "wetproof" protection against irritation.

BABY OIL WITH LANOLIN: Cleans, soothes. Leaves Baby's skin so soft, so very sweet.

More comfort for your baby . . . through the magic of

MENNEN

Let's face it, Mother... there's nothing finer than **Baby's Own** soap



*Baby pure!
Baby gentle!
Baby sweet!
That's Baby's Own Soap!*

No matter how you look at it — you'll never find a finer soap for baby than BABY'S OWN SOAP! It's the special soap for baby's soft, delicate skin. BABY'S OWN SOAP soothes as it cleans. That's because it's made with skin-softening Lanolin for extra gentleness. Mother and baby agree that BABY'S OWN clean, fresh scent really lasts! Get several cakes today!



Baby's Own Powder
Keeps baby sweet from change to change. Protects tender skin against irritation while it helps prevent ammonia diaper rash.

Baby's Own Oil
Protects against burning irritation of continuous wetting. Helps heal diaper rash.

Chatelaine • June 1960

so this will water many a lawn at one setting. Price: \$2.98.

Then there's Melnor's Pulsator Sprinkler, which will cover a circle up to ninety feet in diameter or any segment of it from a narrow wedge to three quarters of a circle so that, set at the corner of the house, it will water the front and side garden at one swoop. That one is \$9.95 and there's a two-arm job with nozzles adjustable to mist, medium or jet sprays at \$7.50.

The same firm has a new hose connector at \$1.69 which saves all that twisting and kinking when you attach the hose. With this gadget you just pull back a brass band and stick in or jerk out the hose as you would an electric plug.

Ever find that the unwanted branch of the honeysuckle was stronger than the pruning clippers? You'll be very pleased with "True Friends," a handsome pruner made with two-and-a-half-foot hollow aluminum handles, heavy steel hooked blades, red-plastic handgrips. From West Germany, at \$5.95.

Bird baths no longer need to stand about like little tables. The newest lie firmly on the lawn or among the flowers. They are like small contour pools, made of asbestos and cement, about two by three feet in size. They have two-inch rims and tiny ridges for the birds to alight on across the shallow watery area. They sell at \$9.

To dramatize your garden in the evening you must have soft lights and you may now choose between garden torches in West Indian style (but more manageable) at \$8.95, which burn a kerosene flare that discourages flying insects, or an artistic wrought-iron sconce that holds a candle, at \$4.99.

There are all sorts of trimmings for outdoor dining, from an electric barbecue which has everything from an oven, an automatically turned spit, air vents, and drip pans (it's called Hasty Bake, and costs \$329.95), to a branding iron at \$5.95, ready to imprint the letters R, M or W on your steaks. It's called Chow and How. The letters? Rare, Medium, or Well-done.

Then there's a reproduction of the old iron triangle dinner gong, at \$2.98, and an enchanting small barbecue consisting of a cast-iron box on legs, at about \$10.

Ah, well, I can remember when a barbecue supper was called a picnic, and we collected a few stones to balance the pots and pans on. Now a barbecue is a party — a very favorite kind of party — and the garden is as comfortable as the living room. END



*awake to find...
every curl beautifully
in place with a*

Sta-on

WAVE NET BY

Tidy-Locks

Tailored to fit
snugly and
comfortably all
night long without
pinning.

25¢

at Beauty Shops,
Department and Chain
Stores Everywhere.



*Quick
safe relief
for baby's
TEETHING
PAINS*

Just rub baby's gums with

**WILDER'S
Teething Lotion**

ASK ANY DRUGGIST FOR IT



Woman Relieved of Agonizing ITCH

"I nearly itched to death for 7½ years. Then I discovered a new wonder-working creme. Now I'm happy," writes Mrs. D. Ward of Los Angeles. Here's blessed relief from the torture of itch in women, chafing, hemorrhoids, rash & eczema with a new amazing scientific formula called LANACANE. This fast-acting, stainless medicated creme kills harmful bacteria while it sooths raw, irritated and inflamed skin tissue. Stops scratching and so speeds healing. Don't suffer! Get LANACANE at druggists!"

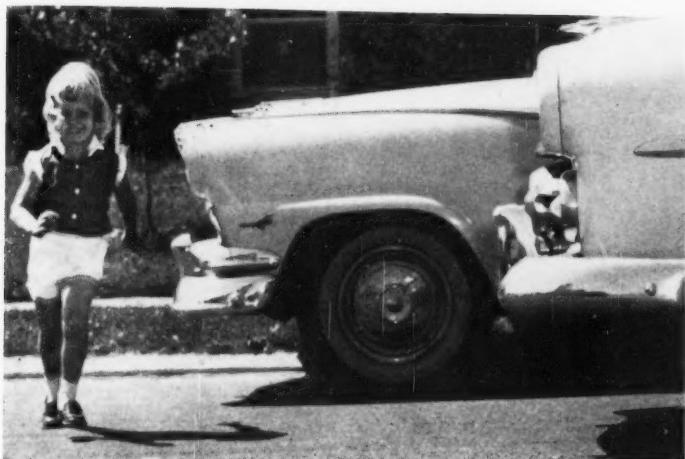
TRICKLING . . . NOISY? TOILET GET THE GENUINE WATER MASTER

America's Largest Selling TOILET TANK BALL

Noisy running toilets can waste over 1000 gallons of water a day. Stop this annoying noise, waste and expense. The efficient patented Water-Master Tank Ball instantly stops the flow of water after each flushing, stops the flow everytime, not just some of the time.

98c at hardware stores EVERYWHERE

Y O U R C H I L D



Accidents needn't happen!

Follow these safety measures and prevent
an accident happening to your child

By ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, MD

• In 1957 — the most recent year for which we have complete figures — 2,225 Canadian children under fourteen years of age died of accidents. At least forty times this number required hospital treatment but survived, many of them with permanent handicaps, and it is estimated that as many more required medical attention at home.

In their first year, babies are entirely dependent on adults for their safety. From then on you have the important job of teaching them how to protect themselves as well as seeing that they are not exposed to serious dangers. This takes time and thought on your part. You have four years — from the age of one year until he's five — to teach him how to cope with his surroundings safely but not timidly.

Nearly one third of these accidental deaths are due to motor vehicles. When your child learns to run around, if you haven't a completely fenced-in yard, you can make a generous-sized play area for him from snow fence and a few iron rods. You can use the back door for a gate if you run the fencing right up to the house. Children in their second and third years can't be trusted on sidewalks.

When you take your small child out for walks, start teaching him to cross only on the green light, even before he can really understand what it is all about and keep drumming into him that he must never walk out into the road from between parked cars. That

is the commonest cause of children's motor accidents. Later on when he has a tricycle, teach him always to stay on the sidewalk and also to watch when he crosses side drives.

Playing with balls in front of the house is potentially dangerous for young children and should be forbidden. More than three times as many youngsters, two to fourteen years old, die of motor accidents than of diphtheria, whooping cough, measles, meningitis, scarlet fever and all the other acute infectious diseases put together.

300 die from choking

Drowning is the second most common cause of death in children who are walking, especially from age two to four. These little children can drown even in ditches and you can't trust them to play alone near any water. Have them taught to swim as early as possible. More than two hundred youngsters, five to fourteen years old, were drowned in 1957.

A great many babies in their first year (304 in 1957) die from choking, usually on food or on a small object. It is far safer, and also far more pleasant, for your baby, to be held when you feed him. Burp him before you put him down and the danger of his inhaling his feeding is practically eliminated. Until he can hold up his head, don't put him to sleep on his tummy. When he starts crawling or walking around keep your eyes open



Lots of changes ahead!

There's so much to learn, as you wait for your little world-changer to arrive! From the right way to pin a diaper, to the right daily schedule, you want to give your baby the best of care!

Your doctor will take just as much care in prescribing the best formula milk for your baby. Like so many doctors today, he will probably prescribe one of the five Farmer's Wife Infant Formula Milks . . . for these good reasons!

Only Farmer's Wife offers a choice of five specialized formula milks, to suit the feeding needs of individual infants. Further, your doctor knows from experience that Farmer's Wife babies gain weight steadily, with few feeding upsets.

Look ahead now to the advantages of a Farmer's Wife formula for your baby!

Farmer's Wife

CANADA'S PREMIUM INFANT FORMULA MILKS

Whole Milk • Partly Skimmed Milk • Skimmed Milk
Instant Prepared Formula • Instant Prepared Formula
(Partly Skimmed Milk)

All five Farmer's Wife Infant Formula Milks have Vitamin D added, for strong bones and teeth, and to help prevent rickets. Farmer's Wife Instant Prepared Formulas are the only products of their type with Vitamin C added, to guard against scurvy.





**WIN
\$1000⁰⁰
for your
baby!**

Z.B.T. BABY POWDER LUCKY BABY CONTEST

It's easy to enter. Just fill out the coupon below, and mail. The lucky birth date and time of birth have already been chosen by impartial judges, and locked in a sealed envelope in a safety deposit box. The baby born nearest to the "LUCKY DATE" and "LUCKY TIME" will win \$1000.00. The remaining prizes will go to the next 63 entries born closest to the date and time of the winning baby.

RULES

1. Z.B.T. Lucky Baby Contest is open to the parents of any baby born during the period June 1, 1956 and September 30th, 1960, now living in Canada, except employees of Sterling Drug Mfg Ltd., its Advertising Agencies or their families.
 2. All entries must be made on the official entry blank.
 3. A code number is on the bottom of every tin of Z.B.T. Baby Powder. Be sure to write this number on your entry form.
 4. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.
 5. The decision of the judges will be final.
 6. All entries will become the property of Sterling Drug Mfg Ltd., and will not be returned.
 7. Contest closes October 15, 1960. Entries must be post-marked before 12 midnight on that date.
- List of winners' names sent on request.

Z.B.T. BABY POWDER

the only baby powder with olive oil



**GRAND PRIZE \$1000⁰⁰
THREE PRIZES each \$1000⁰⁰
SIXTY PRIZES each \$500**

USE THIS ENTRY FORM—PLEASE PRINT

Fill in and mail to **Lucky Baby Contest**
Sterling Drug Mfg Ltd., Aurora, Ont.

CODE NUMBER FROM BOTTOM OF YOUR

Z.B.T. TIN _____

BABY'S NAME _____

BABY'S BIRTH DATE—Year _____ Month _____

Date _____ Exact Time _____ A.M. _____ P.M.

PARENT'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

DEALER'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

Fill in missing word in this simple question:

Z.B.T. Baby Powder is the only Baby Powder that contains _____ Oil to moisture-proof baby's tender skin.

Winners will be notified by mail not later than November 30, 1960.

for any small object that he could possibly put in his mouth and choke on — such as the button eyes in toy animals, coins, pins, wooden beads, beans and marbles. If he does start to choke, hold him up by his heels and slap him smartly on the back — but it's far better to keep small articles out of his range.

Unfortunately many modern mothers have the idea that playpens are out-of-date. The psychologists disagree. These pens provide a safe and happy space for him to play with an assortment of interesting toys. Use the pen until he learns to climb out.

Fires and hot substances are the next most common cause of death and they also result in a tremendous amount of injury and pain. Anyone who reads the newspapers knows that you can never leave children alone in a house safely. Some people even suggest making this a legal offense. Keeping matches away from young children and teaching them as they grow older how to handle them safely is essential. Make sure that saucepan handles are not projecting over the edge of the stove and never leave pails of hot water about. I'd keep toddlers out of the kitchen completely, by means of a gate across the door. They are safer out of there when cooking is going on.

Safety plugs for unused electric outlets (or at least covering them with adhesive tape) prevents shocks or burns from toy forks, irons or other pronged toys. Some babies have suffered painful lip burns by sucking the ends of "live" extension cords. The baby's saliva fills up the holes and closes the circuit.

Fatal falls are most common in children under three years of age. Put gates and handrails on stairs, firm screens or bars on windows, and a proper harness in his carriage. The "seat in a table" type of feeding chair is safer than a high chair. If your child suffers a severe blow on his head and isn't entirely normal shortly afterward, call your doctor. (Pallor, vomiting, drowsiness, bleeding from the ear or convulsions are indications of serious injury that requires prompt medical care.) Also if there is persistent pain, limping or disinclination to use an arm or leg this suggests a fracture, even though the limb does not seem deformed.

Death from poisoning is next on the list, especially the one- to four-year-olds who will eat or drink almost anything. The kitchen is the most dangerous spot—so see that your lye,

bleaches, detergents, moth balls, furniture polish and other such materials are away up high, well beyond even a climbing child. Drugs and cosmetics in bedrooms and drugs in the bathroom also poison a lot of children. Locked medicine cabinets are safest.

If your child has eaten either strong acids, alkalis or oily preparations such as polishes *do not make him vomit*. The acid and alkali will burn the gullet the second time while the oily preparation will be inhaled into the lungs. Instead give him a glass of milk to dilute the poison, the suitable antidote (milk of magnesia or baking soda solution for acids; dilute vinegar or citrus juice for alkalis or oily preparations) and then milk, olive oil or egg white. For other poisons, give him milk and then make him vomit.

Call your doctor's office immediately. Don't spend more than a few minutes making him vomit, but make for your nearest hospital or doctor's office right away, taking the poisonous substance with you. Many of these youngsters recover but it can be a long and painful experience. Prevention is far better.

A few tips on first aid

Keep on hand gauze bandages, squares of sterile gauze, a roll of adhesive and a package of adhesive bandage strips.

For minor cuts and scrapes, wash thoroughly with plenty of warm running water and soap. Use one of the sterile gauze squares or a piece of clean cloth, preferably one recently ironed. Wash your own hands first. Don't put any antiseptic on the wound. It isn't needed and if it causes pain it is doing further damage. When the wound is clean, put on a piece of sterile gauze and bandage it. If the bleeding is profuse you can usually control it by pressing on the gauze dressing. Tourniquets are rarely required. An animal bite or a "puncture wound" needs a doctor's care.

For a small superficial burn, just cover with several pieces of gauze one on top of the other and bandage firmly. If the burn is severe enough to cause blisters or is deeper, cover it with gauze and take your child to your doctor or hospital right away.

You and your husband would be wise to take a course in first aid.

A whole, dismal book could be written on accidents in childhood — most of which are preventable. This can only suggest some of the commoner hazards.

END



Baby foods...every meal...every day

Hold him tight—that baby of yours—for he needs you so very much; your love, your guidance, your choice of today's baby foods.

And never in the history of motherhood has it been so invitingly convenient to do the right thing for your baby. For with Heinz Baby Foods you confidently prepare meals you know are everything they should be—nutritious, tasteful, complete—giving you the time you need for the love he needs.

You and your baby will enjoy the convenience of Heinz Baby Foods —*every meal . . . every day.*



HEINZ BABY FOODS

57

THE GOOD THEY DO YOUR BABY NOW—LASTS A LIFETIME



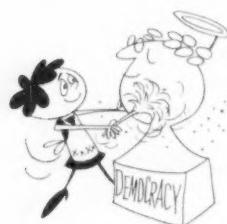
The last word is yours —

April's editorial on democracy strikes a welcome note . . . One thoughtful reader says, Thank heavens for poor TV . . . And, just to keep you posted, there's another—and final—resounding chorus on the rights and wrongs of Eileen Morris' Part-time Housework.

It's time to dust up our democracy

• This is just a note of appreciation of your editorial, Democracy Needs Your Personal Touch [April]. The idea was so worthy of an editorial and you did it so well. I'll be turning to the editorial page first, always after this.

Ethel Chapman, Toronto.



May I offer my personal appreciation of your fine editorial. I have taken the liberty of quoting from it at several talks I have given in connection with my work as Executive Director of the Central Volunteer Bureau here.

Mrs. Z. W. Dean, Calgary.

The April issue of your magazine is the best yet . . . I do sincerely agree with the Personal Touch.

Mrs. J. Tranter, Toronto.

New Canadians: Old story

With reference to I'm Tired of Being a New Canadian [by Sonja Sinclair, April]: Never have I read such a stupid feature. Twenty years in Canada, still frustrated. You, too, Mrs. Sinclair, have a challenge — that chip on your shoulder.

H. Fletcher, Montreal.

Thank you for your wonderful article. I am a Canadian and the only one I know who calls himself simply Canadian. I am from United Empire Loyalist stock and the original settlers of the present-day city of Montreal. Yet I am referred to as "French," so I can extend little hope to you. If citizens

of long standing refuse to call themselves Canadian, they certainly will never call a new citizen Canadian.

To be quite frank I think Old Canadians should be refused the privilege of calling themselves Canadians. You Canadians who were born in another country seem the only ones who really want to be called Canadians.

Mrs. Lois Emery, Point Pelee, Ont.

What do these New Canadians expect? They have no right to call themselves new old Canadians. Whose great-grandparents cleared the land, fought the Indians and built the country up to what it is today?

Mrs. W. Chambers, London, Ont.

Of course I am a New Canadian.

Being New has many advantages denied to the native Canadians. I am allowed to make mistakes in the language. I am forgiven a *faux pas* at a shower or a wedding party.

Being new I have endless opportunity to answer questions about my native country, to show pictures, to display souvenirs connected with my past. And who does not love that?

Because I'm European, quite often I'm given undeserved credit on matters cultural or artistic.

E. Lidia Stolfa, Ottawa.



After reading Dorothy Sangster's story about daytime television for women [March] available in the east, I am glad I live in Regina. We get the best — Open House and P.M. Party and our own Joy Perkins Show. The

American programs (daytime) must be frightful.

Mrs. C. Higginbottom, Regina.

My first thought was, Thank the TV powers that be for poor programs. What would happen if all TV shows were so good we couldn't bear to miss them? Think of the TV dinners, the sinks full of dirty dishes, not to mention the TV legs, TV backs, and TV-bleary eyes that might result.

Gladys G. Stacey, Toronto.

La belle from Québec

I am astonished to see what type of woman you chose for our Quebec beauty [Is There A Typical Canadian Beauty? April]. She is much too Spanish-looking to ever represent a French-Canadian girl, and I do not find her lovely, nor pretty, not even cute; but I must admit she is striking.

Mrs. Jacques des Rosiers, Montreal.

If this cover [April] appears outside Canada, the flow of immigrants to Canada will be set back at least fifty years. Can you honestly visualize the typical, average Canadian husband arriving home in suburbia and being met by this typical Canadian beauty, complete with rose?

Audrey W. Phillips, Ottawa.

If looking like a squaw is your idea of looking Canadian, you have succeeded.

Mrs. Guy Fortier, Montreal.

Olga: Auntie was there

I am very interested in the autobiography of the Grand Duchess Olga as the English nanny mentioned in it was my aunt — Elizabeth Franklin, who trained as a maternity nurse at Queen Charlotte Hospital in Toronto, and was recommended to the Empress Marie by Queen Alexandra, her sister. Mrs. A. Ridge has written a book, *Grandma Went to Russia*, and my aunt is the subject of it.

Mrs. Alice McGregor, Vancouver.

Send letters to The Editor, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2.

NEXT MONTH IN CHATELAINE

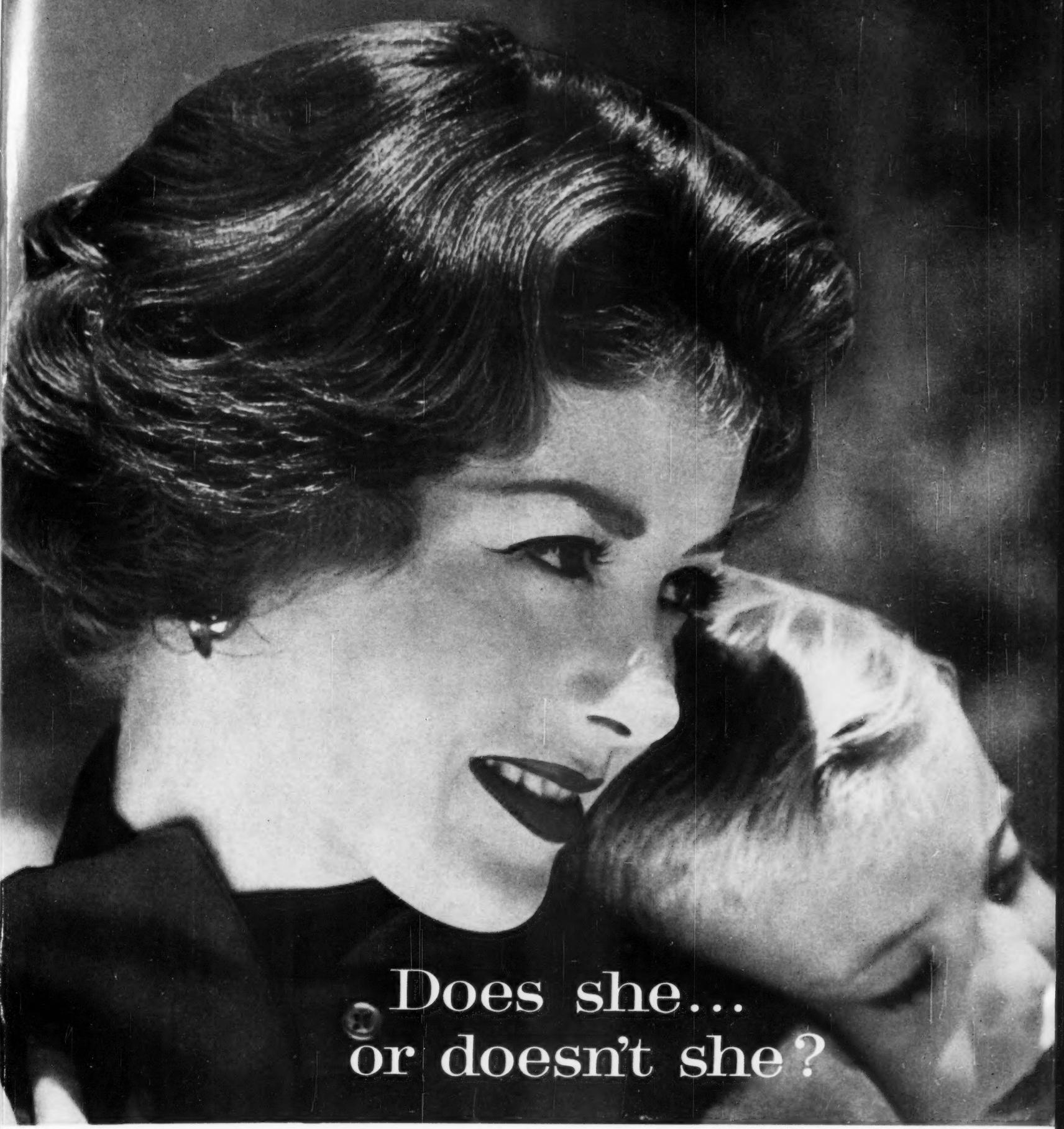
DO THE GOUZENKOS REGRET THEIR DECISION?



The Challenge of Old Age

CHATELAINE CALLS ON THE WINDSORS

Roloff Beny's exclusive picture-story of the Duke and Duchess of Windsor at their Paris home



Does she...
or doesn't she?

Hair color so natural only her hairdresser knows for sure!

She happens to be pretty to begin with... but her beauty is more than just a happy arrangement of lovely features. It's the excitement of her coloring, the look of her hair, its glorious tone and silky sheen! This is a beautiful advantage... and she knows it! What woman wouldn't? So she counts on Miss Clairol always to keep the color *fresh*, lively and completely natural-looking in every light!

And that's the way hairdressers all over the world feel about Miss Clairol. They recommend it, use it every time because its automatic color timing is so dependable. And because it *really* covers gray. But best of all they like the way it silkens the hair, keeps it lovely, lively, natural-looking. So try Miss Clairol yourself. Today. Takes only minutes. Creme Formula or Regular.

MISS CLAIROL® HAIR COLOR BATH

MORE WOMEN USE MISS CLAIROL THAN ALL OTHER HAIRCOLORING COMBINED

Trade Mark Registered by Clairol Inc of Canada, Kinnelon, Quebec. All Rights Reserved.





Red Rose Instant Tea
means
“good tea” flavor and aroma...

The secret is in the *flavor-sealed granules*!

The same fine quality tea you've come to expect from Red Rose . . . brewed by expert tea makers, then concentrated in *instant-acting* flavor-sealed granules. Put back the water—instantly you have 100% pure Red Rose Tea. Really good, uniform flavor—the way professional tea makers make it!

You've never had it so good . . . so fast!



RED ROSE
instant tea

Another Fine Product
of
Brooke Bond Canada Limited



c.7

EXTRA! Picture Cards in every jar.

